
Class No.....

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PUNCH

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P R E F A C E .

*AS the Old Year neared its ending, Mr. Punch a vision had,
Strangely mingling many matters, old and new, and grave and glad.
Dreamland's ways are mad and motley, and the vision ebb'd and flow'd
Shifting as the shapes of Fashion, or a rural J.P.'s code.*

* * * * *

*Locksley Hall! A mellow piping lifts above the curlew's cry;
'Tis our throstle-throated Laureate having just another try.*

*Echoes of our youth ring through it, mingled with the minor moan
Murmuring of departed passions, and illusions long outgrown.*

* * * * *

*Then—O Gates of Horn and Ivory! is your world without a plan?—
Stretched upon a cosy couch there lies, and smiles, a Fasting Man!*

*He is sleek and he is rosy, no emaciated Shade,
Like MERLATTI, JAKUES, or SUCCI, members of the strange new trade.*

*"Bah! Competitive Starvation is unmitigated trash!"
Mutters humbug-hating PUNCHIUS, and his ardent optics flash.*

*"Ugly Ugolino business, gathering morbid gobemouches round,
Making suffering a show, all for 'gate-money,' I'll be bound.*

*"Could they now, the charlatans, contrive to teach the famished poor
How in these distressful times to keep the grim wolf from the door;*

*"How to starve with ease and comfort, whilst the Poor Law Guardians prate
As to whether Hunger's harrying is 'exceptionally great,'*

*"Then the dolts might do some service. But *their* abstinence from grub?—
Purposeless as Channel swims or shooting rapids in a tub!*

*"Yet *this* fellow's gills are rosy, he's as plump as Christmas suet.
Starving seems to suit you, Mister. How the dickens do you do it?"*

*Then the Faster's ruddy visage corrugated with a wink,
And he showed a flask in which a liquor bright did bead and blink.*

"This is my Elixir Vitæ!" And he popped it on the table.

"PUNCH'S SPIRIT-ESSENCE" gleamed in golden letters on the label.

* * * * *

"Chaos, Cosmos! Cosmos, Chaos! Who can tell how all will end?"

Piped the Poet. "Come," cried PUNCH, "cheer up, my dithyrambic friend!"

"Yours is such a Christmas Present as no man save you could give!
 When our 'tonguesters' all are silent, *Locksley Hall*, my Lord, shall live;
 "Sweet with all your springtide's sweetness, strong with all your summer's force,
 Minstrel, a mellifluous marvel, crowning well your royal course!
 "Yet an undertone too hopeless mars the music's golden chimes,
 And a 'noble rage' o'erhasty rings along its rolling rhymes.
 "Keep up your postic pecker! What we want is patient pluck.
Punch, though often shocked and saddened, is not down upon his luck.
 "'Ancient founts of inspiration well through all my fancy yet.'
 I'm not given wholly up to rhapsodies of wild regret.
 "Still 'I doubt not through the ages one unceasing purpose runs,'
 Still, though you have turned it up, I hold we're better than the Huns.
 "They had not a 'PUNCH,' my Poet, nor a Laureate like you.
 Bard, your latest lay, though lovely, is a bit too black and blue.
 "Hopeless, because placemen babble, and some men are merely brutes?
 Bah! The Corybantes' clangour should not drown Arcadia's flutes.
 "AMY maddened you when young, DEMOS distracts your riper age.
 Must *you* grip the scourge of RUSKIN, ape CARLYLE's dyspeptic rage?
 "'Cast the poison from your bosom, cast the madness from your brain,'
 Read your PUNCH and puff your pipe; ALFRED will be himself again.
 "Take the tip from this plump Faster! Pure Punch-Essence is enough.
 It will quicken life and purge the bosom from all perilous stuff.
 "With its sweetness wet your whistle. And, lest short of it you run,
 Take, and both your stores replenish, PUNCH's

Volume Ninety-One !!!





ELECTIONEERING IN THE GRAND OLD MANNER.

(By Our Lightning Impressionist.)

FOLLOWING the lead of one of your contemporaries, with an open mind and a blank note-book, I dashed amongst the Metropolitan Candidates, determined to ascertain their political principles. My first visit was to Mr. T. H. BOLTON, of North Saint Pancras, who met me in Gray's-Inn Square.

"Mr. BOLTON, Sir," I said preparing my pencil, "I believe I am right in saying, that you have carried a Bill legalising some very extraordinary ties?"

"I have, Sir," returned the Hon. Gentleman, exultingly placing his right hand near his shirt-collar, and smoothing an effective "arrangement" in silk. "I have, Sir, and shall now go about in peace—without molestation."

"And what do you think of Mr. GLADSTONE?"

"One of the greatest Statesmen of the day."

Perfectly satisfied with Mr. BOLTON's views, I rushed off to see Sir JOHN LUBBOCK, who it will be remembered, represents the London University. I found the Hon. Baronet tending some bees.

"Sir JOHN, I think we owe to you the Bank Holiday, which has given so many weary clerks a day's leisure?"

"You are very good indeed to say so," he replied. "Yes, I think the statutory twenty-four hours of recreation, which I assisted in establishing, have made the country better."

"They have indeed," I returned heartily, "nothing could be more delightful than a seaside place, after it has been invaded by a herd of Bank-Holiday trippists. And now, about Mr. GLADSTONE—what do you say about him?"

"I think him one of the greatest Statesmen of the day."

Thus assured that Sir JOHN LUBBOCK, was the best possible candidate for a Liberal constituency, I made my way with the least possible delay, to Sir JULIAN GOLDSMID. I found that amiable gentleman taking lunch with Mr. BLUNDELL MAPLE.

"What are your opinions, Sir JULIAN?" I asked.

"That my worthy friend here, is the best man in the world, and that nothing could exceed the grace, utility, the wearability of his furniture."

"Pray, stop," I said, as I noticed on the cheek of Mr. BLUNDELL MAPLE, a slight blush. "Banish from your mind all thoughts of the Establishment in the Tottenham Court Road."

"Which is unique and in the long run most economical," cried Sir JULIAN, enthusiastically.

"And tell me, what you think of Mr. GLADSTONE."

"One of the greatest Statesmen of the day."

These three visits, must serve as a sample of the rest. Go where I would, I heard but one opinion—that the Grand Old Man was indeed the noblest and best of Premiers. Under these circumstances, can there be a doubt of the result of the Election?

THE BALL AT GUILDHALL.

(Friday, June 25.)

SAID GOG to MAGOG, "Now, did you ever?"

Says MAGOG to GOG, "Decidedly never!"

India, Colonies, thousands invited,

Here's a true Jubilee, Britons united

Under the Home Rule of Good Queen VIC!

HER MAJESTY's health! Now, toss it off quick!

Moët and Chandon, and Pommery! come!

Imperial cheers! Not another word,—Mumm.

The health of ourselves all over the world

Wherever the British flag's unfurled.

Here's to the palm-grove, the orange and myrtle,

Hail to great Albion! cold punch and turtle!

Here's to Hibernia's Ulsters and Papals,

Hoorush for the Church, and three cheers for the STAPLES!"

Says GOG to Old MAGOG, "Wine's got in my head;"

Says MAGOG to GOG, "All ri—go to bed."

Revival of Wonders.

In the log of the *Bacchante* it is seriously and circumstantially stated that no less than thirteen persons witnessed a veritable apparition of the *Flying Dutchman*. What next? Of course the Sea Serpent may be expected shortly to turn up again, and nobody will wonder at a full, true, and particular report of the reappearance of the *Wandering Jew*.

In the list of the Public Bills of this Session, is one entered as—

"IDIOTS [Lords] . . . Brought from the Lords, April 12."

It ought to have been the first, instead of the thirteenth of April, to have been perfect.

THE so-called "Fenian Manifesto," published by the *Times*, was less a "manifest toe" than the revelation of a bit of the cloven foot.

THE PICK OF THE PICTURES.

(A last fond look at the Academy.)

A MODUS VIVENDI.—Self-government for Ireland alike with Scotland. If Home Rule can't be killed, couldn't you Scotch it?



No. 285. Harvest Time at the Chiroprapist's.



No. 149. Gardens of a Brandy-and-Water-cure Establishment. Patient alarmed. "Don't be frightened, dear," said the Attendant; "it is a toad."



No. 63. On Guard; or, Stealing out of a Tent.



No. 87. The Promise of Spring broken. Mechanical Dolls out of working order.



No. 283. Meant for, and presented to, Madame Patti. Fortunately the frame-maker has most considerably put the name underneath.

THE ACADEMY SOIRÉE.

(Lines to a Lady in explanation of your Representative's Conduct.)

DID I seem worried? Forgive, my dear Madam, me!
But at the "Swarry" of the Royal Academy [fair
I tried my best to find MARY, the Miss MARY ANDERSON, hearing she was there.
"Prithee, gentle HORSLEY, MARY have you seen?"
"No—but LA LANGTRY and DOROTHEA DENE,
Also Lady COLIN—what a lovely gown!"

"Yes—but I'm told that MARY's come to town."

"Go ask the President, he'll tell you true, If MARY ANDERSON has said, How d'ye do."

Will he tell me plainly? Take my affidavit

That he *nihil tetigit quod non ornavit*.

But he replies with courtesy and grace,

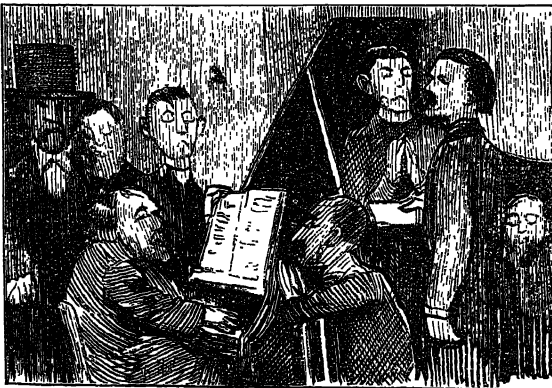
"Miss MARY here has shown her pretty face;

And," adds Sir FREDERICK, in a lower tone,

"Tis a good half-hour since MARY has been . . . gone!"

Pray, Madam, change the opinion you had o' me:

At the last "Swarry" of the Royal Academy.



No. 1093. A lively Sunday at Home, with all Hymns and no Hers.

Alarming Rumour.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,

I SEE a statement to the effect that the Grand Stand is to be abolished at the coming Henley Regatta. Now, Sir, what does this mean? Does it mean that the magnificent gratuitous luncheons at the various House-boats—most emphatically the "Grand Stand"—are to be disestablished? If that is the case, I for one shall not be present; as I take it, the "Grand Stand," as understood by me, is the only thing one goes to the Regatta for. Yours voraciously,
THE FREE LUNCHEONER.

AT that muddle-headed affair, the laying of the first stone of the Tower Bridge, where the wrong reply was given to the Prince to read—how pleased H.R.H. must have been when he found himself obliged to talk about "the first pile" as if he had been engaged in laying down a carpet, when he had been doing nothing of the sort—it is reported that the Bishop of LONDON's dedicatory prayer was rendered inaudible by the cannon of the Tower, which got up their big boom at the wrong time. For even big guns to interfere with a Bishop in the discharge of his office must be quite contrary to Cannon Law.

A CORRECTION.—In our notice of the *Troubadour*, we alluded to the nationality of the talented Librettist as Dutch. Dr. HUEFFER, we are informed, is a Westphalian. Unlucky association of names! Whatever Mr. MACKENZIE'S music may be, the libretto of *The Troubadour* is, to our thinking, decidedly suggestive of Worst-failure.

DEAR old Mrs. R. says her favourite song is "*The Lost Accordion*."

COMPETITION IN THE FIELD.—The Friday Review, July 2nd. What will the *Saturday* say?

FAREWELL TO THE SEASON.

A Midsummer Monody. 1886.

FAREWELL to the Season! Not often
 We take it so early as June;
 But CHAMBERLAIN nothing could soften,
 The Parties were all out of tune.
 And so dissolution confronts us,
 Ere roses are fairly in bloom,
 And GLADSTONE from Westminster hunts us
 To challenge our fate, and his doom.

Farewell to the Season! 'Twas scurvy
 Of WILLIAM to play us this trick,
 Sets everything all topsy-turvy,
 And banishes trade to Old Nick.
 The Shopkeeper sighs with vexation,
 The Milliner moans in despair;
 In the West there is wild tribulation;
 Teeth-grinding and tearing of hair.

Farewell to the Season! The hunter
 Of husbands is baulked of her game.
 There is grief in the bosom of GUNTER,
 All Regent-Street's soul is a-flame.
 The Row is a wilderness utter,
 The Livery Stables look sad,
 The Cab-drivers mournfully mutter,
 And Materfamilias goes mad.

The Parties have spoiled many parties,
Dished many a dinner and dance;
Oh, out on JOE's anger and HARRY's,
That drove them to war à outrance!
And if the Midlothian tall-talker
Solicits the Shopkeepers' vote,
The answer will be one loud
"Walker!"
From Shopdom's unanimous throat.

Farewell to the Season! How dingy
A pall seems this close premature.
The shirkers, the stumped, and the stingy
May welcome the change to be sure;
But votaries of Commerce and Cupid,
Young seekers of fortune or fame,
All hold it confoundedly stupid,
And vote it a thundering shame!

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM

THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday Night, June 21.—Quite a crowd in the Lords. Markiss early in his place, his black beard bristling with threats of war. The gentle GRANVILLE absent, still confined to his room by his ancient enemy. In such circumstances the Markiss more than ever truculent. Only GRANVILLE, with his benignant smile, his drawing voice, his lisped *r*'s, and his courteous manner, can stand before the Markiss. SHERBROOKE might do it. At one time thought he would. But SHERBROOKE blinks from a back bench, and takes no part in any fray. Evidently finally taken off his armour, and put away his lance.

Presently cause of battle-array explained. In other House Sage of Queen Anne's Gate, getting up early in the morning, succeeded in adding to Returning Officers' Charges' Bill Clause throwing Returning Officers' costs on Rates, so making possession of wealth less necessary on part of Parliamentary Candidate. Evidently this would never do. SPENCER, with pretty air of doing nothing particular, moved Second Reading of Bill. KIMBERLEY pleaded in vain for compromise. Markiss scornfully brushed suppliants aside, gave an incidental left-hander to GLADSTONE, and declared he would have none of the Commons' Amendments. Ministers capitulated, and the Markiss, stepping over their prostrate bodies, returned to his Castle.

In the Commons STAFFORD HOWARD read long paper on Indian Finances. House moderately full at question-time; over two hundred present. But before HOWARD rose, great majority had disappeared, and, ere he sat down, had read all but thirty-two out. RANDOLPH, in sole possession of Front Opposition Bench, listened with interest. Made frequent notes. Evidently about to make a speech. Which he did. A faint wave of interest when he rose, but didn't last. RANDOLPH temporarily blown himself out in his blast against the Good Old Man. Dull and prosy to last degree.

Business done.—Indian Budget introduced.

Tuesday, 1.10 A.M.—House still sitting. Expected when we came down last night proceedings would last only an hour or two. Safe to be home to dinner. But they dragged on over midnight, and here we are in a languid House beginning to blaze up in anticipation of row. Ireland, of course. Parnellites wanted to go into Committee on Municipal Franchise (Ireland) Bill. C. Lewis opposed, and took division. For going into Committee, 66; against, 17. BRODRICK moved to report progress. "How many are you?" asked COURTNEY in the Chair. Only fourteen rose in response to challenge. That not enough to justify division. Parnellites wildly cheered. LEWIS raised cry of despair. Useless, he says, for any Member of Opposition to take part in discussion. "Let us leave them to it," said BRODRICK; and the fourteen, rising, shook the dust of the House from off their feet, and haughtily quitted the Chamber amid uproarious mirth of Irish Members. As soon as they were gone, Bill passed through Committee, and Irish Members went home jubilant.

Business done.—ST. JOHN BRODRICK shocked.

Thursday.—A melancholy gathering to-night. The end of all things at hand. Few Members present talk in subdued voices, as if the corpse of the Parliament of 1886 were actually laid-out on the table where the Mace reposes. Irish Members try to get up row upon Belfast Main Drainage Bill. But it falls very flat. The Sage of Queen Anne's Gate denounces the action of the Lords in the matter of Returning Officers' Expenses Bill. "Monstrous!" he cries aloud. "The House of Commons in the position of slaves to the House of Lords!" But he would not press his objection to the point of division, "leaving," he said, "my country as judge between the Lords and the people."

RANDOLPH, faithful to the last, tried his hand at stirring the stagnant waters. Sir GEORGE CAMPBELL on Monday had said something virtuous about retirement of an Indian Official upon a pension, and his subsequent appointment to a salaried office. CAMPBELL himself, RANDOLPH pointed out, had retired upon a pension at the age of fifty, which was certainly the prime of life; "if not," he

added, casting a critical glance at Sir GEORGE sitting opposite, nursing his knee, "to judge from the Hon. Gentleman's present appearance, a period of absolute youth." Sir GEORGE attempted to explain the difference. He (Sir GEORGE) was in receipt not of a pension, but of an annuity; at which fine distinction the House groaned, and getting itself Counted Out, went off to dinner.

Business done.—All!

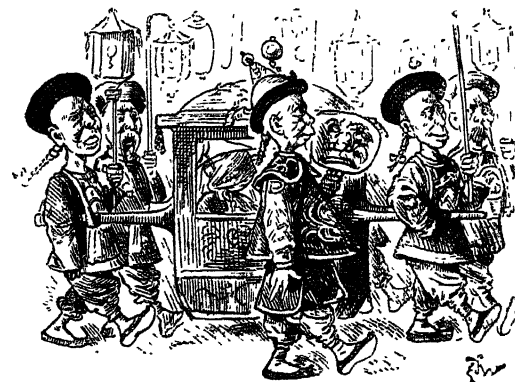
Friday.—Prorogation. Old story over again, with its prevailing tone of depression and its fringe of absurdity. The five respectable Peers disguised in red gowns and cocked hats, seated on the Woolsack; one or two noble Lords in mufti, on the otherwise desolate benches. To them enter the SPEAKER, in wig and gown, accompanied by Sergeant-at-Arms, carrying mace and followed by indispensable Chaplain. Six months ago, when new House met, a turbulent mob fought and scrambled behind the SPEAKER, anxious for precedence. To-day comes a straggling throng of dejected senators, not quite certain that they will visit the scene any more. PETER used to keep his spirits up, even in these depressing circumstances. But PETER is away, fighting with the beasts at Burnley. Members miss his friendly slap on the shoulders, his humorous digitals seeking their ribs, and the sound of his hearty laughter. Will he come back again as a Leader among the Conservatives? Who shall say that, or much else about which men wonder.

Business done.—Parliament prorogued.

AN EPITHALAMIUM.

To the Emperor of China.

[KWANG-SU, the young Emperor of China, is shortly going to be married.]



Oh, won't there be noise,
And a hullabaloo,
Mid the bold Pe-king boys,
When their ruler KWANG-SU;
That is when the Emperor of
China
Must marry—of course, a Man-
chu.

For each fair Man-chu maid,
With her poor little feet,
Will be gaily arrayed,
With her fan all complete;
And they do the thing bravely in
China,
For lamps will illumine each
street.

And the bride will be hid,
In a mantle of gold,
She will do as folks bid
In the wise days of old;
For they love ancient customs in
China,
And all antique lore can unfold.

She'll be swathed to the chin,
With a hat on her head,
As the college Han-lin,
Has exhaustively said;
And be borne, 'tis the custom in
China,
In a big sedan-chair, painted
red.

And rich presents she'll spy,
Ancient porcelain made;
Like "Yu thang Khia khi,"
In the Hall of the Jade;
They were great at such vases in
China,
Most nobly adorned and inlaid.

Here's your health then, KWANG-SU,
Let barbarians say,
That they wish luck to you,
On your near wedding-day;
May you long live to rule over
China,
And hold a beneficent sway.

MR. ALFRED CAPPER'S Thought-Reading *Séance* at the Steinway Hall is well worth attending. He is no Mystic. The *Séance* is exactly what he styles it in his programme—an "Entertainment." Mr. CAPPER caps all the other Thought-Readers, and his Entertainment is Cappertal.

A LITTLE LATE.—It is fine weather just now, or there would have been something peculiarly appropriate in the *début* on the stage of a Mrs. MACKINTOSH, at the end of a Rainy Season. The overture, at her *première*, should be variations on *The Lost Chord*.

CRICKET—UNEQUAL MATCHES.

Drawn by Dumb-Crambo, Junior.



Yorks v. (Double) Gloucesters.



Lanky Shier v. Knots.



Australian Team v. Home Team.



Players v. Pa's Ease (Parsees).

THE SONG OF THE SEEDY COMMON-COUNCILLOR
AFTER A WEEK'S FESTIVITIES.

AIR—"The Pilgrim of Love."

A DOCTOR who dwells in my neighbourhood crossed me,
As, seedy and queer, to my office I pressed;
The able man paused on his way to accost me,
And proffered advice that would give me some rest.
"Ah no, courteous Doctor, though weary I be,
No rest till Vacation for the seedy C. C.
For the seedy C. C., for the seedy C. C.,
No rest till Vacation for the seedy C. C."

"Yet tarry, my friend, till this sad attack passes;
I'll send you some pills to relieve your aching head;
The juice of the grape must not flow in your glasses,
And rush fast away from the most tempting spread."
"Ah no, courteous Doctor, though weary I be,
No rest till Vacation for the seedy C. C.
For the seedy C. C., for the seedy C. C.,
No rest till Vacation for the seedy C. C."

FOR THE NEXT THEOLOGICAL EXAM.—How can there be any reasonable difficulty as to the story of JONAH, when we know there are at this present time hundreds of people, including Madame PATTI, living in Wales?

JEALOUSY.—Lord TENNYSON was horrified at the notion of the Freshwater Railway. The Poet Laureate doesn't like any lines but his own.

VESPERÆ AMBROSIANÆ.

ANOTHER of Mr. AMBROSE AUSTIN's Concerts at the Albert Hall on Wednesday last, with English CUSINS, not one of the Cusins German, conducting the excellent orchestra. A very attractive programme. First came Signor FOLI—whom Mrs. RAMSBOTHAM always will call Signor FOL-LOL-LI,—who gave us a grand air from VERDI's *Nabuco*, and his powerful voice would have filled the hall, if it had not been already crammed in every part—that is, as far as I could see.

Then Miss EMILY WINANT treated us to the Handelian "*Awake, Saturnia!*" which did not arouse the audience to great enthusiasm; not that this was in any way due to the singer, but to the uninteresting character of the song, and to the fact that we were all waiting for PATTI. The Diva, from Wales, sang *Bel raggio from Semi-ramide*, ("one of ROSSINI's half-finished Operas" Mrs. RAMSBOTHAM thinks; "or if not, why did he call it *Semi-Ramide*?"—and after the *Dolce pensiero*, she was recalled four times, but did not "oblige again.")

Then we all pulled ourselves together to hear the *Concert-Stück* on the pianoforte by VLADIMIR DE PACHMANN. But at this point the Concert stuck, for the unfortunate VLADIMIR was kept away from us by indisposition, and didn't appear.

Madame TREBELL, in splendid costume, and still more splendid voice, sang "*Vieni che poi sereno*," which was so all serene-o that she was enthusiastically encored; whereupon she gracefully returned, and earned fresh applause by giving *Carmen's* first song.

The next number was to be "Scena and Chorus: '*Miserere*' (*Il Trovatore*), VERDI. By Madame ADELINA PATTI and Mr. SIMS REEVES. Harp and Harmonium *Obbligati*, Messrs. LOCKWOOD and L. ENGEL." Everybody on the tip-toe of expectation. Would SIMS REEVES come? Movement among audience. Buzz. "He's coming!" All hands ready to receive him. Here he is... No he isn't... Sigh of disappointment on the appearance of a very respectable elderly gentleman, who, it strikes us, as he stands anxiously and closely scrutinising the audience through his *pince-nez*, has been sent on by the Management to look round the house and ascertain if by any chance SIMS REEVES is sitting among the audience; in which case this Scrutator has been authorised to send for a policeman, and have him fetched out, and brought bodily on to the platform. Failing in his attempt to discover SIMS REEVES, he directs his attention to the harmonium, from which we gather that he is one of the "*Obbligati*" mentioned in the programme. Presently the other *Obbligato* enters, and goes to his harp; a crowd of men, having somewhat the air of policemen in plain clothes, now come on to the platform; and it occurs to us, as not altogether improbable, that the Manager, dissatisfied with the result of Mr. *Obbligato* Senior's reconnoitering, is employing a strong body of detectives and constables in undress to institute a search for the missing tenor. However, as they don't move off the stage, but huddle up together, in a shy and sheeplike way, in a corner, the idea gradually breaks upon the audience that this body of men represent the Chorus, which, in the Opera, is behind the scenes.

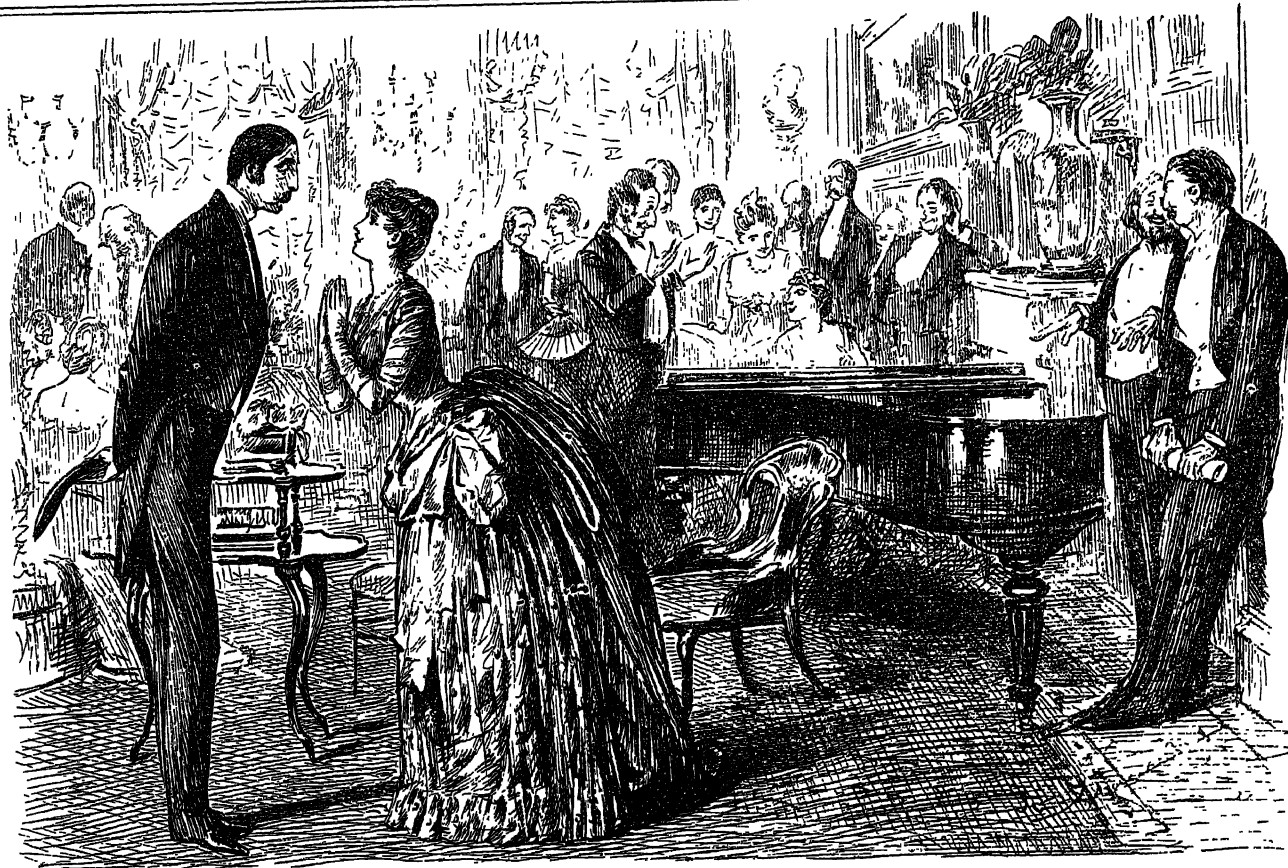
And now enter ADELINA—and there is a ray of hope that SIMS REEVES will yet, after all, and after everybody, appear. For where is *Maricao*, when this scene is performed on the operatic stage? In sight? No. He is shut up in prison, and sings from behind prison walls,—which must be a rare treat to walls that have ears. So, to keep up the illusion, perhaps our Great English Tenor is to be "heard without." We all hope for the best.

So *Obbligato* Senior starts the harmonium, and the constables in plain clothes begin their lugubrious chant, and PATTI, as *Leonora*, is as brilliant as she can be in a depressed sort of way, showing by a certain nervous anxiety, that she has not been let into the secret of the Eminent Tenor's hiding-place, and being evidently fearful that he may come out, with his solo, at any moment, and startle the life out of her. The Diva turns an anxious glance towards the entrance at the back, to which all eyes are now eagerly directed in feverish expectation that SIMS REEVES's voice will issue from that quarter, and that he himself will be subsequently conducted out of his ambush by Conductor CUSINS, to receive the plaudits of the delighted audience.

Obbligato Junior, on the harp, commences. Now where—O where—is SIMS REEVES? In prison?... Hark!... A voice singing the famous "*Ah che la morte!*" We regard one another silently but blankly, as if saying, "This is not the voice of SIMS REEVES!" No; it is the voice of a Tenore Robusto—a tremendous busto! As far as SIMS REEVES is concerned, there is one portion of the prison-scene represented here, for it is, emphatically, "a cell." Who is it? Nobody knows. It is very kind of him, of course, whoever it is. But the audience do not appear to be sufficiently grateful when PATTI leads forward M. NICOLINI, who in this instance is the change for the other tenor.

In the Second Part Signor FOL-LOL-LI sang "*Oh, Rudder*," and most of us wish he had made a better selection. Then Mr. *Obbligato* Senior strolls in, puts on his *pince-nez*, suddenly comes on a piano, smiles, and evidently says to himself, "Why, dear me, here's the very thing I want. I'll go and tell PATTI," and so he is going, when PATTI saves him farther trouble by stepping on to the platform, as fresh as ever, with a piece of music in her hand, with which she forthwith proceeds to delight us, being accompanied by *Obbligato* Senior, who turns out to be Mr. L. ENGEL, the composer of the song. He plays the accompaniment as if he were thoroughly enjoying himself. It is a music-hally kind of air, but it is so etherealised by PATTI's singing, that she is warmly encored; whereupon, greatly to the delight of *Obbligato* Senior, but rather to the disappointment of the audience, who hoped that she would follow TREBELL's example, and sing something else, she repeated "*Darling Mine*"—a title suggestive of Rio Tintos, Mysore, or Montanas, when paying from fifteen to twenty-five per cent. After one song from TREBELL and an *aria* from PATTI we sought something airier still in the grounds of "The Colinderies," and if we've any luck, we shall expect to hear the Great Invisible SIMS REEVES at the next Ambrosial Concert on Saturday week.

LORD RANDOLPH fixed on a Riding School for his speechifying last Saturday. Very appropriate place for politicians with hobbies.



THINGS ONE WOULD RATHER HAVE LEFT UNSAID.

Hostess (who has just sung). "ARE YOU QUITE SURE YOU DON'T SING, CAPTAIN LOVELL?"

Captain Lovell. "I ASSURE YOU—A—I'VE NO VOICE WHATEVER. A—UNFORTUNATELY, I—I'M A LISTENER!"

OFF!

Foot to foot, at fullest strain,
Muscles tense and beating brain,
Forward knee and clenched hand,
See the rival champions stand!
See them straining on the start,
Masters of the runner's art,
Feet a-spring for the first bound,
Toes that barely touch the ground,
Breath ingathered, watchful eyes;
What a race, for what a prize!

As the champions toe the scratch,
Scarcely it looks an equal match.
Sturdy manhood doth not wage
Equal war with silvered age.
But the veteran in this race
Is a marvel. Power and pace
Fail him not for all his years,
Odds he laughs at, mocks at fears.
Spare, steel-sinewed, springy still,
Fleet of foot and firm of will,
Confident and cheery, he
Struggles for the mastery,
With whatever corner dares
Challenge him. He nothing cares
For disparity of age,
Lifting every rival's gage.

Yet, though steely still and stout,
WILL hath here his work out out.
Swarthy CECIL, stern and grim
As *Black Douglas*, bears with
him
All the hopes of many a man
Who till late, when WILLIAM ran,

Backed him with his voice and
cash.

Now, for all his fire and dash,
Many a backer falls away,
Deeming WILL has had his day.
Yon Corinthian, CAVENTISH,
Cuts him; if he hath his wish
WILL, whom he was wont to back,
Will not win upon *this* track.
Birmingham's pedestrian pet
Odds against him longs to bet;
Fancies he himself might win,
If against him he cut in.
Many another ancient friend,
Once thought faithful to the end,
Of allegiance firm and fixed,
Slips from him. The crowd is
mixed.

Hosts who cheered him on of old,
Now are hostile, or are cold;
Doubtful of his course and cause,
Whispering that his friends'
applause
Is but tribute to his pluck,
Out of form, and out of luck.

Time will tell. The time's at
hand.

WILL, the runner, old yet grand,
Sets his foot and sets his face
Once more to the goal. His race,
Whether lost or whether won,
Will he fairly, gamely run.
All, however stout or fast,
Must give in to time at last.
If once more he is returned
"WILL the Winner," 'twill be
earned

By a blend of pace and stay
None will match for many a day.
If, from choosing a wrong course,
Or mismeasuring his force,
He should lose this crowning race,
Failure will not bring disgrace.

Fortune shifts, youth will be
served;
Since he never shirked or swerved,
They who triumph need not scoff
At the veteran. Hush! they're
off!

To Amateur and Professional Warblers.

DR. MORELL MACKENZIE has written a learned work on *The Hygiene of the Vocal Organs*, which Messrs. MACMILLAN have published in one volume of sound—that is in one good sound volume. Excellent advice is given in it, and words of wisdom are spoken by Dr. MORELL MACKENZIE, when he attributes "the great lack of good voices" nowadays, to the "feverish hurry and impatience of modern life, which makes pupils and teachers alike most anxious for immediate success, however ephemeral, than for lasting results." *Ohne Hast aber ohne Rast*, is the moral of MORELL MACKENZIE'S advice.

THIS cutting from the *Daily Telegraph* potted:—

LADY'S MAID and SECRETARY and VALET.—WANTED, A married couple, without children, to travel with a Lady and Gentleman. The wife must be a thorough lady's maid, and understand dressmaking, hair-dressing, and be strong, active, and a good packer. The husband must understand shorthand, and be a good writer, and be willing to perform all the duties of a secretary, butler, and valet, and ride on the carriage out of livery. The wages for the two would be £52 per annum, and everything found.—Address by letter, with fullest detailed particulars, in husband's handwriting, to —.

This appeared about a fortnight ago. We wonder if the Advertiser has yet found this wonderful couple. That he is an old soldier is evident from the final condition as to the handwriting.

SOMETHING QUITE NEW.—The Prefect of Police in Paris is going to "adapt from the English" our method of managing traffic in the most crowded parts of the Metropolis. Aha! So, at last, "They manage these things better in London."



“THE START.”

(GREAT RACE BETWEEN THE G.O.M. AND “THE MARKISS.”)

ROBERT AT THE ACADEMY.



or sum long time past I've bin a thinking how wery Hartestick all the world's a becoming, leastways all sich people as is anybody, such as Lords, Hem Peas, Haldermen, Hactors, and Hed Waiters. In my own partickler case, it shows how use accoustoms us to strange bedfellers! I remember the fust time as I ever seed a reel grand fust rate Pictur Gallery, witch it was at the Hague in Olland, I was that shockt, that I was quite glad to get away for fear anybody should see me as knowed me. But after the fust blush of the thing, so to speak, I got jest as brazen as the rest of the people, and can now go and have a look at the wery howdashusest of the hole lot, without even blinking. I've still that little grace left in me that I prefers to go alone, and woodn't go with a reel lady as I loved and respected, no not for untold gold, which I presumes means preshus little. But I begins to feel as I'm a tredding on dangerous ground, so I'd best leave it afore the hicc gives way. So with the wery nateral

question who buys the Staggerers? I passes on.

The werry fust person as I met on my wisit to the Academy the other day, was a old frend of mine in the shoemaking line. He was a coming out, as I was a going in, so he had only time to say, don't forget Mr. ROBERT, to have a good look at the boots as the hartists paints, and then you'll see what dunces they are in that most important respect. There's hardly one of their best portraits as could walk in 'em. That's wot I calls reel criticism. The fust thing as caught my eye in the werry fust room, was what I was told was a studdy in pink and white, and so it was, literally, for the dress was all pink and white, and the face was all white excep a nice little pink nose. How charmed the lady must be with the hartist's truthfulness. It's jist the same in another pictur, where the pore gentleman's breakings out all over his pore face, is all done to a pumple. Nothink like truthfulness in Boots, but in regard to sum faces, I should recomend jist a leetle play of fansy.

Finding as there wasn't not no names on the picturs, I was forced to buy a Catlog to see what they was all about, but strange to say it wasn't hardly of no use. For instance now, there's a great Pictur of a werry powerful gent, with werry few clothes on, a carrying off a lady who don't appear to have none, and one on 'em has upset a salad bowl, and I was of coarse natrally ankshus to know which did it, and why, and why he didn't give her time to dress herself, poor thing, afore he carried her off, and how it is as he looks as if he did that sort of thing about wunce a week, and thort nothink of it, and why he sticks out his chest so, and dubbles his fist to show as he doesn't mean to stand no nonsense. So I looks at my shilling Catlog, and what do I find? "*Cassandra*," by SOLOMON SOLOMON, and that's all! and all I can say fuder is, that if CASSANDRA behaved in that shameful way to the poor lady, he ought to be ashamed of himself, even if she did upset the bowl. Then there's another won almost as great a staggerer as the other. Fancy about a dozen full-grown ladies going out a hunting of a pore little rabbit, with both his four legs a broken, on such a remarkabel hot summer day as makes 'em all wear no clothes to speak of, except a scarf or two, and having a cuppel of leppards, tied together like two gray hounds, to help 'em, and one of the demme semme nude lads a squeezing a cupple of snakes to death, and all on em with great big spears, a hurling on em at the pore little rabbit, doesn't one want to have it all explained. I knows as it must be in Burnham Beeches, coz I nose the trees, but I wants to know to which great Buckenhamsheer family they all belongs, and wot does the Catlog tell me? "*Menads*," by HON. JOHN COLLIER, and that's all! Then all I can say is, whatever might have been thort of the Miss Menads, hunting on foot in that shameless costoom, when the Burnham Beeches was private propperty, that now that it

belongs to the Copperashun, it ort to be put a stop to, or we shall have the Committee going down there too or three times a week, to see whether it's still a going on.

But the best of the fun is that where you don't require not no explanation, because the pictur speaks for itself, then you gets it in full. Take for instance the pictur that to my mind is the gem of the whole lot, the pictur that pulled me up sharp, directly I seed it, and that I studded agane and agane, afore I could tare myself away. It's a pictur of a Luncheon in the country, and such a Luncheon! there's fust of all a game pie, and then a cut Am, and then such a perfectly lovely peace of streaky cold rost Beef, as makes yer mouth warter ony to look at, and a bottle of Sherry, and setterer, and then jest to give the nateral finishing touch to the hole, there's a keen-looking elderly party, a pouring hisself out a foaming glass of old ale, before any of the other Gents has arrived, tho you can see 'em a coming in the distance. I turns to my Catlog and I am told it's "*The Sportsmen's Luncheon*," why of course it is, but fancy my astonishment to find as it's painted by a lady, Miss EDITH HAYLLAR, and I hails her accordingly. But I ought to have discovered that too, for I werry much dout if any R. A. of the whole lot, could have painted such a perfectly marwellus tablecloth! I noticed two things as most of the painters paints werry well, and them's Donkeys and Pigs, whether there's any partickler reason for this, it is not for me to say, or whether any moral is to be drawa therefrom, but, ewen if so, I trust as I knows as them is misterys far too deep for my plumber to sound.

ROBERT.

DIGNITY AND IMPUDENCE;

OR, RANDOLPH ON THE RAMPAGE.

The following Address has been issued to the Electors of S—th

P—dd—ngt—n:—

GENTLEMEN,

It is time that somebody should speak out. Nature has never cried aloud to me for repose, or even for a becoming modesty in the expression of my political views, and if Nature had done so, I should not have listened to her. Speaking with as much impartiality as I can possibly muster, and carefully avoiding the least exuberance of language, I now denounce Mr. GLADSTONE'S Bill as a nefarious and rascally mixture of vanity, bunkum, blarney, misprision of treason, flat burglary, and political arson, for which the very least punishment that he deserves is penal servitude for the remainder of his ill-spent existence. Some may think my expressions exaggerated, though in my opinion they are ridiculously weak, and when I really set myself to it, I can call ever so much worse names than these! Without some degree of plain-speaking, how on earth is the country and my own reputation—especially the latter—to be preserved? If you want a puff you must be tart. The man who hesitates—to impute motives and sling Billingsgate—is lost in modern English politics. We have now to deal with an opponent who combines the worst qualities of NERO, MACHIAVELLI, NAPOLEON the Great, SANCHO PANZA, BLUEBEARD, and the late Mr. PEACE. England is suffering from "One-Man Rule," and it is for that reason alone, and, as you can imagine, with an almost inconceivable amount of reluctance, that I dwell so much on the personal aspects of the question, a course which as a general rule, I am known most studiously to avoid.

Our chief antagonist is called the "Grand Old Man." I think the whole controversy will be raised on to a much higher and more statesmanlike level, if I call him at once the Grand Old Donkey. Or to put it still more convincingly, instead of "One-Man Rule," we are in danger of One-Maniac Rule! You, Gentlemen, who are—some of you—destined to be the progenitors of a numerous posterity, (none of whom I trust you will see reason to leave unsupported, and in consequence chargeable to the parish,) know well that the Home-Rule Bill was bred in Bedlam, and hatched at Colney Hatch, and that for mingled imbecility, poltroonery, dare-devil recklessness, superhuman cunning, and utter idiocy, it has never been equalled. The Conservative Party has the support of men like Mr. BRIGER, Mr. DALE, and Mr. SPURGEON,—men whose opinions in the past, it has treated with such unvarying deference and respect! Do you want to see India lost, Burmah abandoned, all our Colonies declaring war on us, Heligoland showing signs of disloyalty, the Samoan Islanders mutinous, and an active volcano established in Hyde Park? If you don't, vote as one man (or one sheep), for me, and the cause of political moderation and morality!

R-ND-LPH S. CH-RCH-LL.

WE always thought the Freemasons were a peaceable Brotherhood, and yet, at the Grand Ceremonial at Brighton, the prayer was offered up by the Dean of Battle.

MRS. RAMSBOTHAM understands that Mr. HENRY IRVING didn't get a degree confirmed on him at Oxford, because it was refused by the Council of the Abominable Board.



OTHELLO AND DESDEMONA.

(A Scene in the Park during "The Colinderies" Season.)

"SHE LOVED HIM FOR THE DANGERS HE HAD PAST,
AND HE LOVED HER THAT SHE DID PITY THEM!"

PAPER-KNIFE POEMS.

(By Our Special Book-Marker.)

"THE ROMANCE OF MATHEMATICS."

SUBTLE humour in rheumatics,
Doubtless there may chance to be;
Poesy in hydrostatics,
Some day you may hope to see:
Since that Mr. HAMPSON, he
Finds romance in mathematics,
In his book, which, o'er their tea,
Girton Girls will read with glee!

"A LEFT-HANDED MARRIAGE."

ALL lovers of LISZT, I should say, will not fail
To read Mrs. BERINGER's well-written tale!

"HEALTH LECTURES FOR THE PEOPLE."

HERE are all kinds of lectures on Health for the many,
They are practical, clear—and they each cost a penny!
By the best men they're written: throughout the whole
nation.
They should doubtless achieve an immense circulation!

"TWO PINCHES OF SNUFF."

AN uncommon tale, which should much interest all—
I think you'll allow there's sensation enough—
Of incident full; it is written by WESTALL,
And has for its title *Two Pinches of Snuff*.

"ABOUT THE THEATRE."

WILLIAM ARCHER—a sort of a "bill of the play"—
Kindly gives his ideas of the Stage of to-day.
The "Essays and Studies" containing his views
Are found in this volume—which some may peruse!

"DRAMATIC NOTES."—A contribution to *The History of the Stage* pleasantly written by Mr. AUSTIN BRERETON, will be instructive and entertaining to all to whom anything connected with the boards does not imply one form of boardroom. There are good photographic portraits of Mrs. KENDAL and Miss ELLEN TERRY in character, also of Mr. IRVING and Mr. BARRETT.

ELECTIONEERING MADE EASY.

SCENE—A Meadow. Thunder and Lightning.
Enter an Election Agent and a Clown.

Agent. Stormy day, GILES?

Clown. Ees.

Agent. Storms all over the country. Regular Election weather. Of course, I don't ask who are you going to vote for—but what may be your political views?

Clown (grinning). Aa! Dree acres and a keow.

Agent. Very good principles. Only perhaps, they're hardly just yet within the range of practical politics.

Clown (taking a sight). Hee!

Agent. Five pounds in the pocket is better than three acres and a cow in the dim and distant future. Isn't it?

Clown. Aye.

Agent. But of course, your vote couldn't possibly be bought, because you know that would be bribery.

Clown. I s'pose you manes a bargain.

Agent. Well, yes, but 'tis against the law. And I wouldn't be so base as to bribe anybody. Besides it would be throwing away money. My friend, Mr. STUMPEYDOWN, has no chance. A hundred to one against him. One hundred shillings is five pounds.

Clown (scratching his head). Um!

Agent. I shouldn't mind betting you, five pounds to a shilling—or say a farthing,—that STUMPEYDOWN doesn't get in!

Clown. Ood 'ee, though?

Agent. I would. If you like, I will. Let it be a farthing. If I lose, I'll pay you punctually, six months after he has taken his

seat. Suppose I win, you needn't trouble yourself to pay me, until I ask you.

Clown (winking). Done! You be a gentleman, you be.

Agent. And you are a free and independent Elector. (It begins to rain.) Hallo, I say, it's coming down. We had better be off as fast as we can. Good day. (Terrific flash of lightning and peal of thunder. Exit severally, and Scene closes.)

Good Omen.

PHILIPPE DE PARIS

With us means to tarry,
For him the Republic expels.
This step of PHIL's
Leaves behind him all ill,
And brings him to Tunbridge Wells.

Two Mottoes in the Holloway Sanatorium are "*Nil desperandum*" and "*Salve*." Mrs. RAMSBOTHAM thought in the first "N" was a misprint for "P"; and of the second she said, "Why not call things by their names, and write up 'Ointment' at once?"

ILLUSTRATION OF "GEOMETRICAL PROGRESSION."—Mr. GLADSTONE's recent tour in Scotland. "Surely," writes an Unionist Correspondent, "that was a real G.O.M.et-trick-all Progression!"

Mrs. RAMSBOTHAM had the pleasure of being introduced to Dr. WENDELL HOLMES the other day. She says, "They may well call such a voluminous writer 'The Autograph of the Breakfast-table.'"

TO THE EXILED PRINCES.

"La République a peur."—*Manifesto of the Comte de Paris*.

A FOOLISH fear that conscious strength would scorn!

Is the Republic of all force forlorn,
That, thus in womanish unworthy dread,
She shrinketh from the sound of Frenchmen's tread

Upon French soil? 'Tis honest friendship asks.

To blame is the unwelcomest of tasks,
But from such fear a policy to seek
Is the bewildered counsel of the weak.
Expatriated Princes, England makes
No question, but your hands in silence takes.
BRITANNIA lately offered you a home
Through *Punch's* page,* and now that you
have come,

Welcome, Messieurs! However fate befall,
The Exile's Home is open still to all.
Goodwill to France from lip to lip shall run,
And England fain would see all Frenchmen
one,

Beneath whatever Flag. But since once more
France drives a band of exiles from her shore,
We give them welcome and safe refuge here,
Till patriot courage shall have banished fear.

* See *Mr. Punch's* picture, "To the Princes," Vol. 90, p. 267.

"THERE's a Mr. LAMPLUGH been writing to Lord HARTINGTON about politics," exclaimed Mrs. R. "If he's the gentleman I think he is, he'd much better stick to his Pyrotechnic Saline, and not trouble himself about what he doesn't understand."

MEMS. AT COMMEMORATION.

Picked up by an Ice Pail.

OUR ARTIST'S DREAM OF COMMEMORATION WEEK AT OXFORD.

UNCOMMONLY 'hot at this *soirée*, but being conveniently placed under the refreshment counter, managed to catch a good deal of the casual conversation going on overhead. Gather, amid general talk about Show Sunday, the two Balls, Procession of Boats, and other local matters, that the lions of the evening have just arrived in the shape of a distinguished Radical Statesman and well-known Tragedian. They are sure to want a cup of tea, and so they'll soon probably turn up here, and I shall hear what they've got to say. I thought so. Here they are, and the Warden is introducing them. They appear not to have met before. The distinguished Radical Statesman, who is fairly stout, has white hair, and does *not* wear an eyeglass, is explaining to the well-known Tragedian, that he has come up because, much to his astonishment, they have intimated to him their intention of conferring on him the honorary degree of D.C.L. Says he can't think what on earth he has done in their eyes to merit the honour, unless it be that his recent political turn-about-face has had something to do with it. "It is like asking me to put my head in the lion's mouth," he adds.

The well-known Tragedian listens attentively, and, adjusting his *pince-nez*, turns to the Warden, and asks, in a melancholy voice, for what sort of services these "honorary degrees" were conferred. The reply was, that any remarkable work in any line of life made one eligible as a recipient.

"Then why should I," asks the Tragedian, bitterly, "be left out in the cold?"

"Surely," rejoin the others in a breath, "they are going to give you something on Wednesday?"

"Nothing, my good Sirs," answered the Tragedian, "absolutely nothing—

'Degree, or no degree, that is the question.'"

He continued, with a sub-acid smile—

"Yet have I done the Stage some service."

And, as he folds his arms and takes the room, I think he would have quoted several

appropriate passages from the Immortal Bard, to fortify his case, had not his interlocutors coughed him down, with wellbred *empressement*.

"Never mind," they say; "there has been some mistake. Depend upon it, they will find it out, and give it you some other year."

The Tragedian looks annoyed. "But I wish it now," he says. "It's for the gown and cap I want it. Think what *éclat* it would have given me! Think what an advertisement it would have been for me to have figured in University costume on the walls of next year's Academy! I can see myself. The get-up is superb! Tell me, is there nothing to be done," he continues, clutching eagerly at the Warden's sleeve as he speaks, "that will help me to the immediate assumption of some Academical costume? Could I matriculate as a Postmaster, a Proctor, a Bull-dog,—anything? Forgive me if I am a little mixed, but your University terms are as yet fresh and unfamiliar to me."

The Warden gives a low prolonged whistle. "So, so;—that is it, is it?" he replies. And then a not unkindly smile passes over his face. "Have you ever," he asks, "composed a comic song?"

"No; but I could try," replies the Tragedian.

"For I was thinking," continues the Warden, "that perhaps, if everything else failed, we might manage to make you a Doctor of Music."

"And the costume?" breathlessly inquires his interrogator.

"Quite magnificent," replies the other, "pink and crimson silk. You wouldn't know yourself, well folded across the front, you could pass for a Doge anywhere!"

The Tragedian seizes his hand. "Thanks, thanks,—a thousand thanks!" he cries effusively, and then a crowd of admirers closing round them, I couldn't catch any more of the talk which left me, I confess, somewhat in doubt as to its upshot. The matter, however, was cleared up at an afternoon luncheon and garden-party, on the following Wednesday, where I heard the Public Orator describing to the



Chorus of Oxford Dons refusing Mephistopheles a Degree.

Warden, the lively scene that had just taken place in the Sheldonian, that same morning. The distinguished Radical Member had received his D.C.L., amidst all the peculiar Undergraduate honours special to the occasion, but nothing was said about the well-known Tragedian, who never appeared, and who evidently, if he tried it, had not been found equal to the required composition!



Mr. Bright, in D.C.L. Robes, Brighter than ever.

conversation at the previous *soirée*; but I reflected, give him a turn at something better another year."

"I thought he wasn't up to a comic song," I remarked to myself, as I recalled his excitable, "perhaps they'll

COMPARING NOTES.

MADAME LIEBHART'S *Matinée Musicale* at St. James's Hall was a typical "benefit" concert. An enormously long programme, upon which appeared a formidable array of singers and players, was commenced at 2.30. But, as usual at these overgrown affairs, many of the artists who gave their services either did not arrive in time to come on in their proper turn, or else were dissatisfied with the place allotted to them on the programme. Anyhow, the latter was so far "subject to alteration" as to be of little practical utility; and in certain instances the disagreeable impression was unavoidably conveyed that an engagement entered upon to oblige a sister artist was not considered to be so stringent, or worth keeping so punctually, as a paid one. *Mr. Punch* holds the very opposite view. Though the entertainment consisted of two Parts, it was impossible to say where Part I. ended, as the "Blue Hungarian Band," which was set down for its final number, played incontinently about half way through it, and Mr. SCOVEL subsequently sang a song out of Part II., while Mr. ISIDORE DE LARA did not show up at all while I was present.

Such among the audience as had books of the words were largely occupied in "comparing notes" with each other, to determine, as they feverishly turned over the leaves, "where they were;" and when Mr. RICCIO, who had only one song to sing, and should have sung "*Israëli*," in English, by OLIVER KING, started off in *Italian*, many of us felt hurt. The bulk of the programme was, however, gone through, if somewhat capriciously, and some of the most pitiful samples of the contemporary ballad were rehearsed with all the fatuous complacency of the vocalist who does not apparently perceive that he or she is degrading music and the English language at the same time. That an artist like Madame ANTOINETTE STERLING (who, to do her justice, was "up to time") should feel justified in coming forward with such a thing as "*Children Asleep*," wherein a poverty-stricken and slipshod setting fittingly conveys the rancid ooze of a crazy sentiment in the words, is only less surprising than that a man who has taken the degree of Doctor—whether of Medicine or Music—should be capable of writing "*The Love Tryst*," ascribed to Dr. B. WOGAN MACDONNELL, and sung by Mr. SCOVEL. It is difficult to say whether words or tune are feeblest. "*The Little Hero*," too, composed and sung by Mr. MAYBRICK, is a masterpiece of pathetic futility. This bright work contains four verses of sixteen lines each, and necessitates in performance something of the fluency involved in a successful recital of "*Peter Piper picked*."

Among the redeeming features of a Concert which must have been sorely harassing to the giver of it—(just fancy standing in the artists' room while the last notes of a piece are being played, and wondering whether the performer you have been depending on has forgotten the day!)—must be mentioned Madame LIEBHART's own rendering of "*I Dreamt that I dwelt*," and the "*Chanson d'Amour*," sung by Mlle. MARIE DE LIDO. This number, from the pen of M. HOLLMAN, who himself played the violoncello obbligato, is instinct with originality and charm. His rare refinement and correctness of intonation were also heard with pleasure in two solos for the instrument of which he is one of the best players in London. He seems to have a peculiar faculty of selecting taking but good and

effective music, and his performance on this occasion—particularly of a "*Valse lente*" by RAOUL PUGNO—was characterised by his usual artistic excellence.

M. EUGENE OUDIN deserves especial praise for his good delivery of two songs by KJERULF. But the music would not have enhanced the reputation of a SMITH. Miss FANNY DAVIES played carefully, unostentatiously, and beautifully, on the piano, a prelude in A flat, by CHOPIN, and a very difficult *gigue*. The "Blue Hungarian Band" are a queer folk. Very "jumpy" was the piece I heard them in. No name vouchsafed. They got very slow indeed at times, and then fiddled away for their very lives. This is in the Hungarian "taste."

NIBELUNGLET.

THE POLITE POLICEMAN.

A CORRESPONDENT who signs himself "VINDEK," and complains bitterly of his treatment by the Force, alleging that he has twice quite lately been knocked down and trampled on at a crossing, told to get inside his horse, and been several times taken into custody for threatening to give evidence hostile to a Constable in a street row, writes to say that, as he hears that Sir CHARLES WARREN is about to look into the whole question, and deal effectively with the "morals and manners" of the Police, he has a few preliminary suggestions to offer as to their proper drill and training to this end. Passing over the fact that he would have their "domestic antecedents" inquired into before allowing them to enlist in the Force, so that none but men of "genial, equable, amiable, and philanthropic temperament" should be admitted, he begins by insisting, to insure a proper polish being given to this rough material, that it should be incumbent on all fresh recruits to go through a course of deportment and dancing, and pass an examination in the smaller amenities of social etiquette. For the latter he supplies a brief specimen paper, which is as follows:—

1. When a crowd is creating a block on the pavement, and you are anxious to make it circulate, what polite phrase would you use instead of the customary and brutal, "Now then, move on"?
2. If jeered at for your efforts, which prove ineffective, and your helmet is knocked off your head from behind, with what good-humoured banter would you naturally reply?
3. On meeting with a drunk and incapable case, it is your duty to endeavour not to lock it up, but to see it safely home. Calling a four-wheeled cab for this purpose, are you justified, if you have to pay it, in endeavouring to recover the fare, or should you willingly defray the expense from your own pocket?
4. Coming up with a burglar, you explain to him gently, that perhaps, having regard to all the circumstances of the case, you ought to take him into custody, when he seizes your truncheon, and suddenly knocks you down. Ought you to get up and endeavour to pursue him, or generously give him the chance of a fresh start?
5. An omnibus runs into a private carriage, and all three horses are down with the proprietors sitting on their respective heads. If, when you intervene, you are told, "just to mind your own business," ought you, bowing politely to the crowd, to say, "Well, Gentlemen, —as you will," and quietly resume your beat?

A good deal more follows, and the directions for drill, include, "the elegant handing of ladies over crowded crossings," the "escorting and holding open umbrellas over them in the rain," the "pleasant way of dealing with unmuzzled dogs," and "the singing of sweet ditties after dark in suburban neighbourhoods," all of which accomplishments, are to be left in the hands of thoroughly instructed, and well qualified Inspectors. Indeed the scheme is very complete, and could scarcely fail if carried out, not only to relieve the Force of the charge of churlishness that has lately attached to it, but to invest it at the same time with a thorough *bonhomie* and good breeding that would soon grow proverbial and render the words "Police" and "Politeness," nothing more or less than convertible terms.

Linton v. Robinson.

IF one fact is worth a thousand arguments, one hundred and sixty-eight facts must be worth so many arguments that we have not time to work it out. All these facts are assembled at the Royal Institute of Painters in Water-Colours by Sir JAMES LINTON, and they—we forgot to say the facts are water-colour drawings of the highest class, and most of them of venerable age—effectually and finally prove that water-colours are permanent. Anyone can see at a glance—before you can say J. C. ROBINSON—that water-colours do not fade. So

J. C. ROBINSON, he

Must acknowledge his notions are fiddlededee!

Let it be clearly understood there are to be no further arguments on the matter. Sir JAMES LINTON has proved his case. Judge *Punch* has given a verdict in his favour, and so every one else may shut up, and take a back seat. Hooray!

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—In no case can Contributions, whether by a Stamped and Directed Envelope or Cover.

MS., Printed Matter, or Drawings, be returned, unless accompanied Copies of MS. should be kept by the Senders.

THE COMMON SQUEAL.

A SONG FOR SHRIEKERS.

I.



MEN, whose fathers lied, and tricked, and bribed to bring about the Union, Men, whose brothers at the Music Hall grimace, I will show you that the Poet with your spirits owns communion, I will show you that the Bard is of your race.

II.

What are those that shriek and squeal against the Isle across the water? What is he that crams our ears with patriot cant?

See the lyrist lick the party hack at breathing fire and slaughter?
See the man of rhymes embrace the man of rant?

III.

Here the plea whereby the Poet apes, and charms, the Penny Paper—
“We are they whose works sensationally shine,
I was ever good at curses, VICTOR HUGO I’ll out-vapour,
And if there is a scurril tongue ’tis mine.”

IV.

Who would fear to back the Poet as a double-barrelled screamer,
Pure of morals, clean of language, free from bile?
Do you want old GLADSTONE scarified, the sanguinary schemer?
I will show you how to slander and revile.

(Does so in nine violent verses, savage and scathing, but scarcely suited for publication.)

XIV.

There! That outs every record in the way of party squealing,
That’s the style to pelt and pulverise your foes.
You thought Lord RANDOLPH rabid, but this comes as a revealing,
And there’s lots more where it comes from—verse or prose.

XV.

Perfect rancour, wrath eternal, everlasting objugation,
Freedom? Yes, I’ve always praised it, and may be
It may do for France or Italy. But that curst Irish nation?—
Rather slay them man by man from sea to sea!

A DISGUSTED C. C.

MR. PUNCH, SIR,

I AM literally boiling over with indignation at the amount of roasting I am receiving, from the members of my numerous acquaintance, as to the state of my health after my imagined week of Festivities. Week of Festivities indeed! Week of Fasting rather. The stewing and baking and frying, being confined to the heat of the one festivity, to which I was invited.

On Sunday I went to Church, to St. Paul’s, no refreshments there of course, and none expected. On Monday I gazed with a proper degree of profound respect, and at a respectful distance, upon the Masonic performance of H.R.H. the Prince of WALES, at the Tower Bridge. No refreshments afterwards, tho’ certainly not of course, for I certainly did expect them. On Tuesday I was not included in the select few who dined at the Mansion House, with the Mayors and Provosts of the United Kingdom. On Wednesday, I was informed, that the grand reception and supper at the Colinderies, was adjourned *sine die*. On Thursday I went to the Crystal Palace at the invitation of the Directors of that real Palace of the People, but as my refreshments were at my own expense, they were confined to a cup of coffee and a roll and butter. On Friday I attended the magnificent ball that we gave at Guildhall, and then of course I was enabled to

indulge my remarkably fine appetite, with every luxury that a refined taste and immense experience could supply. On Saturday I was not invited to meet the Prince of WALES, at a grand banquet to the Executive Committee of the Colinderies, of which I had heard a distant rumour.

So you will perceive, Sir, that my share of the famous week’s festivities, amounted to one good supper, provided for me by the Corporation, and a cup of coffee and a roll and butter, provided for me by myself. And yet I find that I am the victim of the pretended sympathy of my pitying friends, at my necessarily seedy appearance after a week of unbounded luxury. The trial is doubly hard to bear, as it began with bitter disappointment, and ends with sardonic sympathy.

A C. C. (but assuredly not a Seedy One).

A REGULAR PLANT.

SIR,—Here is a passage from a book I have been reading, “*The Sagacity and Morality of Plants*,” by J. E. TAYLOR, Ph. D., F.L.S., &c., &c.: CHATTO AND WINDUS,” that has afforded me not only some food for reflection, but material for experiment. “Hosts of common plants,” the author says, “continually perform actions which, if they were done by human beings, would at once be brought within the category of right and wrong. There is hardly a vice or virtue which has not its counterpart in the action of the vegetable kingdom.”

I soon set about getting a practical answer to his question by planting my back garden and stocking my conservatory with selected specimens, and then watching and taking notes. The result has been so unique and peculiar that I publish it without further apology. Here it is:—

Taking my round this morning, was much surprised by hearing peals of laughter. Found that they came from a *Brassica hirsuta*, or light-hearted Cabbage (native of Putney), that had apparently been sent into fits by some remarks of the *Napina hieroglyphica*, or conundrum-asking Turnip. Noticed at the same time the unappreciative attitude of a fine sample of *Cucurbita deridens*, one of the Sneering Pumpkin family, whose tone was very irritating to some Asparagus that had evidently enjoyed the joke. Saw, as I came up the path, a *Raphanus flebilis*, or easily-moved Horse-Radish, weeping in sympathy with an Onion that was also in tears, but I couldn’t make out exactly what they were crying about, unless it was the conduct of a row of Strawberries, that resented being planted in their immediate vicinity, and deliberately turned their backs on them. On approaching the house found that the Creeper, a House-Breaking Wisteria, *Wisteria furax*, (native of Seven Dials), had in the night got in at the staircase-window, and managed to carry off a couple of bottles of pale ale from a cupboard on the landing. These I discovered it had given to a *Begonia siticulosa*, one of the dram-drinking species, that had been left out in its pot at the foot of the garden-steps, and had been egging on the Wisteria to commit the theft.

On entering the conservatory, was at once reminded of the *Pelargonium jocosum*, or practical joking geranium, that had again been up to its tricks, this time making a booby-trap of the watering pot, and hiding the contents of the work-basket among the roots of the ferns. I was, however, assisted in discovering their whereabouts by a total-abstaining cactus (*Cactus abstinens*), that takes a serious view of life, and fortunately frequently acts as a wet blanket to the exuberant tomfoolery set on foot by the roystering annuals. Noticed that several pots of Lobelia had been beaten literally from blue to black in aggressive attacks made on them by a hardy specimen of the Prize-fighting Fuchsia (*Fuchsia bellicosa*), which, I, however, managed eventually to quiet down by threatening to plant it out among the artichokes. Couldn’t help observing the nasty feeling that appeared to exist between a Gardenia and several pots of Mignonette, the latter being restrained from flying at the former only by the presence of a hypochondriacal Phlox (*Phlox melancholicus*), native of Herne Bay, whose proverbial ill-humour and depression seemed to act as a salutary check upon any attempt to make a demonstration. Finished my round by turning out a low-minded Hollyhock that had taken to using the bad language of flowers and threatening a Dahlia, that had made away with the clipping-scissors, that I would call in the police unless it gave them up.

Such, Sir, has been my experience, which I beg you will publish for what it is worth, as I believe it will throw a good deal of practical light upon Dr. TAYLOR’S theories. For obvious reasons I suppress my name and address, and must ask you to permit me simply to subscribe myself,

SOMETHING LIKE A GARDENER.



“An Orchid Hunter.”



THINGS ONE WOULD RATHER HAVE LEFT UNSAID.

He. "EVERYBODY WILL BE LEAVING TOWN NOW THAT PARLIAMENT IS DIS-
SOLVED."

She. "YES. INDEED I THINK ALL THE NICE PEOPLE HAVE LEFT ALREADY!"

OUR MORNING MENTORS.

WHICH IS RIGHT?

(From the "T m-s.")

THERE cannot be two opinions as to what the result of a Gladstonian victory would be. Assuming, for the sake of argument, that in that case the total subversion and dislocation of all moral and material ties, which would infallibly ensue, would not produce physical consequences of a similar portentous magnitude,—assuming, in a word, that the world would still go round, we have next to consider in what state it would go round. Here, in England, the stars would look down on a ruined Empire and a shattered Constitution! Our Colonies, despising a connection with an effete political Organism, would at once cast us adrift, and the great glory and boast of all Englishmen would have disappeared. Mr. GLADSTONE, it is needless to say, would be absolute Dictator, and, before a year had elapsed, we should see our ancient Church destroyed, the House of Lords abolished, Buckingham Palace let out in flats to the working-classes, an equestrian statue of Mr. BRADLAUGH surmounting the Arch at the top of Constitution Hill, Lord SALISBURY beheaded on Shepherd's Bush Green, and the National Gallery actually thrown open to a profane crew of sightseers for one hour on alternate Sundays! Shall we reduce our sister island to the status of a mere Colony—although, of course, our Colonies are, as we have said before, the pride and mainstay of the Empire?

Under such a régime, emigration to some autocratically-governed country would be the only resource left, and we ourselves should certainly settle in the densest and most savage parts of the African jungle, if the break-up of the Empire was not sure to offer an unprecedented opening for sensational hysterics;—an opportunity which, from a patriotic point of view, would, of course, be most deplorable, but which, at the same time, journalistically considered, would pay exceptionally well.

(From the "D-ly N-ews.")

THERE cannot be two opinions that a Gladstonian defeat at the Elections would utterly upset the equilibrium of the Universe. Such an event would show that English voters did not care twopence for Justice, Truth, Generosity, Patriotism, and all the rest of the Virtues, and that their spirit altogether failed to throb within them in response to the magnanimity of Mr. TIM HEALY,

the more than Ciceronian eloquence of Mr. SEXTON, and the kindly patronage of Mr. PARNELL. We should carry on a miserable existence in a kingdom divided against itself, and in a hopelessly shattered Empire. Lord SALISBURY, we need hardly add, would be so entirely master of the situation, that within twelve months the British Fleet, cooperating with a million Orangemen armed to the teeth, would have laid Dublin in ashes, the whole of the present Irish Parliamentary Party would have been shipped off to St. Helena, Mr. GLADSTONE—with Sir ANDREW CLARK as his only attendant—would be chained in a cellar in Lord RANDOLPH CHURCHILL'S town-house, trade would have ceased, commerce perished, and "our old nobility" would alone be left, to play lawn-tennis and hold garden-parties on the site where once stood the Royal Exchange and the Bank of England. It is indeed a solemn thought that all these consequences may be brought about by putting a cross in the wrong place on a voting paper! Yet truth is sometimes stranger than fiction, and it will, we believe, also prove far stronger than faction.

A REGATTA RHYME.

On Board the "Athena," Henley-on-Thames.

I LIKE, it is true, in a basswood canoe
To lounge, with a weed incandescence;
To paddle about, there is not a doubt,
I find is uncommonly pleasant!
I love the fresh air, the lunch here and there,
To see pretty toilettes and faces;
But one thing I hate—allow me to state—
The fuss they make over the Races!
*I don't care a rap for the Races!—
Mid all the Regatta embraces—
I'm that sort of chap, I don't care a rap,
A rap or a snap for the Races!*

I don't care, you know, a bit how they row,
Nor mind about smartness of feather;
If steering is bad, I'm not at all sad,
Nor care if they all swing together!
Oh why do they shout and make such a rout,
When one boat another one chases?
'Tis really too hot to bawl, is it not?
Or bore oneself over the Races!
I don't care a rap for the Races, &c., &c.

Then the Umpire's boat a nuisance we vote,
It interrupts calm contemplation;
Its discordant tone, and horrid steam moan,
Is death to serene meditation!
The roar of the crowd should not be allowed;
The gun with its fierce fulmination,
Abolish it, pray—'tis fatal, they say,
To pleasant and quiet flirtation!
I don't care a rap for the Races, &c., &c.

If athletes must pant—I don't say they shan't—
But give them some decent employment;
And let it be clear, they don't interfere
With other folks' quiet enjoyment!
When luncheon you're o'er, 'tis really a bore—
And I think it a very hard case is—
To have to look up, from *pâté* or cup,
And gaze on those tiresome Races!
I don't care a rap for the Races, &c., &c.

The Races, to me, seem to strike a wrong key,
Mid dreamy delightful diversion;
There isn't much fun seeing men in the sun,
Who suffer from over-exertion!
In sweet idle days, when all love to laze,
Such violent work a disgrace is!
Let's hope we shall see, with me they'll agree,
And next year abolish the Races!
I don't care a rap for the Races, &c., &c.

THE School Board of London have passed a resolution calculated to make it generally known that children will not be refused admission to Board Schools on the ground of their being barefooted. This is of course quite right, as the Board is naturally entirely in its element in dealing with all cases of defective understanding.



"CLASSES."

New Guard (to Peer of the Realm, who is very careless about his dress and personal appearance). "MAKE 'ASTE!—TUMBLE IN 'ERE, OLD MAN! NO ROOM IN THE THIRD!"

PRO OR CON.?

(From a Waverer's Diary.)

Monday.—Have spent the whole morning over the papers, and am more confused than ever about my vote. I certainly partly agree with HARTINGTON, and can't help being carried away with the thorough "go" of RANDOLPH CHURCHILL, but at the same time there's GLADSTONE's letter, and MORLEY's speech, a good deal of which strikes me as unanswerable. I wish the papers were not quite so full of election addresses, for really, in trying to read them all, one gets quite muddled. However, no occasion to come to any decision to-day. I've got the week before me, and can take my time. Besides, GLADSTONE speaks to-night, and I shall see what he has to say to-morrow morning. Don't fancy, though, his flavour will quite suit my taste. Can't say, at present, I see the necessity for "Home Rule."

Tuesday.—Just been reading the Grand Old Man's peroration. Quite magnificent. Could see the audience, breathlessly listening to every word, and understand their being completely swept away in the stream of their own enthusiasm. It must have been a glorious sight. There's not a doubt of it his passionate cry to his fellow-countrymen to do justice to Ireland rings true. Yes, I'm quite sure of it, Home Rule, without any reserve, is the correct thing. I've never had any great doubts about it, but now my mind is quite made up. I shall vote straight for the G. O. M.

Wednesday.—A good deal unsettled by reading SALISBURY's last night's speech. The question is, of course, how far can one trust him. If, for instance, what he says about Ulster is really true, I confess it very much alters one's view of matters. Then, again, he says he doesn't mean "coercion" at all. Just the enforcing the ordinary law of the land. Of course, if that is all, that's right enough. But then, why offer to repeal the ordinary law after twenty years? Muddle here. I wonder whether the G. O. M. is really playing the game of dismemberment of the Empire, as SALISBURY tries to make out. Can't believe he is; still, he puts the matter very strongly. Must turn it over in my mind a bit. Shouldn't like to go and give my vote the wrong way, after all. 'Pon my word, it's very confusing.

Thursday.—Thank goodness, I've read MORLEY's speech, and also

PARNELL'S. Quite made up my mind again. Nothing could be more outspoken or convincing than MORLEY, and I go with him entirely in everything he says; while there's an honest ring about PARNELL'S utterances that is unmistakable. He scoffs at the thought of the Ulster mischief, and he is evidently quite right, and knows what he is talking about. Of course, five-sixths of the Irish nation ought to have their way, and it's monstrous to try and keep them from getting it. My mind's made up, and I can see the thing quite clear. I go for "Home Rule," and that's settled.

Friday.—Have been reading BRIGHT'S speech, five columns of it, and am bound to say my yesterday's views have been a good deal affected by it. "Old JOHN BRIGHT," can't be suspected of playing a Tory game, and here he is dead against the Government. Has set me thinking, and I've been looking into Irish History, but I can't make much of it. Certainly I agree with him, that we ought not to try a gigantic experiment of this sort, just to please 3,000,000 out of 36,000,000, and he argues that it will be a dead failure as well. I wonder whether he really means what he says. Suppose he does. Very awkward, this continued "up and down" sort of feeling. How I do wish the voting was over! I've half a mind to toss for it, which way I go. Bothered if I can make out which way it will be.

Saturday.—Been at the papers all the morning, reading addresses pro and con. Home Rule, and have been more confused than ever, but a couple of letters of the Grand Old Man, have somewhat cleared the atmosphere for me, and I think now on the whole, I can't do wrong in giving him my vote. Still I can't quite make up my mind, and on my way to the polling booth, I stop and read an opposition manifesto, which again rather opens the floodgates of doubt, as to whether I shall be really doing the right thing. Have both candidates' cards in my pocket. Wish I could come to a final decision, which to vote for. Don't see what else I can do, but get out a half-penny and toss for it. Do it. Heads, GLADSTONE. Heads it is. Best out of three. Toss again. Tails this time,—that's SALISBURY. Now to decide. Here goes. Heads, by Jove! So the G. O. M. wins. Register my vote for him, and loiter home with a clear conscience. Thank goodness, that's off my mind.

FREE-MASONRY.—The glorious pomp and circumstance of Charity.

SUCH A COMIC OPERA!

"Let us Be-at-ty together."—*Old Song. Music by Hervé.*

ON Tuesday the 29th of June, *Frivoli*, humorously described as a "Comic Opera," was produced at Drury Lane. On such a night, when the heat was oppressive, *Frivoli* was welcome as a gentle frost. Without much call upon my imagination, I can suppose such a scene as this between Messrs. HARRIS and HERVÉ:—

Hervé. I should like much to produce my opera, *Frivoli*, at Drury Lane.

[*Thinks to himself that he would be very glad to get a chance for it somewhere in England.*]

Harris. Ah—yes—*Frivoli*. Yes—ah—what's it about?

[*Thinks aside that, whatever it is, on certain terms it might fill up the interval between CARL ROSA's departure and the next Sensation Drama, and might give him an opportunity of securing some of his people who would be wanted for the Drama and the Christmas Pantomime.*]

Hervé. Very characteristic: great opportunity for costume, for scene, for tout ce qu'il y a de plus beau. There is no Manager in the world who can put a piece on the stage as you. Ah no! it is true. And what theatre!—Drury Lane, for spectacle! Superb!

Harris. Yes; we do everything rather well at The Lane, I flatter myself. No cheese-paring, no old scenery and dresses. No; we'll do it for you to-rights, my boy—that is, you understand me, if we do do it. What's the costume? I don't want any classics, or Wagner style, no *Tannhäuser* and armour.

Hervé. But no. There is not of that. *Voyons!* It is Duc, Duchesse—

Harris. Oh, I know—Louis Quatorze or Louis Quinze costume. Not very new, but effective. Big chorus?

Hervé (*thinking that this is a detail which he can arrange when he once gets it on the stage*). Not great. The Opéra Comique chorus as ordinaire. Some pretty girls—

Harris. Yes, yes—I know—Pages, Courtiers, Noblemen, Ladies of the Court, a few *soubrettes*. Now, as to terms? (*These having been arranged to their mutual satisfaction, the dialogue proceeds.*) Good. Well, you know I've not heard a note of it as yet. KINGSTON has done the lyrics, eh? I'll put it on the stage, and if there are only a few lively "goey" airs—Let's see, you wrote *Chilpéric*, *Little Faust*, *L'Œil Crêvé*, didn't you?

Hervé (*pleased*). Perfectly. (*Then conscientiously remembering that he has tried to get away from his old form in this new work.*) But this is not an Opéra bouffe. It is Comic Opera.

Harris. Ah, well, I don't care what you call it, as long as it is comic, with plenty of tuney tune in it. The public like tune, my boy.

Hervé. And who can you give me for to sing?

Harris. Oh, that's all right. (*Thinks over a few names in "Human Nature."*) There's HARRY NICHOLLS—he's a deuced fine tenor, when he likes.

Hervé. Ah! ARRÉ NEEKOL. I do not know him, but I will take your word.

Harris (*thoughtfully—with a view to a Company for next Drama*). Then there's PATEMAN. I can get PATEMAN, if I try. He'll come.

Hervé. What voice has PATEMAN?

Harris. Voice? Oh, sings everything—anything, chiefly baritone though, and not bad in a chorus.

Hervé. And the women?

Harris (*enthusiastically*). My dear Sir, got the pick of London for you. Only got to say whom you'll have, and there she is. (*Thinks of a number—adds ten to it.*) Then it suddenly occurs to him that ROSE HERSEE has been frequently mentioned to him. Determines to try it. Good name, "ROSE.") ROSE HERSEE's disengaged,—do first-rate for you. What's the heroine?

Hervé (*a trifle uncertain*). Well—the prima donna would be Rosella.

Harris (*as if grasping the whole plot intuitively*). Just the part for ROSE HERSEE. By the way, where's the scene laid? At Frivoli, of course, eh? Fête in the Gardens of Frivoli! I see. (*Beaming in view of a grand effect with lanterns and KATTI LANNER.*) Frivoli, a sort of Tivoli, I know. I can make it grand.

Hervé (*checking his impetuosity*). Mais non—vous vous trompez. Frivoli is the chief part—a singer.

Harris (*disgusted*). A singer! Dash it! I thought it was tea-gardens. Well, all right—(*reconciles himself to the fact*)—fire away. What sort of a part is Frivoli?

Hervé (*enthusiastically*). Oh, bright, bright! A sort of—(*is about to say "Trovador," but recollects the recent operatic production of that name just in time to stop himself and substitute*)—Wandering Minstrel—gay—beaucoup de chic—espèce de Cherubino—

Harris. Ah—a boy? That is, I mean, to be played by a woman?

Hervé. Perfectly; by a woman! (*Trying to inspire AUGUSTUS with his own enthusiasm.*) Piquante! pétillante!! ravissante!!!

Harris (*pretending to catch the inspiration*). The very one—just mentioned her! (*Slaps him on the shoulder.*) ROSE HERSEE, my boy! Do it, and look it, down to the ground. She's an all round actress.

So I should imagine the cast was gradually settled, and with the results that a considerable burden is laid on those gifted vocalists, Messrs. HARRY NICHOLLS and PATEMAN,—but a greater burden is laid on the audience. There are Counts and Duchesses and *soubrettes* and



Hervé composes, Druriolamus disposes.

Quinze, and the dialogue is of the present Music Hall topical kind, patented on the stage by that amusing wag Mr. ARTHUR ROBERTS,—admissible in burlesque and Opéra bouffe which is much the same thing, but not in Comic Opera, of which the *Marriage of Figaro* and *Barber of Seville*, are the standard.

MISS MUNROE arrived late—not until the Second Act—and wouldn't have been there then, if she hadn't come on horseback. What the point of this was, Heaven, HERVÉ, and HARRIS only know. MISS SOLDBENE seemed to be in pain when she sang; and I pitied her and the eminent tenor HARRY NICHOLLS, in their great contortionist duet. Mr. MARGATE PIERPOINT sang nicely, and a gentleman perversely calling himself "S. W. GILBERT" (so like his topsy-turvy style instead of "W. S. GILBERT," and taking us all by surprise, while ARTHUR SULLIVAN is hard at work at his new Cantata) proved himself to be possessed of a very sweet voice and correct style.

The one thoroughly hearty *encore*—and this scored a treble, perhaps as a kind of protest against the rest of the Opera, and to show M. HERVÉ the sort of thing the English public do like, and do expect from him,—was for a chorus of Austrian soldiers with plenty of action and a thundering lot of drum, a good show of girls, and a dance by KATTI LANNER's pupils,—who seem, under her system,



to have been trained up into womanhood since last Christmas. This chorus, march past, and dance were nearer to M. HERVÉ's old *Chilpéric-L'Œil Crêvé* form than anything I heard the whole evening; but I admit I came away in the middle of the Third Act, and perhaps all that was worth hearing was given after I had retired.

MR. PATEMAN, apparently, had a fine part during the above-mentioned chorus. It was chiefly in action, but I fancy he was speaking, and probably saying any number of good lines which would be unfortunately lost to the audience, on account of the vigorous conduct of the drummers, who were thoroughly enjoying themselves. One of the sentimental—I believe it was intended to be sentimental—songs, is worth immortalising in an illustration; it was sung by the airy-fairy *Frivoli*, and its refrain was—

Happy Thought! If I could

Catch a glimpse of the cook

As she hovers the kitchen around! &c., &c. (*See Illustration.*)

After the Second Act I came to the conclusion that a grave mistake

had been made in the cast. *Frioli* is a low comedian's part, and, if neither Mr. WM. HILL nor Mr. RIGHTON could have been engaged, it ought to have been played by HARRY NICHOLLS, while Miss ROSE HERSEE could have taken one of the numerous heroines, of whom there seemed to be a lot about; and to distinguish her from the others, she could have executed the peculiar "jodel" for which she is famous, and which is so much better when unchecked by the band's accompaniment. With this alteration, with PATEMAN as the *Duc*,—without a song or duet (and why couldn't he be a bachelor?)—with most of the music omitted, except the soldiers' chorus and ballet, and some from *Chilpéric*, &c., substituted for what it might be proposed to leave in, with the best of the Be-attified Lyrics retained, but all the dialogue removed bodily, and Mr. NICHOLLS left to his own invention, aided by a few suggestions from Messrs. PETTIT and HARRIS, and then the *mise-en-scène* by AUGUSTUS DRURIOLANUS being admirable throughout, the last Act might finish with an eruption of Mount Vesuvius, (now only seen mildly blazing in the distance) which should involve the characters in one common ruin, and bring down the curtain to the satisfaction of everybody. This might draw the Town, or what is left of it, until the production of the new Drama, by AUGUSTUS MAGNUS and HENRICUS PARVUS, is ready,—and let us hope that this date is not far off. Wishing that their previous success may be "continued in their next," I am everybody's Candid Friend, NIBBS.

ROBERT AT EGHAM.



"Not 'ere yesserday, Mum? No, Mum, I were at Heggum for the Olloway Hopening."

water they made up in loyalty, witch litorally blazed out all over the place, from the bold assertion at the principal Pub, that HER MAJESTY had earned all Heggum's love for harf a sentry, down to the little culled pocket handkerchief hanging out of a garret winder, on witch was painted "We welcomes our QUEEN!"

Ah! and wot Heggum said Heggum meant, and I don't think as any owling demmygog as gos about a denouncing of all the greatest histushuns of the land, grand old copperashuns and all, woud ha had a werry agreeable time of it if he'd have attempted to lectur at Heggum about 5 a clock, pea, hem, on Wensday larst, and long be the day when he can! There was a werry convenient Hoss Pond close bye. Being a remarkabel fine day, I warked from the Station to the Skool, witch I was told wasn't a mile off, no more it wasn't, for it was jest about too. Oh these little country jokes, how they seems to be carried down for long long ears! Wen I at length reached the Skool, I

AN! I were, ray the r! which I wish on the ole' as I adent a bin. Heggum ain't much of a place not to look at, not on ornery oc-cashuns, Heggum ain't. To speak the onest truth, it's jest a leetle bit sleepy, and ain't generally mutch trubled to know how to manage its traffik. But Heggum seed another site on Wens-day last, as the poet says, altho' I must confess they'd ha seen it a good deal better if they'd ha had the fourthort jest to ha had the roads watered for the clouds of dust was that blinding as noboddy couldn't see mutch else. But what they wanted in

coud arldly help thinking as I was a being played another joke wen I was told to enter a lovely Pallis. But so it was, and to my mind, small tho' that mind may be, I says without not no dowt, nor no hezitation, that it's the werry loveliest Pallis as I ewer entered perfesh-nally. Why there was sum parts on it as was that hexquistly chizzled as you mite ha taken it for confekshunary, and if that isn't a complement to the harkitect I don't know what is.

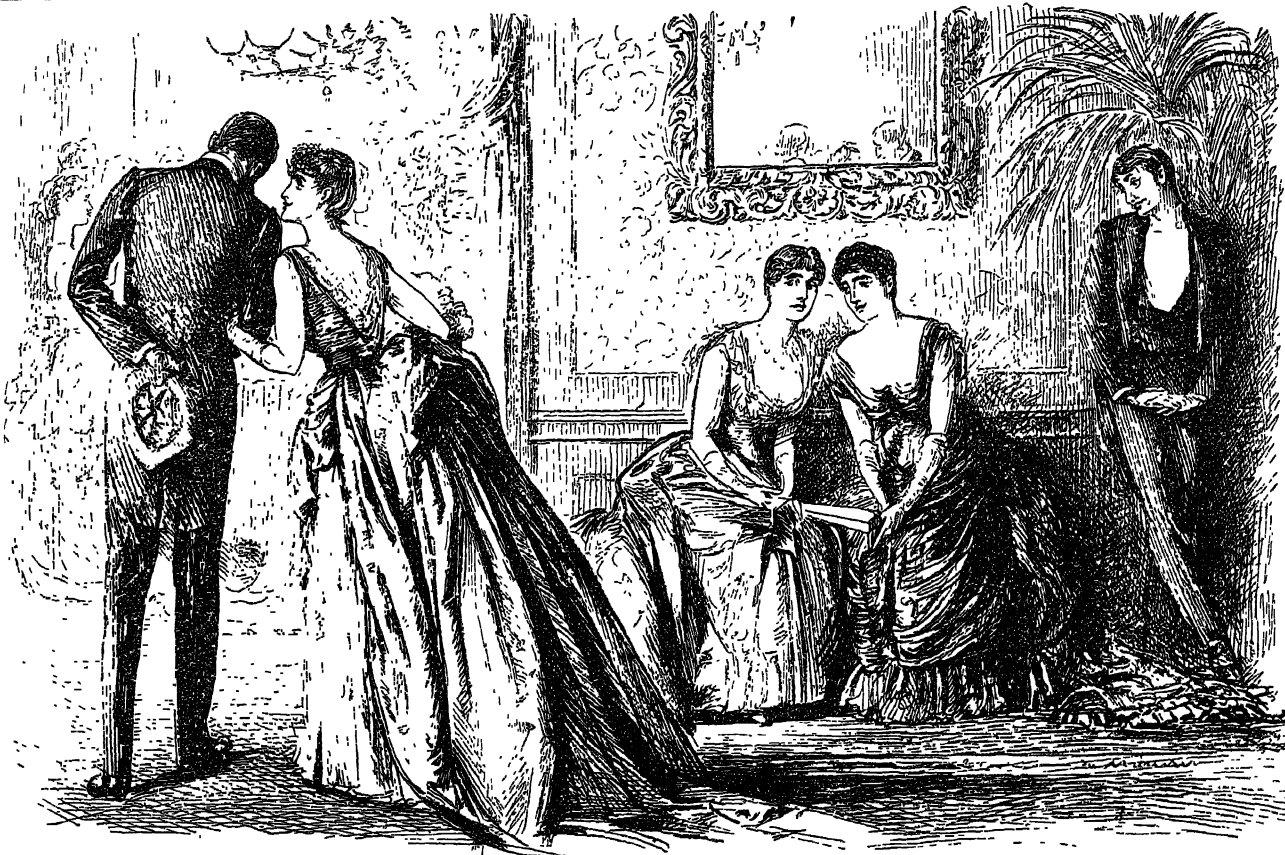
I passes hover all the sherrymonial part of the bizziness, for, trewth to tell, my long ot walk, and my long ot waiting for sumthink to do, fairly owercome me, and I slept the sleep of the idle waiter. I woke up jest in time to see Mr. MARTIN HOLLOWAY give HER MAJESTY a bootiful Gold Box. Happy man he looked, tho' he was rayther ot. But weather the rapshur of that moment repaid him for the spending of seven underd thowsand pounds of his Mother-in-Lor's money in bilding a gals' Skool is a problem as I leaves to wiser eds nor mine. It was fortanate for me, as I ad my little slumber, for the next hour after the QUEEN left was about the ottest and the ardest as I hever went through. My place, unfortunately, was jest in the middle of the burning sun—and the sun does jest shine at Heggum—and the table allotted to me was jest about harf a quarter of a mile long. Let any one try to fanny a freely-perspiring Waiter standing *alone* behind such a table as that, with a frightfully hungry public, three deep, a shouting for wittles and drink. Wot woud a mere common Waiter have dun under sitch trying suckumstances? Have tried his best, and failed miserably. Wot did I do? I carmly and quietly handed to them nearest the table, to one a dish of sanwiches, to another a basket of strawberries, to another a dish of cakes, to another a jug of what is called Shampain cup, and a tumbler, and in about twenty minutes arter I tried this little game my tabel was all cleared, and I quietly announced the fact as follows,—“Ladies and Gents, there ain't no more wittels,” and they all forsook my emty table, and fled elsewhere.

The tabels was all put round a square place, as they called a quod-wrangle, I'm sure I don't know why. BROWN said as it was meant as a sort of prison, where the yung ladys of the future, was to have out their little differences, as the name signified, but BROWN does romance so. There was plenty of my hold paytrons there, and sum of my young uns. I was much emused at the trubbel a werry fussy old gent took, to keep all the werry best places for the habsent quire. He tried werry hard to git one of Mr. *Punch's* home gennelmen to leave, with all his ladys, long before it was nessyserry, but he smiled and sed, “move for a mere quire, no, not for a ream!” and the fussy old gent was so astonished that he said no more. He tried the same silly thing with the three butiful graces of Werginyourwater, and Mr. DOEASY, the Ungarian Ambassador, but they only looked at him and smiled, and he wanished into the emused crowd.

I had put by jist one dish of sanwiches for myself, but while at one hend of my long tabel, a ungrly gest got over and stole it! Such is human natur wen depraved by unger. So I looked in at the loyal Pub, as I warked down to the station, and over a crust and a glass I disussed the hole mistery of the day with a senserbil feller as I met there. He told me as the skool is for the heddicating of Female Parsons. That no man of the masculin gender, is hever to henter the sacred bilding. There's to be jest 250 skollards, all of 'em over seventeen, and only one Principle Lady to look after 'em all, poor thing! and for them as brakes down it will be a sort of preparatory skool for the naybouring Sannytorium. To my shame I confesses as I bleeved all I herd, till I found out as he was merely a pennyaliener for a hapenny gernal as was a trying for to gammon an hed waiter. So I hopes for his sake as I shall never have the sattis-facshun of repaying him in his own koin, in the shape of wittels, or the saddle of mutton may be placed on the other horse. ROBERT.

“O SI SIC OMNES!”

ACTIONS at Law would indeed be delightful if they were all conducted as pleasantly as was *Field v. Labouchere* last week. It was an action for libel; but scarcely was it commenced when Sir HENRY JAMES, interposing, said that Mr. FIELD's object was not to obtain damages, but only an acknowledgment that the statement made in *Truth* wasn't true. His client was a fair Field, and required no favour, that was all. Whereupon the ATTORNEY-GENERAL said he quite agreed with Sir HENRY, and that his own client, the popular senior Member for Northampton, most decidedly withdrew the statement complained of. He did not wish to be the Favourite against the Field, especially as the Favourite in this instance couldn't win. Then Mr. Justice DENMAN complimented them all on the extremely handsome behaviour of everybody in the case, and observed that if it were not waste of time to offer any comment of his own, he should be inclined to sum up by saying that, though there was a libel in *Truth*, yet there was no truth in the libel. A juror was then politely requested to withdraw. All the jurymen expressed themselves ready to oblige immediately. Whereupon everybody bowed to everybody else, the fees were paid, the bells were rung, the next case was called on, and we hope they'll all live happily ever afterwards.



FELINE AMENITIES.

"LOOK, DEAR! THERE'S YOUR HUSBAND GOING IN TO SUPPER WITH MRS. SCUDAMORE—A DANGEROUSLY ATTRACTIVE WOMAN. LET ME WARN YOU!"

"HOW GOOD OF YOU! HOW I WISH HE WAS GOING IN TO SUPPER WITH YOU, DEAR, INSTEAD!"

THE WIND AND THE SUN.

WHO'LL care to heed, 'midst faction's furious
Babel
That rages round the land,
A whisper from the World of ancient fable?
Who'll stoop to understand
The application of the old old story
To tumult of the time,
Or bend to teaching of old allegory
His fiery front sublime?
Loud Æolus our age too fiercely urges,
We find ourselves at last
Mere thralls to Boreas and to Boanerges,
The brawler and the blast.
Blow, blow! All strain, the Blues, the Greens,
the Yellows,
Their cheeks, or large or small,
The hurricane, or a mere pair of bellows,
The whiff, or the White Squall.
SALISBURY'S sirocco, CHURCHILL'S cyclone
thunder
Around us day and night,
And MORLEY'S simoom meets—to the world's
wonder—
The Counterblast of BRIGHT.
O windy chaos, flatulent cataclysm!
Would not Sol's gentle ray
Still the loud tempest, heal the party schism
And hush the windy fray?
The North Wind in the fable, fierce and frigid,
Long on the traveller blew,
But he close-reefed, and resolute and rigid,
His cloak still tighter drew.
Only the genial sunburst moved and melted.
Supposing it should prove

That hate, long proof 'gainst blasts that
howled and pelted,
Should yield at length to love.
Whew! All the winds will roar at the
And all refuse to lend [suggestion,
Consideration to the craven question.
Well, well, rage on and spend
Your fiercest force upon the task unending,
Call each auxiliary blast; [rending,
You'll have to try, when you are tired of
Sol's gentler strength at last.

NOVELTIES IN SONG-WORDS.

THE Russian Choir have delightful titles
for their part-songs, as for instance, "*There
is my Heart, thou fine black-eyed Youth,*" "*O
my Guelder-tree: O my Raspberry Bush.*"
The last reminds us of the term of endear-
ment by which MR. PICKWICK was supposed
to have addressed MRS. BARDELL. Adapted
as a Russian song, the Pickwickian love-ditty
might be rendered, "*O my tender Chops!
O my sweet Tomato Sauce!*" Perhaps this
may set a new fashion for ballad-mongers.
The series is evident according to the season,
"*O my Blooming Bacon! O my Bonnie
Beans!*" "*Mine is thy Heart, my little
Cabbage,*" "*Love me little, love me strong,*"
the song of the spring onion. "*My fair
Goose, my fine Goose!*" "*O my lost Duck-
ling!*" "*Sweet Potato, how I mashed you!*"
"*Tell me not in currant Numbers!*" and
many others which will suggest themselves
to our TOSTES, WETHERBYS, COTSFORD-DICKS,
and MOLLOYS.

MR. PUNCH'S SKETCH OF A HOME-
RULE BILL.

1. ENGLAND, Scotland, and Ireland each to have a National Assembly composed of the Members of Parliament belonging to its own particular nationality.
2. Members of Parliament throughout the three kingdoms to be elected on one settled plan according to the numbers of the population, and without regard to the locality.
3. The National Assemblies to sit for one month or longer as the occasion may require at London, Edinburgh, and Dublin before the meeting of the Imperial Parliament. During this time they shall decide upon such Bills dealing with local interests as they may consider necessary.
4. Immediately after the closing of the Assemblies, the Imperial Parliament to be held.
5. All Bills passed by the Assemblies to be submitted to the Imperial Parliament, and not to be rejected unless there is a majority of a clear three-fourths against them.
6. After the passing of the Assembly Bills (which shall be passed by the House of Commons to the exclusion of the House of Lords) the ordinary business of the Session of the Imperial Parliament to be transacted.
7. The Imperial Parliament to meet alternately at London, Dublin, and Edinburgh. But no Irish Members to be allowed to appear in more than one of these places at the same time.



THE WIND AND THE SUN.

(From Mr. Punch's own "Asop.")



SPEECHES TO BE LIVED DOWN, IF POSSIBLE.

She. "LET ME INTRODUCE YOU TO A VERY CHARMING LADY, TO TAKE DOWN TO SUPPER."
He. "A—THANKS—NO. I NEVER EAT SUPPER!"

THE LOST LETTER-BAG.

(" *Litera scripta manet.* ")

PERHAPS it was the festivities of the late genial wintry Whitsuntide season that induced the Postman to sit down in the street and play Russian Patience with the letters. Perhaps, on the other hand, the letter-bag was stolen, after an immense expenditure of careful skill, by Mr. WILLIAM SIKES, who supposed it to contain diamonds for the Amsterdam Market, and who threw it away when he found that its contents were only the following epistles. In any case the letters are unclaimed by their authors and owners, and Mr. *Punch*, like another famous man of genius, "takes his own wherever he finds it,"—and publishes it. In some instances where the signatures are illegible, they have been omitted, in the hope that the style and the matter may betray the writers, by whom, no doubt, the letters will be immediately claimed.

DEAR THOMPSON,

I.

Bloomsbury, June 25.

THE pursuit of scientific research into Natural History, has its difficulties when the student is compelled to reside in this Metropolis. My favourite adder lately made its escape, and was killed by the unsympathetic cook in my neighbour's coal-cellar. This incident has made me unpopular in the district, and my experiments as to the "homing instincts" of the domestic Cat have been, on the whole, rather a failure. You remember our discussion of the remarkable anecdotes about Cats in the *Spectator*, and probably you have not forgotten the anecdote of the kitten which found its way home to Thurso from Penzance? With the purpose of testing the existence of the homing instinct in the Cat, I have devoted six months to collecting, (by the use of valerian and unremitting kindness) the toms and tabbies of the neighbourhood. All the bakers' windows here are full of advertisements beginning, "LOST a Magnificent Persian Cat," and so forth. The animals unknown to their proprietors, were all safe in my study: science has its rights as well as its duties. Last week I determined to test finally the cats' boasted power of finding their way home. In the dead of night I chartered five four-wheelers, filled them with cats of every land and race—the tail-less Manx, the blue hairy Russian, the common puss, and so forth. I then bade the cabmen drive to Wimbledon Common. Before I could complete these simple arrangements, a large and angry crowd had collected opposite my house, and though I explained to the policeman that I was merely engaged in a scientific experiment, my windows were broken by

the excited populace. Finally we got under weigh, and about five in the morning we reached Wimbledon Common. In a desert place, (near "the fourth hole out," you will know it if you are a golf-player) I opened the door of the cabs, and released the feline fares, or rather the survivors, for a dreadful pitched battle had been fought in each cab. After a little skirmishing in the open, the cats withdrew into the adjacent brushwood, but I had considerable difficulty in satisfying the cabmen. It must be admitted that the interiors of their vehicles had been a good deal altered for the worse. Now, will you believe it, despite their instinct, *not one of these cats has returned to my home*, though they all received the most distinguished kindness! So much for their boasted "Instinct!" I have ever since been persecuted by the minions of the police, and am hooted in the streets, as "The Count and his Cats," when I take my walks abroad. The crayfish in the cisterns are defunct. London is no home for the naturalist.

Yours ever,

GILBERT WHITE, (of Bloomsbury).

SIR,

II. *Piccadilly.*

GRATIFIED as we are by the receipt of so lavishly generous a demand, and gladly as we would have your illustrious name added to our list of patrons, we regret that the Retail nature of our business prevents us from executing your obliging order for Eight Hundred Hats, made to your own pattern, for your private use.

We remain your obedient servants,

FELTHAM AND POTT.

III.

Ballykilbrothofabuoy, Ulster, June 27.

DEAR GENERAL,

YOUR plan (in certain circumstances) for a combined attack on Dublin and Limerick, by forces descending the Liffey and Shannon, in whalers, is to hand, and contents noted.* The scheme for landing and disposing the men, disguised as anglers, tract distributors, and agents for patent land-fertilisers, is excellent. But the whale-boats? How is *Transport* to be arranged for, and are you quite serious in your plan for a Camel Brigade, the camels being harnessed to jaunting cays? You say MOLTKE says he never heard of such versatile resource, as is implied in this scheme of yours, and in the Balloon Brigade of Protestant Skye Blue Jackets, but menageries are very rare in Ireland, and you will not be able to make war support itself, in *this* country, at least as far as recruiting animals for the Camelry is concerned. While acknowledging your esteemed favour, we would respectfully solicit a fresh sample of your celebrated military patterns, and remain

Faithfully yours,

P.S.—The weather has got at the Gardiner guns concealed in the bog, and they all jam. So do the "Hymn-books," all but one that went off by accident yesterday and killed the pig.

* The mixture of a military and commercial style in this letter, is remarkable.

(To be continued.)

Dr. Bright's Bolus.

I've loved those darling Irish all my life,
 I watch their woes with sympathy and pity;
 And so, to settle all our life-long strife,
 I'd give them—yes, I would—a—Grand Committee!



"NEITHER MUZZLED NOR LED."

LAY OF THE LIBERAL UNIONISTS

DISMEMBER? Dismember?
Stamp out the last ember,
Of GLADSTONE's nefarious plot!
It's rot, it's unreason,
It's stuff, it's high treason.
Vote Tory, and send WEG to pot!

Homeric.

In the latest edition of *The McIliad*, by our own Homer Ruler, an entirely new incident has been added. The subject of this novel portion of the poem is "The Election by acclamation of the Grand Old Achilles in the place of A-JACKS, who disappears in the Leithean Waters."

Extremes.

MR. BRIGHT—*et tu Brighte!*—at Birmingham said
His old friend, Mr. GLADSTONE, had quite lost his head.
Very shocking, if true; but if WILLIAM should fail,
'Tis because he'll have lost his (political) tail.

"WHEN Quarter-Day comes round," says Mrs. RAMSBOTHAM, "I go into the City and collect my dividends, and, after that, my nephew gives me luncheon, and we always have what they call a Charterhouse Steak. It's cut differently, and is quite delicious."

THE Royal Holloway College to be known as "The Pillories."

MARY ANNER ON THE SKARESERTY OF MISSUSSES.

DEAR LIZER JANE,

THIS comes oping as you are A 1, and find your new sitcherwation to your mind. I am still out of collar, as the saying is, and likely so to be if things don't alter. There's a lot of talk jest now of the scarserty of domestic Servants. What I complain of is the scarserty of Missusses! By wich, my dear, I mean Missusses as a gal of sperrit can demean herself to live with. I've bin after no less than fourteen sitcherwations this hidential week as ever is, and not one of them wuth its salt, let alone being posishuns in wich a young lady of a self-respective turn and pussional attractions second to few could be appy in. Wot I want to know is who's to compensate me for the consekent loss of time and aggerivation of temper? Seven hind-wijal Hagencies has my name on their books, from stuck-up young minxes of seventeen to gig-lamp'd old frumps of seventy—meaning the lady-prinserples, my dear—and never a heligible horfer have I ad out of the blessed lot. And then it's the *Missusses* as complains! Ojus, isn't it?

My dear LIZER, the sitcherwations now a-knocking about—and evings knows they're as plenterful as plums in porridge or 'air-pins in a fashernable lady's ed—aint wuth tuppence a baker's dozen, and dear at that. And as to the Missusses, well, a bunch of dog's-meat is a king to 'em! Missusses, indeed! My dear, will you believe as one of 'em 'ad the *impidence* to object to my wearing my dimond ring to wait at table with, and said she must really drore the line at scarlit silk stockings to clean the steps in. *She drore the line, indeed!* I give her wot for, I can promise you. And as to the places themselves, it's simply 'art-breaking. Some in quiet roads, full of 'orrid laylocks and lime-trees, with walled gardens, doorways twenty yards from the roadway, and never a sight of a sojer or even a Salvashun Army from week's end to week's end. Ermits' caves, my dear, is a fool to em. Others with families of kids (I nearly made a Missus explode the other day by eluding to her seven children as "kids") a-kicking about all over the shop like, with hears for hevery bit o' gossip and eyes for hevery follower. Not me, LIZER! Others agin where the Missus is a old Maid herself, and expecks all female flesh to go and do likewise, no company but frumps with black bags and bob-curls, not even a young man lodger or oocashinil gardener to liven one up a bit. Fancy! And others where it's *all* company, gents as smoke and talk syanse and flosoty and stuff, with bones and stones, and mosses and micraskopes, keeping it up till two in the morning, and never knowing whether one's gownd is pink or blue, or giving one a "my dear" or a—well, a saloot, or a tip, nor nothink. Oh, lor! Call *that* life? Others where it's all prayers, cold meat without

pickles, and Marster a-trotting round at ten every night to see if all the lights is out, and not a follower or a *Family Herald* ellowd within a mile of you. And they call sech oles Sitcherwations!

I perpose, ELIZER JANE, my dear, to dror up a form of questions, a sort of Missusses' Fust Cattychizem like, jest to save time and trouble, so as one can get the Missus to fill it up and sine it, like Inkum Tacks or Juries, before one bothers oneself further. Then, my dear, you could see 'ow the land lay, and in case of Quite Streets, or Children, or Old Maids, or Caps, or no Young Men, or Cold Meat, or Flosoters, or Attic-bedrooms, or Black Beedles, or Babies, or Objecshuns to Jewlery, or Washin, or Too Much Compny, or None at All, or Early Hours, or Late Ones, or Waksed Floors, or Son learning the Fiddle, or Teatotalism, or Tracks, or Tind Meats, or not enough Holidays, or too much Kitchen-Sneaking, or No Follerers, or less than Thirty Pound a year to begin with, or other insooperible hob-jecshons, one could jest give it the Turn-up at onst without the ojus hordeal of dancing attendance on the Missusses, and putting of 'em through their facings *wyver wozy*, as the sayin is.

This seems to me to be a superior idee, and one as us Domestic Ladies shall be right down druv to in self-defence. Advertisemens indeed is many, but Missusses—tolerable Missusses is painful few. We shall 'ave to sort 'em out, by Cattykisse, before we wastes our presious time, and spiles our sweet tempers on em in pussional hinterviews. Wot do *you* think, ELIZER-JANE, my dear? Oping for your hopinion by return and also to hear ow you like your new sitcherwashun, and ow you are gettin' on with that andsome young man in the air-dressin line, and also whether you've rekuverd your dalcicot touch on the pianner sinst you struck against scrubbin flores, I remane, yours most affeckshonate,

MARY ANNER.

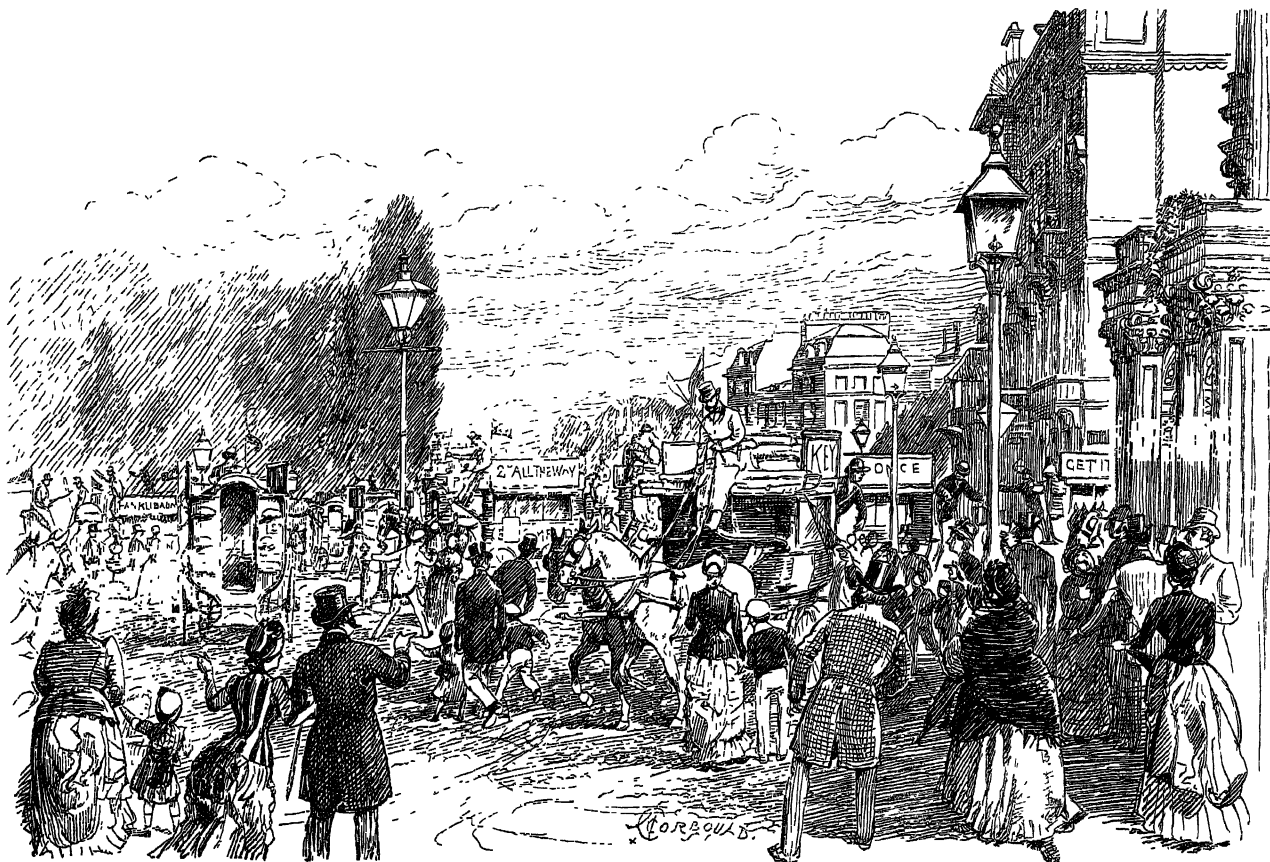
Now and Then.

"Mr. BRIGHT has a faculty for proving in the long run right."—*Times*.

Good heavens! Bad omens are many and black,
But none is so fitted weak souls to affright
As to find—it's a floorer to those who look back—

The Thunderer owning that BRIGHT means Be right!
We may clearly expect—though 'tis coming it strong—
Ten years hence it will hold Mr. GLADSTONE ne'er wrong.

"So the Prince, I see, has become a Mark Mason, whatever that may mean," observed Mrs. RAMSBOTHAM. "My husband used to tell me that the highest rank a Mason could rise to was a Knight of Mortar."



A "COLINDERIES" PUZZLE.

SATURDAY—TO FIND YOUR RIGHT 'BUS, AND CROSS THE ROAD SAFELY!

HOME RULE ALL ROUND.

(A Pump-handle Poem. TUNE—"Guy Fawkes.")

THE question for the country now is no mere choice of Ministers,
'Twixt Liberals and Conservatives, the Dexters 'gainst the Sinisters,
A party warfare waging, with designs and dodges tactical,
Within the sphere of politics, which common minds call practical.
Bow-wow-wow, &c.

Home Rule's at most a moiety of a measure far more national,
The uppermost in every mind that's sensible and rational;
A measure to eradicate the vice of inebriety,
By interdicting liquors to all classes of Society.
Bow-wow-wow, &c.

Needs must Home Rule for Ireland be domestic legislation,
Laid down on Father MATHEW's lines to pacify the nation;
'Twould Irishmen from whiskey wean, on thin drink strictly diet
'em,
And let them have no more potheen; which possibly might quiet 'em.
Bow-wow-wow, &c.

Electors, in this crisis you've a splendid opportunity,
For the only Cause of consequence to all of the community.
Vote for no candidate, whose line in politics a fad I call;
But poll for the Teetotaler, Conservative or Radical.
Bow-wow-wow, &c.

Home Rule the United Kingdom craves, that claim of its Alliance is
The only thing to care about—therein our sole affiance is.
None other do we want to press on Parliament's adoption;
Home Rule for every parish, Universal Local Option.
Bow-wow-wow, &c.

AFTER reading the *Court Circular*, Mr. CRABTREE exclaimed,
"Why, that little cad, SNOOKS, has been presented at Court!"
"Presented by—?" inquired Mrs. CANDOUR, pausing for a reply.
"Presented by—mistake, I suppose," said Mr. CRABTREE.

THE EMPIRE WITH A LASTING PIECE.

It is a lasting piece—that is, it lasts all the evening. How long it will run, that's another affair. I am speaking of *The Palace of Pearl*, now playing at the Empire Theatre. Though styled an Extravaganza, it has in it far more of the real operative element than many productions which are boldly called Comic Operas. The plot is slight, and the action—such as it is—uninteresting; but the music, by Messrs. JAKOBOWSKI and STANISLAUS, is of an original, elaborate, effective, and artistic order that is highly refreshing. In the First Scene the two solos with refrains, "*A Minstrel's is a calling high*," and "*A Babe was I*," are positively delightful, and they are well sung by Mr. MYROM CALICE and Miss FANNY WENTWORTH respectively. The concerted number beginning "*Back to the King*," is spirited and well worked-up, and, before the Third Scene, occurs a most charming little bit of introduction by the band. Miss WADMAN gave a gipsy song with more tone and expression than she usually displays; but she had thoroughly sympathetic music to sing, and the curtain falls upon the First Act after a masterly and complete finale that would not be out of place in Grand Opera. Mr. CHARLES CARTWRIGHT is entrusted with the inevitable drinking-song with the not very novel refrain, "Fill up!" He sings gamely; but some of the low notes it contained are not in his voice.

The Ballet music—to a ballet, by the way, in which the skirts are divided with a vengeance—is very unusually pretty, besides being suitable and musicianly. Perhaps the only disappointing number is the septett "*On Tiptoe*," which is not on the same plane of excellence. More should have been made of it by such capable writers. It is, as it stands, too much like a Christy Minstrel chorus, first sung loud and then soft; there should have been more independence and variation in the parts. A great many of the songs are omitted, as the piece is found to be too long; but apart from any merits it may possess as a spectacle, I consider the joint efforts of Messrs. JAKOBOWSKI and STANISLAUS, in the music, to be not only admirable for the purpose, but almost incapable of improvement.

NIBELUNGLET.

THE NEW AMERICAN MINISTER OVER HERE.—WARD BEECHER.

HINT FOR HENLEY.

"What's a' the steer?"



MR. PUNCH'S COMPLIMENTS TO BOATING MEN. WHY NOT FIX A MIRROR IN FRONT OF YOU, AND "LOOK WHERE YOU'RE GOING"?

REJOINDER AND REBUTTER.

Mr. Gl-dst-ne replies—

WHAT'S all this talk of smoke and reeking slaughter,
Of men of words embracing men of blood—
The hiss across the westward strait of water?
What does it mean, this tumid speech in flood?
Think you to call me single-hearted dreamer,
With venom'd tongue at me to rant and rave,
To set me down as shuffler, trickster, schemer,
Will see me stern, and make my face grow grave?
No, not at all! I mayn't approve their style,
But if young men will yell at me—I smile!

I called you young, but the expression's shifty,
For, though 'tis obvious you're young in thought,
In age you must be very close on fifty,
And might in manners p'raps be better taught.
Yet have you seen the stars one after one rise,
And set your harp in tune with all things free,
And, after singing your sweet songs of sunrise,
Have stooped to have this sunset yell at me!
But there—yell on: and, pray, observe the while,
That if you needs must yell—I only smile!

THE REBUTTER.

(By Lord R-and-lph Dizzy Minor.)

Smile on, but what WILL SHAKESPEARE said is killin',
"A man may smile and smile, and be a willin'."

THE CITIZEN AS "CHUCKER-OUT."

MR. AUBERON HERBERT suggests the formation of "an independent Society for the preservation of free speech and good order at public meetings." Splendid idea—but, *Mr. Punch* thinks, impracticable, like so many of Mr. AUBERON HERBERT's superior notions. The pinch lies in the one word, "independent." People are virtuously indignant at the disturbance of public meetings, when that disturbance comes from "the other side." And, in the opinion of every good party man, it always *does* come from the other side. That of course is pure fudge; in this respect there is not a pin to choose between the parties. Most public meetings are fairly orderly; the minority of seriously disturbed ones are pretty equally divided between the two or more-sides. An organised Society of "Chuckers-Out" would probably only complicate and aggravate matters. When Mr. HERBERT can find plenty of men who are honestly and actively indignant at disturbances coming from *their own party or side*, he will have material for his "independent" Society of "physical stalwarts," and not till then. Meanwhile every chairman, speaker, or attendant at a public meeting should, by way of a beginning, set his face firmly against violence and obstruction of every kind, as being, what they are, a reproach to reason, and a disgrace to manhood. If he can contrive to "come down upon" the excesses of his own side especially, the greater hero and better citizen he. The larger the number of men there are who qualify themselves for Mr. AUBERON HERBERT's Chuckers-Out Cohort, the less will be the need for its services.

THE MAD BAMBOO.

THERE was an ancient Nobleman, a pillar of the State,
He wore the Garter ribbon, and his years were sixty-eight;
He lost an old ancestral stick, the finest ever made,
And went to buy another in the Burlington Arcade:
But, as ill-luck would have it, why, what did his Lordship do
He absolutely went and bought—the Mad Bamboo!

He walked down Piccadilly in the self-same afternoon,
'Twas what I think the poet called the leafy month of June;
He met a noble lady there, a very ancient dame,
When deep his cheeks were crimsoned by a sudden flush of flam;
For lo! the stick from out his hand incontinently flew,
It knocked that ancient lady down—the Mad Bamboo!



He saw a nursemaid in the Park, just where the Row begins,
And in a little carriage she led out a brace of twins;
He always liked small children, so he stooped to kiss the pair,
When in a trice the horrid cane was waving in the air;
It came down with an awful whack, and split their heads in two
Ah, woe is me that e'er he bought—the Mad Bamboo!

He went out to a theatre, the cane was in his hand,
And found himself belabouring the backs of all the band;
It wasn't quite the proper thing for anyone, they said,
And least of all a nobleman, to break a bandsman's head;
But that was what he straightway did. Oh, how he came to rue
He ever bought that sinful stick—the Mad Bamboo!

He sat within the House of Lords, 'mid Peers of high degree,
'Mid all the nobles in the realm was none so proud as he;
When all at once the frantic cane was whirling round their ears,
Then damaging the stately shins of Prelates and of Peers.
It beat the great Lord Chancellor till he was black and blue,
And all the House stood up and cursed—the Mad Bamboo!



It whacked his wife, it beat his bairns, until
they turned and fled,
It banged an aged relative who laid upstairs
in bed;
He took it to his doctor, just to see what he 'd
propose,
It gave Sir WILLIAM JENNER then a san-
guinary nose:
In short, it raised atrocious wheals on
everyone he knew,
And even total strangers felt—that Mad Bamboo!

At last, grown quite exhausted by this Bedlamitic cane,
He breathed his last; but even then it started off again;
It danced upon the coffin-lid, maniacally spry,
And gave the undertaker's man a most funereal eye.
Take warning, then, by this my tale so terrible and true:
Be very sure you never buy—a Mad Bamboo!

HOPPS, SKIPS, AND JUMPS.—PAGE HOPPS has failed, but he has shown himself a plucky person. With such a name, too! PAGE HOPPS, so suggestive of an entire dancing establishment, where we should find Butler Jumps, Footman Skips, Cook Capers, Groom Polkas, Ostler Waltzes, Nurse Mazourkas, and so forth. Had Lord RANDOLPH's comic Committee-men thought of it in time, they would have placed over their room the motto, "All Hopps abandon, ye who enter here."

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—In no case can Contributions, whether by a Stamped and Directed Envelope or Cover.

MS., Printed Matter, or Drawings, be returned, unless accompanied Copies of MS. should be kept by the Senders.

'ARRY ON 'OME RULE.

DEAR CHARLIE,—Bin at it agin, mate, and slap in the thick of it, too, Wich at ninety degrees in the coal-'ole is pooty 'ot ullaballoo. All along of Old Collars, confound 'im! as won't take his gruel and go; But I think we shall bosh 'im this hinnings, and then I shan't care arf a blow.

I did ought to 'ave bin down at 'Enley with JEREMY JINKS and his gal, And canoodling about in a 'ouse-boat is wot I *am* nuts on, old pal; 'Stead o' wich I've bin pasting, and posting, and 'owling 'ooray till I'm 'orse; For I'm boss of our Districk Committee, and bound to cut records, in coourse.

Beastly bore this Eleckshun, my pippin, but wot can a patriot do? We *must* give them Disunionists toko, and fly the old Red, White, and Blue. That bloomin' old man in a 'urry 'as got to 'ave one on the nob, For mucking our Season in this way, and 'ARRY is fair on the job.

We shan't have no peace till *he's* settled. I 'oped we'd ha' done it last go, But that Acres and Cow bizness floored us, thanks mainly to Brummagem JOE. 'Owsomever *he* backs us this journey, and old JOHNNY BROADBRIK himself, So I fancy the Woodman must own as it's time he was laid on the shelf.

I'm Unionist down to my 'obnails, and Protestant all up my back, A Paddy I 'ate wus than pizen, and as for the POPE and 'is pack, Lor', CHARLIE, they ought to be frizzled. 'Ome Rule is the 'orriddest rot, For a country all Priests and Parnellites is bound to go promptly to pot.

Won't disinte—whotsit my country, old man, not while I'm 'anging round. I feels like them Hulster chaps, CHARLIE, I'd chaw burning tow by the pound, And die in no end of last ditches afore I'd cave in to PARNELL; Leastways so I kid 'em, dear boy, as will probably arnser as well.

'ARRY's fair on the bile, and no error. Lor', CHARLIE, the larks we 'ave 'ad! Take a paste-pot and brush arter dark, and jest drive the Disunionists mad. By sloppin' our bills over theirn wheresomever they stick 'em, yer know. Our purse is the longest, yer see, so they pooty soon find it's no go.

The ochre is with us, I tell yer, and so is the lotion, old chuck; All the pubs are a blazin' with Orange, which strikes me as jolly good luck. It's precious dry bizness, is 'owling, and brings on a thundering thust, But of all the palate-parchers, dear boy, I think postage-stamp sticking is wust.

Did six hundred larst Saturday night, it's a lick and a stick, and a thump, And I tell you that when I had finished, I felt I could dry up a pump. Polling-cards doncher know for the Voters; won't ketch me agin on that lay, Though six lemon-squashes, with whiskey, ain't bad, when you don't 'ave to pay.

Well, we've carried our man, my dear CHARLIE, and given the Korkus what for. That 'll take the starch out of Old Collars. *He* nobble the masses? Oh, lor! Wy the working-class down in our parts is agin 'im amost to a man. Flood our market with Irish cheap labour? No fear, mate, that isn't *their* plan.

'Ome Rule 'ud make Ireland a 'Ades, our Member remarked, and he's right, When the Paddies 'ud swarm like muskeeters to England. A bloomin' fine sight! Oh, I tell yer he worked that 'ere argyment proper, our Unionist did, And we shan't cut our throats for dashed Cartholick brickies, you bet arf a quid.

Lor' bless yer, it's all tommy rot this 'ere "brotherly" bizness. Old WEG Thinks the working-man's "instink" is with him; he'll find that a precious bad egg.

Try another, old Josser! The Sawnies and Tykes may be nicked by his bosh, But he better not try it down South, for he'll jolly soon find it won't wosh.

Yah! Wot a old Juggins he is! JOE knows better. Not arf a bad sort That 'ere CHAMBERLING ain't, arter all. Oh, I tell yer it's proper fine sport To see 'im a-slatin' the Old 'Un; and as for that there Mister CAINE, I could 'ug 'im, my boy, and no error, and stand 'im a pint o' champagne.

Wy, the Korkus down 'ere used to washup 'im (*we* called him old Monthly Nuss, 'Cos he brought out so many young Clubs, CHARLIE), now you should 'ear how they cuss.

They thought if there *wos* a 'Ome Ruler 'twos him, as hinformed 'em he sat At the feet of Germaliel POWER, a 'Ome Ruler all round his 'at.

Aha! CAINE has give 'em the Kibosh, and wot makes the beggars feel worse, Is to 'ear 'im fall foul of the Paddies, and talk of the power o' the purse. Fact is he's a patriot, like RANDOLPH, and too cute a cove, I should think, Not to know as a Cause soon gits busted, unless it is backed by the chink.

Yus, CHARLIE, the Ochre is with us; we don't mean to spend it I 'ope, In making things snug in Ould Oireland, and 'anding her on to the POPE. No, the People, the Peers and the Parsons for once pull together, and swear, To 'ang on to the Union Jack, wich old WEG and 'is shirkers would tear.

'Ang Ireland! I'm sick on her, CHARLIE. Wy can't she turn Protestant, hay? Her religion is all tommy rot, and she *must* ha' found out it don't pay: If she'll jest chink it up we can talk to her. Then we can put her all right, For we'd *all* be her backers then, SOLSBURY, CHAMBERLING, SPURGEON, and BRIGHT.

'Owsomever we've bunnicked up GLADSTING, a barney all patriots enjoy; Lor! I'll stand our Committee drinks round on the day he's kicked out, my dear boy.

'Ome Rule be eternally jiggered, and as for the traitor who'd carry A Measure to bust up Our Hemptire—well jest let 'em leave *him* to 'ARRY.

THE TOURIST'S BOOK OF FATE.

IF YOU DREAM OF

IT MEANS

- Antwerp* . . . That you will be bored to death by RUBENS.
Boulogne . . . That you will lose a small fortune in tenth-rate gambling.
Calais . . . That you will soon tire of your Continental trip, and stop prematurely.
Dieppe . . . That you will have about as much change and comfort as at Brighton in November.
Etretat . . . That you will be fortunate if you can secure comfortable lodgings.
Florence . . . That you will never enter another picture-gallery for years.
Geneva . . . That you will want to go away before you have fairly arrived.



(The Ideal.) The Merry Swiss Boy. (The Real.)

- Heidelberg* . . . That you can never have been abroad before.
Interlachen . . . That you will hear the opinions of a number of Mr. Cook's tourists on the Jungfrau.
Jerusalem . . . That if you have been advised to go there by your friends, you must be very unpopular.
Karlsbad . . . That if you intend taking the waters, you had better insure your life before commencing the operation.
Lucerne . . . That if you want to ascend either the Righi or Mont Pilatus, if you are judicious you will purchase a railway ticket.
Milan . . . That you will find little difference between the Passage Victor Emanuel and the Burlington Arcade.
Naples . . . That you had better keep a sharp look out on the returns of the cholera.
Ouchy . . . That you are likely to have a good time of it at the Hôtel Beau Rivage if "Perambulating Parsons" have let it alone.
Paris . . . That you are quite subservient to the wishes and dress-requirements of your wife.
Quebec . . . That you can see what some of the Colonists have exchanged for the indiscriminating hospitality of the Mother Country.



(The Ideal.) The Merry Swiss Girl. (The Real.)

- Rome* . . . That you wish to do a good turn to the doctors by choosing such a taste for your visit.
Sedan . . . That you will develop a taste for the collection of Brummagem relics.
Turin . . . That you will want a good rest after doing Mont Cenis.
Unter den Linden . . . That you will be lured to visit a City well worth seeing by the unearned fame of one of its smallest attractions.
Vevey . . . That you had better stay there than go over the Simplon into tourist-teeming Italy.
Wiesbaden . . . That if you can't get "Trente et Quarante" or "Rouge et Noir" at the Kursaal, you may yet play at chess.
Zurich . . . That by the date you get there it will be time to think of coming home again.



SOLEMN FUNCTIONS OF MASHERDOM.

THE CIGARETTE AND UMBRELLA DRILL.

WASHING OUT.

(A Suggestion.)

A FAIR Correspondent, who signs herself "THE DISTRESSED OWNER OF A WHITE POODLE," writes to *Mr. Punch* and asks, "Why doesn't somebody during this hot weather start a Company for the erection of Public Baths for Dogs? Such an institution," she continues, "would be hailed with delight by dog-owners in every town where branch establishments might be built." And she proceeds to point out that "many ladies, and especially young mistresses of pet dogs who themselves perform the weekly ablutions on those animals, would gladly pay to have the exhausting operation done for them, if only a proper bath, proper soap, and a man who thoroughly understood the business were guaranteed. I can imagine," she adds, "that on Saturday mornings the waiting-room of the Public Baths for Dogs would soon become one of the most fashionable resorts for Ladies with dogs of all descriptions, from the stolid mastiff with which some girls stalk about, looking like a living *Una* and the *Lion*, to the little white poodle, who, of all animals, I think needs the most strenuous—and in this weather almost impossible—efforts in the way of scrubbing and drying, and combing and brushing, before he can be converted from the disreputable sweep he gets by Friday night, into the lovely, glistening, white puff-ball he ought to appear on Sunday."

No doubt *Mr. Punch's* Correspondent has hit on a very good idea, and he really sees no reason why some enterprising capitalist should not take the matter in hand. It ought not to be difficult to provide the proper soap, or the man who thoroughly understands the business of scrubbing, combing, and even brushing the largest-sized and most stolid-looking mastiff. Indeed, as this creature, together with many of his larger brethren, is often washed at home under untoward circumstances, frequently escaping in the middle of the operation all over soap, and ultimately drying himself on the drawing-room furniture, anything like professional attendance out of the house would be surely hailed by his owners. Were the institution once installed, improvements would soon follow. The management might undertake the collection of the dirty dogs, and forward them, clean and properly "got up," to their respective

PAPER-KNIFE POEMS.

(By Our Special Book-Marker.)

"THE RIVER OF LIFE."

'Tis a well-contrived story, with incident rife,
By JOHN LATEY Junior—*The River of Life*.

"UNDER TWO FIG-TREES."

A BRIGHT tale is a boon to the novel-detester;
Try this one that is written by H. FRANCIS LESTER!

"OLD COOKERY-BOOKS."

Here CAREW HAZLITT writes—and you'll read it, I ween—
A long dissertation on ancient *cuisine*:
'Tis full of rare gossip of cooking and cooks,
And choicest excerpts from old cookery-books.
Well-arranged and well-indexed, 'tis lively and able,
This record of bygone delights of the table!

"WILDERGRAPHS."

HERE smiling, frowning, doubting, laughing,
Lamenting, thinking, bowing, chaffing:
All sorts of moods—the stronger, milder—
By clever Mr. MARSHALL WILDER:
Are reproduced in studies made
By skilful, graphic VAN DER WEYDE!

A DIFFICULT TASK.

Look at this from the *Athenæum* :—

EDITOR.—WANTED, a thoroughly competent and experienced GENTLEMAN as SUB-EDITOR and MANAGER of a New Weekly Paper, conducted on lines of Democratic and Liberal Conservatism. Must be able to take sole charge when required.—Apply by letter only in first instance, stating salary required, qualifications, experience, and full particulars, and enclosing Original Article on present position of Home-Rule Question, &c.

Anyone capable of inditing "an original article on present position of the Home-Rule Question" would probably, just now be a fit inmate for a lunatic asylum. We should think the final clause in this advertisement would debar any promising young man with regard for his intellect, from applying for this post of Sub-Editor.

residences, like the week's washing. The tariff of charges might depend, in some measure, on the character of the dogs themselves, a fractious and snappy creature, who resented soap and water being set down, of course, at a higher rate. On the whole, the idea of Public Baths for Dogs seems promising, and *Mr. Punch* trusts that, in giving it publicity, he may induce somebody to take it up, and that his Correspondent who possesses a white poodle may not much longer have to subscribe herself its "distressed owner."

The following comes, under the heading "Apiary," from the columns of the *Bazaar* :—"Ligurian or English swarms ready. Needful articles offered for tall men's trousers." What articles can these be? Is it a set of chain armour? Yet, what special service would that be in the case of tall men's trousers? Surely the "needful articles" must be leggings, to meet the trousers that are probably too short for the tall man, and so prevent the invasion of the "Ligurian and English swarms," that are said to be "ready." "Needful articles!" The whole subject is fraught with pain and mystery.

The Governors of Christ's Hospital are advertising for a Warden, and it is to be supposed that they will get the man they want, although at first blush it does not look as if it would be a very easy matter. "The qualifications," says the advertisement, "required of each candidate, are that he be a married man, between thirty and forty-five years of age, and a member of the Church of England, of superior education, a good correspondent, and with experience specially calculated to fit him for the duties of discipline and superintendence out of school hours of 700 boys, besides the general oversight of a considerable number of subordinate officers." It proceeds, "the duties of the Warden extend to Sundays, as well as to week-days," and then as if struck with the idea of "all work and no play," it adds as a saving clause, "with some relaxation at the vacations," but then finishes up, as if on second thoughts it meant to get as much out of the Reverend Candidate as possible, "that any gentleman taking the office, must consider his whole time as engaged by the Governors." As the salary is only £350, with a residence in the Hospital, and as apparently the office is held subject to re-election merely from year to year, one would not consider that a very dead

set would be made at the Governors to fill it. However, it is to be presumed that competition is stiff in the City as everywhere else, and that some poor wretch will be found willing to undertake the job at the figure named, but it is to be hoped that though he understands he is to consider his whole time as "engaged by the Governors," he will make a successful stand for "some relaxation at the vacations,"—and, *coûte que coûte*, secure it.

PILLS AND PUPILS.

As there seems to be some doubt about the time in which the staff of the Royal Holloway College will be in full working order, *Mr. Punch* has much pleasure in jotting down a few questions, which together can serve, in the interim, as an Examination Paper for Candidates for admission:—

1. Who was the late Mr. HOLLOWAY, and why did he assume the title of Professor?
2. Trace the connection between the consumption of pills and the use of ointment with the opening of a "Sanatorium" for the cure of the Insane, at Virginia Water.
3. Given four thousand hungry and thirsty visitors, state how many slices of bread-and-butter, ham sandwiches, and jugs of "Claret cup" will be sufficient to furnish them with "evening lunch."
4. If you do not pass this examination, will it be correct to declare that you have been "pilled"?
5. If you are admitted, do you think it probable that you will be able to read the books of a library containing no volumes, or to listen to the lectures by professors who have no existence?
6. Last, and before all, say when you think Mr. MARTIN-HOLLOWAY will be made a Baronet by carrying out the directions of his "relative's" will, and whether you are quite sure that the title will be bestowed within a fortnight.

BAD FOR BURMAH.

Items of News à la Mode.

DESULTORY fighting is again reported from the whole of the Kyouksai district, and small bodies of our troops are, as usual, daily captured and cut down in out-of-the-way places.

The lieutenant in command of a surveying party near the Yewoon Pagoda has been attacked and seized, together with his subordinates, and carried off by Shans. A flying column has been sent in pursuit, but being down with sunstroke after a three-mile march, it is not expected that it will hear anything of the fugitives.

Steps have at length been taken to provide an adequate civil staff for the Chindwin district of Upper Burma, and a Commissioner has been appointed, who will have as complete control as he can exercise over 52,000 square miles of country. It is hoped that when he is able to visit every portion of it in turn, the best administrative results may be looked for. Incendiary fires continue with unabated vigour in and about Mandalay. The police express their inability either to prevent them or to put them out.

The General commanding the district, taking a walk yesterday was carried off by some Shans, and has not been heard of since.

The Alompra Prince having put in an appearance with a considerable force in the



"SARCASTIC OLD THING!"

Husband. "I HAVE BEEN MAKING MY WILL, DEAR. LEAVING YOU EVERYTHING, WITH—AH—FULL POWER TO RE-MARRY—" *Wife.* "OH, DARLING, NEVER!"

Husband. "YES, LOVE. AND"—(with a sardonic chuckle)—"IN THAT CASE I SHALL FEEL ASSURED THERE WILL BE AT LEAST ONE WHO WILL DAILY DEPLORE MY DEATH!"

vicinity of Thayetmyo, a small detachment was sent to dislodge him, but, owing to the condition of the jungle, the whole of it was in hospital at the time our reporter left.

A later despatch announces that what remained of it after a six days' siege [has been surrounded by Dacoits, and cut to pieces.

The Chief Commissioner at Mandalay having applied for, but having been refused by the Indian Government, the assistance of sixteen deputies, whose presence he alleges is absolutely necessary to enable him to grapple with the merest details of his work, is confined to his bed with fever, induced by over-pressure and worry.

The attitude of the population is hostile and sullen, and nightly outrages continue with impunity. At the moment of the dispatch of our letter the outlook is not either encouraging or hopeful.

A MODEL PRELATE.—Of the late Cardinal GUIBERT, the Paris Correspondent of the *Morning Post* wrote, "He leaves no fortune, having spent all he possessed on the poor." Highly-salaried Ecclesiastical Dignitaries, and Comfortably-off Clergy generally, "Please copy."



HE PERSUADES HIS WIFE TO TRY THE "ANTI-SNORER" MACHINE, AS ADVERTISED WHICH "KEEPS THE WEARER'S MOUTH CLOSED." HE SAYS YOU WOULDN'T KNOW IT FOR THE SAME HOUSE NOW, WHEN HE COMES HOME A LITTLE LATE FROM A PHILANTHROPIC MEETING!

THE LOST LETTER-BAG.

("Litera scripta manet.")

DEAR SIR,

IV.

I HAVE received the letter in which you inform me that you knew a man who was at St. Catherine's Hall, when I was at King's,



Quite the Right Sorter Fellow.

the book which you kindly forward. Believe me, faithfully yours,

ARTHUR HACKSON.

V.

MY DEAR TOM,

WITH all the affectionate interest of a nephew, and an author, you upbraid me for lingering over "my musty old books," and neglecting "the utterances of clear contemporary genius." Now in the first place, my old books are not "musty." They are better printed than your modern stuff, on vellum or paper, not made mostly of some mineral substance, and the edges are not gilded with some brazen Britannia metal, like that now in use. But you care for none of these things, and maintain that the *writing* of to-day is better and simpler than the style of my old Sir THOMAS BROWNE and BURTONS. I may be prejudiced, but I don't think you are right. To-day I wished, out of pure weariness of the spirit, to look into this Irish hubbub, and opened a book by an author, whose style is lauded even by persons who dispute his accuracy. And I found in *The English in Ireland*,—I found an Asylum for Mixed Metaphors. "Wherever the traveller through Ireland discovers," says Mr. FROUDE, "in the

midst of the wilderness, the signs of exceptional cultivation . . . these, he may assure himself, are the hoof-prints of some English family." Why "hoof-prints?" Is it to please the Irish that the English are credited with hoots?

In the very next page, what stuff, my dear boy, is *this*? "The Squire and Squireen betted, smuggled, fought, ravished, drowned themselves and their fortunes, in claret, debt, and prodigality." *Passe* for the claret—the Red Sea, in which Lord STEXNE laid his ghosts. But in the following sentence, Mr. FROUDE speaks—after the drowning in the claret, of "those who lacked backbone, to swim against the stream, but who were unable in *such an atmosphere*, to find satisfaction," and so on. Think of a backboneless man, unable "to swim against the stream,"—of claret, I presume—and also unable to be satisfied "in such an atmosphere,"—the atmosphere of the stream, apparently. In a couple of pages, "the better sort" out of the stream at last,—dropped off from the narrow road to the broad." You may stray from one road to another, but how can you "drop off?" These, my dear nephew, are examples from the first three pages opened at random, of your great master of style. You sneer at MACAULAY, but, in the matter of metaphors, MACAULAY at least "joined his flats." Mr. FROUDE's "flats" are not "joined;" in the carpenter's work of his stage, he falls below the humble standard of the old "Vic," or the "Brittaniaroxton." I return to my old books, whose authors could write.

Your affectionate Uncle,
THOMAS SMITH.

VI.

MY DEAR JONES,

WHO would be a father in these times? The stress of competition, the rush into every market, and the harsh system of examinations, combine to perplex a parent, and increase his trouble in finding an opening for a young man. You know my eldest boy, ALGERNON? He is,—though I say it,—a fine young fellow, and should "make his mark," though, of course, in these days of education, he can also write. But he cannot write Greek prose or Latin elegiacs, or English essays, so the Church, the Army, Schoolmastering, and even Journalism are closed to him. He has been *most* noble and unceasing in his attempts to procure a Commissionship, a private secretaryship, or a secretaryship to a Club, and has quite compelled all his friends to do all they can for him,—but in vain. Nor was he a success as the overseer of an Orange Plantation in Florida, where he lost all his capital, and where as he humorously says, all the oranges *he* could grow, made little but *le Marmalade Imaginaire*. There was, he says, (still in the style of the Theatre) "a severe frost," which blighted the orange blossoms in his plantations. He now suggests, (and it is on this subject that I want your advice, as you have travelled much in the Southern States of America, and in Central Africa) he suggests, I say, that I should take, and stock for him, an Alligator Farm. You cannot but have observed the popularity of alligator hide as an article of commerce. Travelling-bags and cigar-cases are made of this useful substance, and he does not despair of introducing it for ladies' boots.

ALGERNON's idea is that, kindly treated, and brought up by hand, alligators might be raised for the market in large numbers, and in a reliable manner, just as we breed trout, and that the precariousness of the plan of merely shooting casual alligators at sight could be obviated. What is your opinion of this scheme? And do you think the swamps of Florida, or the upper waters of the Blue Nile, the more promising site, on the whole for a factory, and for the development of this engaging industry? Answer soon, please, and oblige a parent, and your old friend. Ever yours, AUGUSTUS BARNACLES.

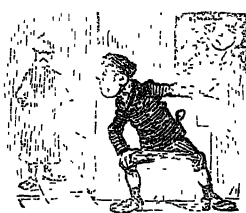
VII.

The following letter is evidently from some London Theatrical Manager, but unfortunately the address and signature have been obliterated by the damp:—

CAPITAL! Your Play has the highest qualities. It is poetic, without being verbose: it is natural, without exaggeration. It has strong dramatic interest, and I think that the part of *Chione*, when interpreted, as I sincerely hope it will be, by the lady for whom of all others, it is most evidently fitted, will establish your reputation as a dramatic author on a pedestal with SHAKESPEARE himself,—that is, I mean (for you will not suspect *me* of any fulsome flattery) as gifted with a genius for this sort of thing. Let TENNYSON find a home elsewhere; I am content with *you*.

Yet as even SHAKESPEARE himself requires the most careful supervision, so you will forgive me, if I say that your piece, perfect as it is, excellent as it is, from a purely literary point of view, requires professional assistance to insure success for its production. My stage knowledge and ample experience are at your service. I propose playing the part of *Amyntor*—did you not mean it for *me*?—You did, I feel it,—and it only wants a little amplification here and there, which I can suggest,—and I shall be happy and proud to be your *collaborateur* in this drama. Mark my words, *The Cataclysm*, by yourself and *Me*, will be a big hit! I have got some magnificent

HITS AT WIMBLEDON. By D. Crambo, Jun.



Signalling a Bull's-eye.



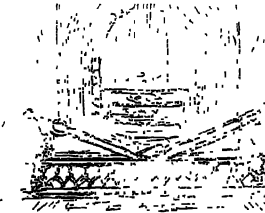
A Crack Shot.



Marking the highest possible Score.



Finishing with a Magpie.



Service Firearms.



Competitor for the Windmill.



Signalling Caw.



"Screw" Wind-gauge.



Marksman making a Heye Score.



Pat-roll.

situations, and a scene between *Amyntor* and *Clione*, which — but you shall hear it. Come and see me to-morrow when I will show you a few models and plans; one for a deluge, another for an earthquake (when *Amyntor* defies the Proconsul)—fine situation—and I have such an idea for a speech for *Amyntor* in this scene, the spirit of which I am sure you, with your poetic fire, will seize at once, and will make a great thing of it. Oddly enough I had a similar subject in my head for a play, and had had some sketches made, and had written a few scenes, which I was about to show to (*the name is almost illegible*, but the remaining letters are apparently "H*rm**"), when fortunately your letter and MS. arrived.

You know with whom I much infinitely prefer to collaborate—I think. Come and see me before I quit England and have half-an-hour's chat—indeed five minutes where kindred spirits meet will settle it,—and then we will astonish the public!

Yours enthusiastically,
W * * * * *
(The rest of the signature is lost.)

VIII.

MY EVER DEAREST MAMMA,

I feel the time is come for telling you the *rele truth* about this school. I am sorry to say it is not nearly such a nice place as it looked when you came to see it, but you must not be unhappy about that. I am trying hard to be brave and cheerful. Now I will tell you about the life here. My form-master means to be kind, I am shore; but he is hasty, and throws books at the boys, and, if he misses a boy, he canes him. But I have not been caned yet—not by him. The Head Master caned me because I would say my diktation the way you taught me. But I do not mind, my dere mother, and my whales are almost well. There is rather a nice boy sits next to me. He says he has supressed his measels for a fortnight, and is afraid he can't keep them in much longer. The other boys are very well, except two in bed in my dormitory with a kind of rash, which the matron says is only tifoïd. German and French measels have been very popular, and a man with crape round his hat calls every morning with the other tradesmen for orders, which looks funny at first.

There are a good many bulleys among the big boys—one boxed my ears with a cricket-bat last week, though I am beginning to hear with my left if you shout down it; and then, as Uncle Bob said, I ort to be knocked about, but it is not pleasant at first.

The night before last we had a burglar break in. He fired his pistle at a boy who bared his progress, but he did not take my life, only my toy yat, and the cake Aunt MATILDA gave me; so I ought to be a grateful boy.

Some of the boys thought the hedmaster might have done more than crol under his bed while the burglar was here; but you know, dere mother, he could not help being attacked by pannio; and, after all, we are not his own boys, only borders.

There is a good deal of drinking going on in the bedrooms by the bigger boys; but praps, as they say, it is only water, which it certainly resembles a little.

I often wunder if the holidays ever will come, and my hed akes with so much studdy, and I feel very languid when I go to bed and sob myself to sleep. Still I hope I shall servive one term of it, though I promise I will write the moment I feel I can bear it no longer.

Your affectionat Son,

TOMMY WASHINGTON EARNCAKE.

P.S. Plese don't alude to anything in this, if you write here.

IX.

MY DEAREST ALICE,

South Audley Street, July 7.

I SCARCELY breathe, I dare not move,—this *dreadful* heat! Think of my *devotion* in writing to you! We have had a *terrible* week. I had, of course, to take MAUDE to Lord's. Nearly every one in white, very few people one knew. The young men grow more and more ill-bred. A friend of REGINALD's nearly *laughed* when I asked him why the Cambridge men run after the Oxford men's knocks,—I would let them ran after their own knocks. I think the Australians won. Talking of Australians, I never saw *anyone* like MARIA. You know REGINALD found her and married her at Melbourne, and she is being trotted round before the family, for inspection. She takes it very calmly. She admires *nothing*. Westminster Abbey, reminds her a little of the Rev. Mr. GILKES's tabernacle at Boonoorung. Of course, she needs *everything*, but I can do nothing with her. I took her to FELISE's, and Madame STYLEY's—she said she saw she would have to write out to Melbourne for what she needed! Can one be more Colonial? However, I have done my duty. Oh, these Elections! Nothing but Politics. When will people be rational again!

Ever yours, dearest ALICE,
CAROLINE BRANCEPATH.

X.

RIGHT HONBLE. SIR,

Lowther Arcade, July 4.

YOUR esteemed favour to hand, and contents noted. We regret inconsolably that the limited nature of our business makes it impossible for us to meet, at so brief a notice, your order for six hundred and thirty penny dolls, with a corresponding number of wooden spades for the sea-side, made to your patterns, and for your private use. Give us time, and we shall humbly do our best. Our terms are, cash down.

Your obedient Servants,
DOLBY AND SON, Toy Merchants.

(To be continued.)

BUCKINGHAM PALACE v. ALBERT PALACE.—It was unfortunate that H.R.H. should have selected last Friday for a State Ball at Buckingham Palace, as on that same night, Mr. WILLIAM HOLLAND, the People's Caterer, was giving an "Aristocratic Fête" at the Albert Palace, Battersea Park, which must have robbed the Royal saloons of many of their most distinguished ornaments. The privilege of admission to the Albert Palace was, as placarded at the door, "for cash only," and this announcement may have caused some of the leading members of the aristocracy to turn back and seek the less exclusive hospitality of Buckingham Palace, where anyone could get in merely for the asking. But those who were fortunate enough to possess the necessary silver vouchers spent a really very happy evening in shooting for nuts, taking light refreshments, listening to the singing in the *Café Chantant*, applauding William the Caterer's speech, and witnessing the comical fireworks. The Aristocratic Fêters, having evidently ordered their carriages much later than was necessary, were for the most part compelled to "step it" all the way home, the supply of cabs being very limited, or perhaps the coachmen had made a mistake between the two palaces, as there were a considerable number of aristocratic equipages waiting in St. James's Park. Two such events must not again happen on the same evening.

MR. GLADSTONE'S NEXT TRANSLATION.—From Home Rule to the Rules of HOMER.



UNDER CONTROL."

THE FINISH!

BEATEN! All the world's agape,
As the winner breasts the tape.
Beaten, he the veteran "ped,"
Fleet of foot who long hath led
Over every distance; Well
Tides will turn, and time will tell.
He'd the choice of hour and course,
His the challenge. Fire and force
Failed him not, he did not flinch.
Shirk the spurt or fear the pinch.
But his rival dark and grim
Clearly has the foot of him.
His foreboding backers looked
Grave; but he no warning brooked.
He so often tried, so clever,
Felt as confident as ever.
Friends had he amid the throng,
Loud their shouts, their cheers rang strong,
Hats were tossed with the old zeal,
All his muscles seemed like steel:
He was never known to tire,
For the fray he felt a-fire;
Muttered doubts were all unheard.
Beaten by Black Bob? Absurd!
On! On final glorious spin
Crowned by one more splendid win,
And the veteran, vanquished never,
Quits the cinder-path for ever!

Fate not always grants a close
Such as brilliant peds propose.
What can ail that runner fleet?
Doth *Atra Cura* weight his feet?
Spite of all the ancient dash,
Black Bob's by him like a flash,
Spite of spurts prodigious, WILL
Falls into the rear, and still
Bob pounds on toward the tape.
Beaten! There is no escape.

ALL ROUND THE POND.

THERE having been some question raised, on sanitary grounds, as to the possible effects on the health of the children visiting the neighbourhood of the Round Pond during the prosecution of the "works" now in progress in Kensington Gardens, the following brief synopsis of regulations for the guidance of nursemaids, and others nearing the spot, has been drafted by the Authorities:—

1. The most wholesome time for walking in the neighbourhood of the emptied pond would be in the cool of the evening after nine at night and between that hour and sunrise the following morning.

2. Should it not be found convenient for parents to send their children out at the hours above indicated as most fitting, it would be as well that they should not allow them to stay too long in the immediate vicinity of the fresh black mud, especially when the thermometer is marking 83° in the shade, unless—

- (a) being a child in arms, it is provided with an ample respirator; or
- (b) being one or more children in a perambulator, they are protected by a curtain steeped in carbolic acid; or
- (c) being several children of the same household, they are accompanied by the family doctor, who will prescribe freely for them at the nearest chemist's on leaving the Gardens.

3. In the event of children having inadvertently loitered on the spot, without having had regard to any of the foregoing precautions, they should, on going home, be narrowly watched, when one or more of the following symptoms may be confidently expected to develop themselves:—

- (a) An eruption of blue spots on the chest, arms, and face.
- (b) Violent shivering-fits, accompanied by hysterics.
- (c) Paralytic seizure, more or less pronounced.
- (d) Total prostration of the nervous system, accompanied by coma.

THE LOST ACCORD.

THE LAY OF THE LIBERAL EDITOR.

AIR—"The Lost Chord."

SEATED to-day o'er our "Organ,"

I am weary and ill at ease,
For when one's Party's divided,
How should a Paper please?

I know not what to be saying,
Or how to direct my pen;
Our Party's harmonious music
I never may play again.

I'm flooded with rival appealing
As to whom to award the palm,
And they lie on my fevered spirit,
Which nothing, alas! can calm.
Disquiet, and pain, and sorrow
Make up my diurnal life,
With inharmonious echoes
From our discordant strife.

I'd link G.'s perplexéd meanings,
But I can't, and it mars my peace;
I tremble here in the silence,
And would that the war would cease.
I have sought, but I seek it vainly,
The old accord divine,
Which once was the soul of our "Organ,"
And entered into mine.

It may be some new evangel
Will bring that accord again;
But I fear it is sent to—say Heaven,
By our grandest of Grand Old Men!



THE FINISH.

ROBERT'S RECKERLEKSHUNS.



"Ah, my Boy, that's reel Tuttle."

or herd, and nothink but the honnerabel understanding as exists between hed waiters and gentlemen, purmits that puffect freedom of speech so essential to reel enjoyment. So the heager Public will be terribly disapinted if they expees from my pen an ink any one line as 'ud bring a blush to any blooming cheek, or pane to any living sole; but, without trenching on that sacred soil, there seems to me to be plenty of emusing and even hintresting fax as the Public would not willingly let dye, as as cum to my eyes or ears during my perfeshnal career.

To begin with my werry herliest recklekshuns:—

I was born in the grate City of London, ever so long ago, the best place for anybody to be born in, be he who he may; and if I was a going for to be born again, witch isn't werry likely, I shoood suttenly say "Let it be there!" My good old Father was sumthink in the Copperashun, I don't know what, but it used to take him every day to do it, and wen he come home at night he used to tell us all next morning all the wonderfool things and peeple as he had seen, and that was how I got my reverence for that grand old Institootion, the noblest, as I thinks, as the world ever seed. I didn't have werry much skooling, my Father saying as he never had none after he was 10, and he had dun werry well without no more, and mine larsted from the childhood of 5 up to the ripe age of 11.

The good use as I made of my rayther limited time, I must leave my reeders to judge for theirselves. My mother being busy in the shop, which was in the Green Grocery line, she allers sent our little made of all work—I may say littorally of all work—to see me safely to Skool. In going to that jewvenile prepare-a-tory establishment, it was nessessary to pass near the hend of the Hold Bayley, and ewery Monday morning, which was hanging day, I was allers told by my little Nuss, that if I was a good boy I shoood stand there and see the peeple hanging. And the temtashun had such a horribel fassination for me that I was always good on Monday mornings, and reseeded my dew reward, tho the dredful site used to hornt me so of a nite that I lay bathed in pruspuration, and, to this day, I never can see a long white nite cap without a shudder. I have told elsewhere how it was as I cum for to be a Waiter, so I needn't repeat it here, but hurry on to recklekshuns of my future life afterwards. About the werry fust thing as I remembers seeing happen at the Gildhall on a Lord Mare's Day after dinner, reminds me of the wonderfool change

I SUMTIMES has the ideart, when bizness is slack and money rayther scarce, of writing sum sitch a Book as other men of large and waried cgsperience finds so werry propheta-ble. I'm jest a leetle undecided as to the name I shoood give it, and as I sposse as the name is about the most importentest part of sitch books as I cludes to, I shall leave it for further considera-shun weather I shall call it, Rum-mynissences of a haective life, or

Revelations of human W e a k n e s s e s by a Looker on or Tails of other days by a Waiter on Fortune.

We wait-ersnesses-sarily sees and hears m a n y things as isn't ment to be seen

as has taken place in one respect, as I supposes I am bound to consider to be a himprovement, and that is as regards the effects of a good dinner on mankind in ginerall. Whether it is as the wines is weaker or the heds is stronger, of course I don't no, but the diffrence is suttenly werry striking. I know as it is so to me. Many and many a time have I had to see a most respectabel gentelman home to his own dore in a cab, and I never got less than harf a crown for my trubbel, and sumtimes a good deal more. Nothink makes a man so ginerous as a few glasses of wine more than he can cumfartably wark stedly with and tork stedly with, but allas, all them good old customs is changed. And no wunder, when I sumtimes sees as much water as wine on a Dinner Tabel, and I've aoshally seed two Mayniacs a taking grapes together insted of a glass of wine! Of course it's all right for ewerybody to be sober and good and virtuous, or to look as if they was, but we loses much of the freedom and the hartyness and the freshness of the holden times. Ware's your 3 bottel man now? and the Echo ansers ware. In my umbel judgment the World's a gitting too sollem by arf, and I ain't not quite sure as they're werry much the better for it. We Waiters don't hear the jolly stories as used to set all the Tables a roaring as SHAKESPEAR says, Waiters and all, and wot's the consequents. Why the gests all goes away sollem and mean, insted of jolly and ginerous.

But to my Tail. The Dinner was over and the gests was a strollin about the Lobby as they used to do before there wasn't not no Libery, when I seed with my own estonished eyes two gents a fiting with fistes jest like quite common peeple. One was a Mr. CHIZZLEMAN HANSTY, M.P., or sum sitch name, and the other was a reel Common Councilman, as I arterwards learned, and they was a nocking one another about so horfully that I quite xpected to see the blud run, but it didn't, when who shoood cum up but my Lord FARMERSTONE, who taking the M.P.'s harm in him warked away with him, saying quite loud, "My dear HANSTY you mustn't fight with such a feller as that!" and then he looked round at us, and aoshally winked at us, Waiters and all! Ah, he was summat like a Prime Minister he was. I carn't quite imadgine either Mr. GLADSTONE or Lord SORLESBURY acting quite in that Jewdishus way.

As I ain't got no notes but only my memmery to trust to, I carn't put things reglar, but only jest as they cums. The nex thing then as I remembers is having to wait, somewheres in Soho, on a lot of French Reffugees, and I seed 'em mix a bowl of Punch such as I never seed it afore or since. They put in it fust a bottel of brandy, then a bottel of rum, then a bottel of gin, then a kettel full of strong green tea, then a pound of lofe sugar, and then they stirred it all together, and then they set it alite! They saw as I looked rayther estonished, so the Chairman, like a reel gentelman as he was, tho' he was a Frenchman, pore fellah! poured me out a bumping glass all afire, and sed "Punch Dom" and pintoed to the dore and to the candles; so I put em all carefully out and looking round as I left the room I saw the most orful site as I ever seed, for the lited Punch made all their faces look quite blue, and their feutures all a gibbering and making faces at me. They stopt there about 2 hours a singing songs and choruses, and then left, and I will say for 'em they all bowed to me as they past and was apariently as sober as judges is allus supposed to be.

ROBERT.

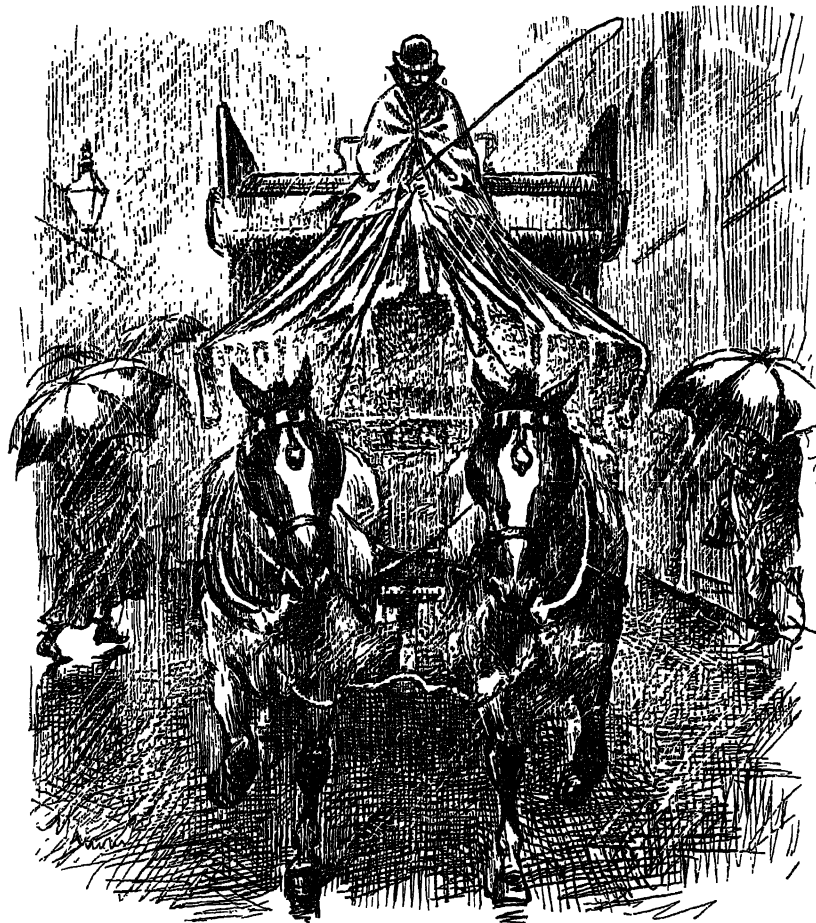
AT THE ZOO.



SEAL MAKING AN IMPRESSION.

Write him down an Ass-ouan.

It appears from the Army Medical returns that the deaths among the troops at Assouan for the last quarter have been two hundred, or at the rate of forty per cent. per annum, and that the losses of the Dorsetshire Regiment amount to almost one entire company out of the whole strength of the regiment. Moreover, the officers on the spot say that the men who are left would be incapable of making a six miles' march in the existing weather, and that they strongly condemn the policy of keeping troops in such a climate at all. No doubt the officers are right—but who is responsible for the matter? Evidently, from his selection of Assouan, it is clear that he is an ass who an',—whoever he may be.



WINDOW STUDIES.—FULL INSIDE.

LYRICS IN A LIBRARY.

V.—TO AUSTIN DOBSON.

"AT THE SIGN OF THE LYRE."

If some great critic's keenest wit
Could animate my line,
I'd call a toast unto the host
Where hangs the Lyre for sign.

Poor bardlets who despairing view
Parnassian heights divine,
Like some of us look envious,
Where hangs the Lyre for sign.

We read the lay of *Phyllida*,
Whose stanzas aye enshrine,
With nicest art, a tender heart;
Where hangs the Lyre for sign.

The hair of *Rose*, and *Dora's* nose,
In one wild sketch combine;
Our hearts are scarred just like the bard,
Where hangs the Lyre for sign.

Though nought could stay *Incognita*,
With smiles hid in her eyne,
One had full fain been in that train,
Where hangs the Lyre for sign.

A poet this in truth, I wis,
Of wit and fancy fine;
Horatian spells are his who dwells,
Where hangs the Lyre for sign.

Good wine needs ne'er a hush, they swear,
Yet these poor leaves of mine,
Mid laurels die that flout the sky,
Where hangs the Lyre for sign.

MEMORABLE IN THE ANNALS OF THE ROYAL BOTANIC SOCIETY. — Wednesday night, July 7th, on the occasion of the last *fête* of this Season in the Botanical Gardens, was deliciously warm, and our enjoyment was not damped by a single drop, or by any number of drops, of rain. Fancy a Botanical *Fête* without a shower! Illuminations perfect. Great success. All Sweetness and Light.

A VACATION VADE-MECUM;

or, *Touring Made Easy.*

FIRST, as regards the item of CLOTHING. Make it a rule to dress *as well as you can* everywhere! This will keep up your own feeling of self-respect, which is liable to be lowered by constant contact with railway porters, hotel servants, and lodging proprietors. Always ascend a mountain in frock coat, lavender gloves, and a new silk hat. If going on a shooting expedition on the moors, or in a marshy country, patent leather boots and a white waistcoat are *de rigueur*. You will find an opera-hat useful for startling shy game, besides increasing the respect felt for your personal appearance. If you are travelling over the *Mer de Glace*, wear pumps, if you want to *really* astonish the Swiss guides. If ascending Snowdon, or Ben Nevis, you will find that mountain-climbing is an excellent method of discovering whether your last new pair of boots is a good fit or not.

When at the station take an insurance ticket. Accidents may happen at any moment, and it is as well to be prepared. As a fire may break out in the guard's van, it might be wise to insure your luggage in some Fire Office before starting. Carefully select the middle carriage of the train, and avoid carriages which have any defect, however slight, such as a wheel off. Arrive at the station at *least* half-an-hour before the train goes, and spend the time in making quite sure that the driver, stoker, guards, and all the officials of the train are perfectly sober. Give the driver a subtraction sum to do in his head, and ask him to pronounce "Popocatapetl;" this will be sure to unmask him, if he is intoxicated, unless he refuses to answer at all, as is quite probable, in which case you can appeal to the station-master, if you like, who will most likely lock you up till the arrival of a policeman, as a new kind of lunatic at large. However, even this would be preferable to the prospect of having an inebriated engine-driver in control of the train.

Having secured your travelling ticket, your life insurance ticket, and your luggage fire insurance ticket, place them all *not* in your pocket, but in the band of your hat. This will give a neat and tasteful appearance to your costume, besides enabling any other pas-

senger who is unprovided with a ticket to help himself to yours, should you take a nap.

Have your hat, if possible, constructed so as to protect your head, in case of a violent blow or fall. You never can tell that your fellow-passenger is not a felon in disguise, and should he, in a dark tunnel, aim a blow at your head with a life-preserver, it will be quite laughable to see how disappointed he will look when he discovers the thick iron plating inside. It will also be useful if you run into another train, an event which may happen at any time. In that case be careful to adopt a proper *collision attitude*, which is as follows. Lift your feet to a level with your eyes, and hold them there as long as the collision lasts. In this way you will avoid being jammed when the seats come together. Besides this, you must fix your hat firmly on your head, shut your eyes, and hold on to the cushions.

Always carry a note-book, and do not forget a pencil, so that you can jot down anything of interest in the conversation of those around you, who will then probably take you for a police spy. Ask questions about the crops, the local antiquities, the history and characteristics of the places you visit, &c., and don't mind waking up a sleepy fellow-passenger, in order to point out any nice bit of scenery that you may see from the carriage window. In this way you will make "troops of friends"—who will troop into another carriage at the next station, to get out of your way.

"THE PASTORAL PLAYERS."—The Reverend STEWART HEADLAM certainly ought to be enrolled among the company. By the way, in his own parish, he is both Chief Pastor and Head-lam. Instead of HEADLAM the Reverend Gentleman's name might be appropriately changed to "Pet-Lam of the Ballet."

STARTLING OCCURRENCE IN WHITEHALL PLACE.—(See the "Times" of July 8th.)—That much-travelling body the Commissioners in Lunacy have gone off with an echoing report!

AN OBSEQUIOUS TRADESMAN.—An Undertaker.

GHOST-RIDDEN.

I CAN scarcely quite remember when my martyrdom began, When conviction came upon me that I was a Haunted Man ;— But I fancy ten, or perhaps a dozen, years have passed away Since the first of many phantom forms appeared to me one day, In the shape of an unusually large and active Mouse, With a face like a geranium, and the plumage of a Grouse. 'Twas the herald or forerunner of unnumbered spectral hosts, For I've ever since been harassed by the quaintest kinds of ghosts.

I had just become accustomed to this goblin, when I met, In an unfrequented country lane, a Donkey, black as jet. As he dawned upon my gaze I thought I *must* have got the jumps, For he wore a naval uniform and patent-leather pumps. But I summoned up my courage, and approached him with a smile, Gasping "Good old chap!" and sundry other blandishments the while ; Then he turned on me an eye that with a livid lustre shone, Gnashed his teeth, as though in anger—danced a hornpipe—and was gone!

I have often been awakened from an after-dinner doze, By the vision of a Beetle crawling up and down my nose. When this grisly apparition first beset me, I confess That I uttered piteous shrieks of consternation and distress. But as soon as I discovered that my visitant was naught, A mere phantom, unsusceptible of being squashed or caught, I regarded it complacently, and even made a boast Of my intimate acquaintance with a Coleopter's Ghost.

I've been haunted by a tea-cup with a handle like an asp, Which, when'er I tried to clutch it, glided gently from my grasp ; Yet the volatile utensil did not terrify me much, And I felt that, at a pinch, I could put up with twenty such.



But when a scarlet Camelopard with an orange-tawny head Called upon me late one winter night and sate down on my bed, Where it sang the Christmas Carol and "I'll meet Thee in the Glen!" I concluded on the spot that I was not as other men.

Just imagine my amazement when a seven-headed Tench Waddled up to me one morning, and accosted me in French. "Bonjour, cher," it said, "comment ça va?" I stammered in reply, "Assez bien, merci; et toi, ma vieille?" which rather wiped its eye. But the spectre-fish was sociable—it perched upon a wall And narrated racy stories in the language of the Gaul, Till I happened, quite in error, to address it as a Bream, When it frowned on me reproachfully, and vanished, like a dream.

Of the spectral visitations that I suffer when in town, The one that most annoys me is a Pantomimic Clown. This persistent apparition is my torment and my bane, With his loathsome string of sausages and, "Here we are again!" For remonstrance and anathema he airily derides, While he plagues me with "*Hot Codlins*," and with mimic buttered slides.

In a word, his persecutions make me feel extremely sad, And, unless I soon get rid of him, I fear he'll drive me mad.

Lately, too, my wife has shrunk from me, again and yet again, Just as though she thought that something were the matter with my brain.

And I've noticed that my children, whom I hold exceeding dear, Labour under the impression that "Papa is sometimes queer." Poor young things! I scarce can wonder that they look on me with dread,

As a perilous progenitor, completely off his head, For, whilst worried by one goblin or another ev'ry day, I conduct myself, no doubt, in an insensate sort of way.

Why, I ask, should I be chosen as a kind of *rendezvous* By this frivolous, illogical, phantasmagorian crew? Why should spirits, all uncalled for, rise from out the vasty deep, Just to tease me all day long, and even rob me of my sleep? They are not devoid of humour, I confess, as spectres go, But the fact that they are funny rather aggravates my woe; For it riles me that the ghost of a Blackbeetle or a Moke Should destroy my peace to gratify its fondness for a joke.

HINTS TO HOUSEHOLDERS.

HOW TO GET A SUMMER CHANGE.

1. INVITE your rich Maiden Aunt at Southsea to come to Town and "enjoy some of the gaieties of the London Season." When she arrives, develop alarming symptoms of general debility, say that "your medical man orders you away, but that you really don't see how you can afford it." It is ten to one that she will place her very desirable Southsea residence at your disposal for as many weeks as you may care to occupy it. Accept the offer with effusive thanks, at once, or it may be withdrawn; and then take your wife and family down to Southsea by the next train. Give your children the run of all your Aunt's best rooms, and the free use of her most cherished drawing-room ornaments and nick-nacks, and leave her to settle with your London tax-collector when he calls.

2. If you are so unfortunate as to have no Maiden Aunt, at Southsea or elsewhere, you might do worse than advertise your House to Let. If you put it into a House-Agent's hands, it is wisest to discover what his rate of commission is, whether he is humorous enough to charge just as much for failing to let, as for securing you a good tenant, and whether you have the wherewithal to pay him. If you can possibly let your domicile by the Agent's help, and then do him out of his commission on the plea that the tenant came to you "through a friend," so much the better.

3. Should any ill-advised person come to inspect your house with a view to taking it, be sure to have all your best furniture conspicuously displayed. It would be as well also, while you are advertising, to get a few handsome chairs, rugs, pictures, &c., in, *strictly on the Hire System*. You can promptly send them all back as soon as you have really booked your summer occupant.

4. If your rental only amounts to one hundred pounds a year, including all rates and taxes, and you can extract six or eight guineas a week out of your tenant, thus enabling you both to go away on a jaunt and make money at the same time, you may congratulate yourself on effecting a decided stroke of business.

5. If possible, let your own house in London and secure your Maiden Aunt's house at Southsea. If you cannot do the latter, pay a round of visits instead to friends who haven't invited you and don't want you. You will then be living absolutely rent-free, as well as pocketing three or four guineas weekly out of your let. N.B. The three or four guineas had better be spent by the Householder in satisfying the claims of Her Majesty's Revenue Officers, and his own conscience, unless he is about to leave his house for good, in which case the rates and taxes may with advantage be left for the ensuing tenant to pay.

6. If all these plans fail, explain to your wife how really delightful Kensington Gardens are during the hot weather in July and August, and what a privilege it is to have the "Colinderies" so near, and declare that you would not for the world dream of dragging her and the children away from such a Paradise this summer. Then pack up your portmanteau, borrow fifty or a hundred pounds from any friend who is just off to Jamaica or Hindostan, and whom you are not at all likely to meet again for ten years or so, and spend a happy month in Switzerland or Norway, with a week in Paris en route. *Verb. sap.*

ROBERT'S DISAPPOINTMENT.



aford to buy,—wen my eye fell on a enouncement as farely took away my breth! It was a descripshun of a hole week's entertainments as was to be given to the Colonials and Injeans as is cum to the Xhibishun, jest to show 'em how glad the old Copperashun is to see 'em, and to give 'em all sum idear of what they means by old English horsepitality.

Like the fine old Xtian Gennulmen as they is, they was to foller out their good custom of saying Grace afore meat, but they was to do it on rayther a large scale, as was rite and propper. For a hole week of Bankwets they was to have a hole arternoon of Grace, and they dewoted the Sunday of that week of weeks to a grand service in Sum Paul's Cathedral. On Munday, His Royal Inness the Prince of WHALES was to drive the fust Pile, or to lay the fust Stone—jest as he felt best abel to do as regards his strength,—of the new Bridge at the Tower of London, as the Copperashun is a going for to bild, all out of there own pockets, as BROWN told me, and all our Wisiters was to be there to see how it's dum, and to drink to the PRINCE's jolly good elth, after his most arjuous labours, for witch purpus they was all ingaged in the Halbert Hall ewery nite a lerning to sing the chorus, "God Bless the Prince of Whales," and Sir ARTHUR SULLYMON thort as they'd be quite puffet by the time, as there was but few on 'em as hadn't already found the right cord.

I, of course, werry naterally thort as I shoold be wanted on that festiv ocaashun, but, as as been explaynd, it all fell through, and all the distinguisht gasts, including the pore Dook of CAMBRIDGE hisself—who has bin herd to say as the City is the only place in witch to get a trewly grate dinner,—was sent empty away. As ill luck would have it, I had been rash enuff to promis my nice Neece, as is ingaged at a certain Theater as shall be nameless, to git her a peep of the sherrymonial and all the elustrious gasts, witch I could esily have managed, but of course as there wasn't to be not no wittles I wasn't wanted, so our little game didn't cum off.

She bore her disappointment werry pashently, tho the tears amost filled her butiful eyes as she spoke of her natral longing to see how Princesses drest theiresselves, so I promissed to get her into the gallery at the werry next grand dinner as we had, witch I did last week, and as I managed to get her summut nice to heat and summut nice to drink, and we was to have sum of our werry grandest speakers, I thort as she woud be well repaid for her loss. Ah! they was speeches, they was! The Chairman's helloquence was summut sublime!

I WAS a reading of my fav-rite paper, the *City Press*, the other day, witch naterally has a great charm for me, as it gives a counts of all the grate *City Bankwets*—witch must be such werry ples-sent-read-ing to all them un-fortunate pore fel-lers as nevers goes to 'em,—summut in the same way as we sees a lot of pore hun-gry-fellers a standin' outside a Cook Shop a 'gazing on the pudden as they carnt

He said that "arter the too long ears of the late Lord MARE's offshal life had expired, it seemed as if the zennith of Glory had bin reached!" He then presented his suckessor with a Testymoniol in the following flood of burning helloquence. "Wen, Sir, in your declining years your faltering eye falls upon this Tee-Pot, you will feel like the old Soger in the well-known Song, who, when he saw his old familyer Tee-Pot, shoulderd his Crutch and showed how Fields was won!"

Naterally the distingwisht Gent thus addressed 'was a little over-come, but he pulled hisself together like a man, tossed off a bumper of '47 Port, and replied right off without a paw. "Sir, in the words of the emortal Bard, the sweet Swon of Havon, this hevening shall be engraven on the Tables of my memory till Time shall be no more!"

Ah! that was a Bankwet, that was, it isn't often as ewen I hear sitch langwidge, as I heard that night, and I was thankful that I had been inabled to give my fare Neece sitch a hinterlectual treat as that was, speshally as being only a hactress she couldn't, of coarse, be used to it. Well I got her out of the gallery all right, in werry good time, and as I let her out at the side door, I says to her, "and how have you enjoyed yourself, my deer?" Wen to my most per-found estonishment, she edrest me thus, "Well, Huncle"—she always calls me Huncle—"I will say, as the wittles was good, and the wine was good, and the singing wasn't at all bad, tho' I can hear better any nite for a shilling, but as for them long dull dreary speeches, all made up of butter and treecle, I don't think as I never heard greater rubbish in all my life!" and before I could recover from my perfound estonishment, she was gorn!

Poor thing! Wot has she not lost by her ewedent want of that eddicashun as enables us as is more fortinet to injoy a reel interlec-shal treet!

ROBERT.

PAPER-KNIFE POEMS.

(By Our Special Book-Marker.)

"THE HYGIENE OF THE VOCAL ORGANS."

ALL singers and speakers who are anxious to know How the voice should be treated, must speedily go And purchase this book from MACMILLAN & Co. They will read it with pleasure, the subject they 'll then see, Is most skilfully treated by MORELL MACKENZIE!

"THE LAST STAKE."

MADAME FOLI here gives us a tale of to-day, The scene's Monte Carlo, the subject is play; Till you've finished the story you scarcely will stop, And *The Last Stake*, I fancy, you 'll reckon "first chop."

"BAD TO BEAT."

HERE, full of "go" and cunning art— In shilling vol. complete— Tells dashing, cheery HAWLEY SMART, A story, *Bad to Beat*!

"OUTLINES OF THE LIFE OF SHAKSPEARE."

HERE HALLIWELL-PHILLIPS, you 'll find quite at home, Discoursing of SHAKSPEARE in well-printed to me; A tome? There are two, which you're bound to con o'er— They're brimming with choicest Shakspearian lore! These "Outlines" are true, and they're bound to attract, They're full of good pictures and legend and fact; Here deeds and old playbills and maps may be found, Rare letters well copied, and plans, too, abound. Throughout it is crammed with minute information, With careful statistics, exact illustration; The work has been subject to careful revision, And is greatly enlarged in this present edition.

"THE BASILISK."

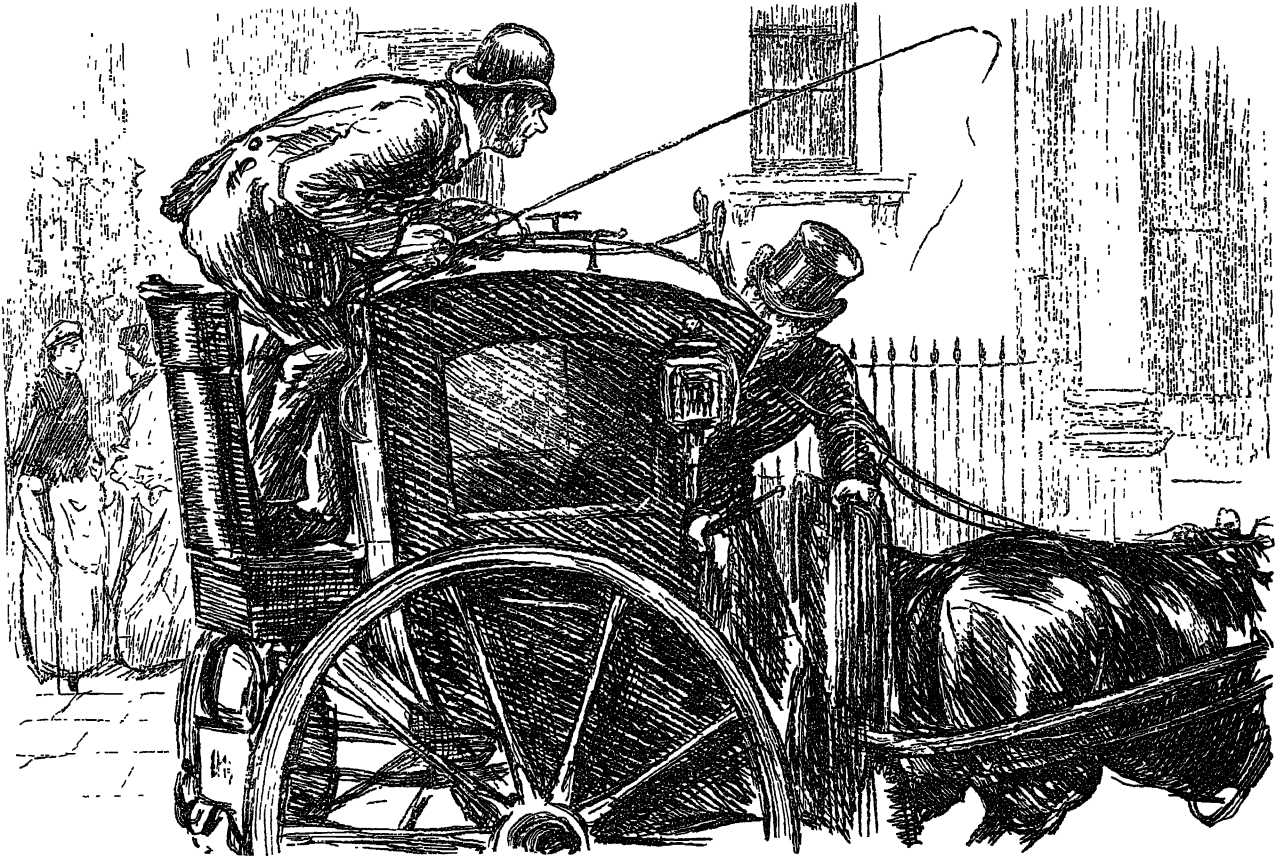
THE story ST. LEGER and STEPHENS unfold Will tend to your edification; The plot is ingenious, the tale is well told, And full of most startling sensation!

CAPTAIN HAWHAW, who always makes "ar" into "aw," was giving the address of a wealthy Hebrew of his acquaintance, "who," he said, "lives at Pawk Place, Regent's Pawk." Every one was astonished. There is one place near Twickenham where no strict Jew could possibly reside.

GENERAL BOULANGER fired in the air in his duel with Baron DE LAREINTY. Had swords been chosen, a similar result might have been expected. The French War Minister seems just the man to stick at nothing.



"FISH OUT OF WATER."



"THRIFT."

The Fare. "DRIVE ME TO ST. MARGARET'S MANSIONS, VICTORIA STREET—NEAR THE PENNY BANK, Y'KNOW—JUST BEY—"
Cabby. "ALL RIGHT, SIR—'OUGHT TO KNOW IT, SIR—MY OWN BANK, SIR!"

A LAY OF LEMON-SQUASH.

(By a Perspiring Enthusiast.)

TELL me not of claret-cup or ices,
 Ice-cream-sodas simply will not wash,
 Pleasantest of potable devices
 For hot summer days is Lemon-Squash.

"Hatfield" at the Oval was golumptious
 (Though its present substitute is bosh),
 But the most seducious, the most scrumptious,
 Of all summer drinks is Lemon-Squash.

When great GRACE is battling to the Demon,
 Or when WILLIE RENSCHAW 's on the smash,
 Mingle me the sugar and the lemon,
 Into it let the cool "soda" plash.

When upon the river I have rowed a
 Pretty girl a mile or two at noon,
 Bid the lemon mingle with the soda,
 Let the sugar feel the circling spoon.

When I have been bounding like a cougar,
 Or a panther on the cinder-path,
 Then the blend of lemon, soda, sugar,
 For my lips sweet fascination hath.

When beneath a sky that's worthy Venice,
 I have won—or lost—a game, or set,
 Let this stunning tippie after Tennis,
 Gratefully my torrid throttle wet.

When from concert, theatre or opera
 To the Club I go with frame a-burn,
 Let me tope serenely, as a topper, a
 Lemon-Squash iced nicely "to a turn."

When—oh, well at any time or season,
 When it ranges eighty in the shade,

The sweet sugar, the tart torrent squeeze on,
 Give me Lemon-Squash correctly made.

"Sherbet sublimed with snow?" That
 isn't in it,
 Mistaken bard, 'tis mere insipid "slosh."
 Oh, fame is hard to earn, but he should win
 it—
 Who is he?—who invented Lemon-Squash.

REVIEWING A REVIEW.—MR. SELAH MERRILL in the *Athenæum*, corrects certain inaccuracies in the *Edinburgh Review's* April critique on "*The Natural History of Palestine*." Professor PUNCH undertakes to correct SELAH MERRILL, of course merrily. "White Asses," are not native to the place, but are the travelling English. They are not "bought," but "sold," for exorbitant prices. The White Asses are to be found in company with all sorts of Cheetahs.

TIPS FOR TOURISTS.

Do you desire repose, my dear BARBARA?
 Then don't resort to crowded Scarborough,
 But try instead the charms of Whitby,
 Where is a noble sea to sit by.
 Yet at these towns, as well as Filey,
 The Bill of Costs will rather rile ye.
 Up Scotia's "Bens" you'll run, if frisky,
 Though gillies make the pastime risky:
 There's air at Braemar, and also at Aviemore,
 Which makes one enjoy one's meat and gravy
 more.
 Oban has steamers, and golfing has Berwick,
 And picturesque fisher-folk flourish at Lerwick.

But Scotch hotels a tax do levy,
 Makes purses light and heart-strings heavy.
 Then there's the Lakes—Grasmere and
 Coniston,
 Where dwells Mr. RUSKIN—a scold, but an
 honest 'un!

At Keswick or at Windermere
 The scenery's good, the climate queer.
 Often will rain make your trip for to-morrow
 fail;

Then you'll know "how the water comes
 down" in Borrowdale.

Wales boasts attractions. Leeks and garlic,
 And striking views, prevail at Harlech.
 Fine sands you'll see at ill-built Barmouth,
 And also, nearer town, at Yarmouth.

You'll find at rugged Penmaenmawr
 A slaty mountain o'er you lower;
 While from Llandudno's Head of Orme
 Grand views there are in sun and storm.
 For those who'd twang the harp of Tara,
 Need one say—Go to Connemara?

Where, should the local Leagues invite you
 You'll see some boycotting "*in situ*."
 At Lowestoft stay, or pretty Cromer,
 If through the Broads you'd be a roamer.
 It's sultry in Devon, but why should we
 funk it,

So long as there's plenty of cream and of
 junket? [delude

And as for grand cliffs, why, the guide-books
 Who hint there's aught finer than Kynance
 or Bude.

And those who like the "*Hoi Polloi*,"
 Margate will thoroughly enjoy!

CREDIT AT WIMBLEDON.—Running up a
 Score.

RUSS IN URBE.

M. DIMITRI SLAVIANSKY D'AGRENEFF's Russian Choir, gave two afternoon performances last week at Drury Lane. A non-musical stranger, straying into the theatre and judging merely by appearances, might have been excused had he imagined that one of WAGNER's Operas was in course of representation. The conductor



The Russ in Cho-rus.

was strikingly like *Tannhäuser* in "make up," and was apparently habited in that hero's conventional garb "as worn." He directed the efforts of a costumed chorus, some sixty strong and of both sexes, in a manner at once original and effective. No *bâton* did he use, but merely waved his hands with a rhythmical turn of the wrist, standing the while with his back to the performers and his face to the audience. There was no orchestral accompaniment, but a harmonium *obbligato*, kept the Choir together.

The apparel of the singers, announced as dating from the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, was wonderfully well preserved. A dear little girl acted as a kind of human telegraph, and hoisted on her breast the numbers of the songs as they proceeded. This was a good idea, as it was not always easy to discriminate between such numbers as a "*Siberian Ballad*" and a "*Celebrated Boorlak Song*." An "*Entertainment Song*," (from the Government of Tamboff) could not fail to suggest the spasmodic utterances of the Rochester dealer to whom *David Copperfield* sold his jacket. The title of the effusion in question was simply, "*O my Guelder-tree!*" "*O my Raspberry Bush!*" To which one feels inclined to add, "*O Goroo!*" A more horticultural and less anatomical old clo' man would find such an expletive as relieving to the feelings as "*O my eyes and limbs! O my lungs and liver!*"—especially if the plants *goroo* in the neighbourhood.

The Russian Choir sing extremely well together, and number among them some good voices. One bass gentleman, in particular, goes so deep, and sustains his notes so well, that he is heard long after the harmonium and the organs of his colleagues have ceased to vibrate. I looked at his boots, but they did not appear capacious enough to account for the volume of sound produced. He is evidently Russia leather-lunged. The historical songs to which the first half of the programme is devoted, are doubtless interesting and well worth hearing, at least once. But the "popular" songs in the second part are neither of an elevated nor original type. They embody the strains of much familiar claptrap, and, apart from the excellent rendering they receive, are hardly worthy of serious notice. The expression, modulation, and generally sympathetic singing of the choir, however, deserve the highest praise; and not the least remarkable feature in their performance is the admirable adherence to strict time which they display when the measure is suddenly changed.

NIBELUNGLET.

Smoke on the River.

A Tip for Thames Steamers.

"No smoke abaft the funnel" is your rule.
Good! But you should be sent to your own school.
Thick clouds of black or dun and fetid smoke,
Streaming in trails behind you, are no joke.
You make our Thames as foul as a close tunnel,
Let your next rule be, "No smoke from the funnel!"

SONGS IN SEA.—The success of "*Florian*," by the second English lady composer the century has produced has been sufficiently marked to warrant a successor. The new Opera will be nautical—music, of course, by WALTER.

THE NEW NASEBY.

By Obadiah Bind-the-Priests-in-Chains-and-the-Paddies-with-Links-of-Iron, Officer in the Unionist Regiment.

[MODELLED ON MACAULAY.]

Oh! wherefore went you forth as in triumph to the North,
With your speech at every station, which the Tories raging read?
And wherefore did your rout send forth a joyous shout?
And where be the gapers that your northward journey sped?

Oh, triumphant was your route, but bitter is its fruit,
And mistaken was the line of your Manifesto odd,
Where you railed against the throng of the wealthy and the strong,
And swore the People's voice was the very voice of God.

It was about the noon of a sunny day of June,
That we saw their banners dance in Midlothian fair and fine;
And the Grand Old Man was there, with his scant and snowy hair,
And COWAN, and Lord ROSEBURY, and Liberal hosts in line.

And the Chief by Scots adored raised his head and bared his sword,
And harangued his motley legions to form them to the fight;
And many a cheer and shout from their listening ranks brake out,
As the aged Sophist closed upon justice, love, and right.

And hark! like the roar of the surf upon the shore,
The cry of battle rises along our loyal line!
For Union! for the Cause! for the Church! for the Laws!
For SALISBURY the Splendid and for JOSEPH the Divine!

The glamorous GLADSTONE comes, though without his pair of Brums,
Or bravoes from MACALLUM, or cheers from County GUY;
They are bursting on our flanks. Grasp your pikes, close your ranks,
For WILLIAM never comes save to conquer or to die.

They are here! They rush on!—They are broken! They are gone!
Their ranks are borne before us like stubble on the blast.
O CHAMBERLAIN, O BRIGHT, is not this a glorious sight?
Stand with us, Gentlemen, and fight them to the last!

Stout GOSCHEN hath a wound; Sir GEORGE hath given ground:
Hark, hark!—what means this trampling of horsemen in our rear?
Whose banner do I see, boys? 'Tis he, thank Heaven, 'tis he, boys!
Bear up another minute: brave SALISBURY is here!

Their heads all stooping low, their points all in a row,
Like a whirlwind on the trees, like a deluge on the dykes,
The Tory troops have burst on the ranks of the Accurst,
And at a shock have scattered his Sawnies and his Tykes.

Fast, fast the Liberals ride, in oblivion to hide
Their humbled heads, not destined at Westminster to meet:
And he—he turns, he flies, wild wonder in those eyes
That hoped to look on victory, but gaze on dire defeat.

Ho! comrades, scour the plain; look on the uncounted slain;
Give here and there a stab to make your work secure.
They lie with empty pockets who hoped to mount like rockets,
But cash, like votes, was wanting; their Party-purse was poor.

Fools! We possessed the gold, and our hearts were proud and bold,
Whilst you passed round the hat in an impecunious way.
Oh many a Duke's strong box for us relaxed its locks,
Whilst for your Caucus Clubs, they could howl but could not pay.

Where be your tongues that late mocked at Class, and Wealth, and State?
Where the LEICESTERS that so boasted of their power with the Trades?

Were the chaps in fustian clothes to be gammoned by your oaths,
Or had ARCH his vaunted influence with the mattocks and the spades?

They are down, for ever down with the artisan and clown.
PARNELL trembles when he thinks of wild Ulster's whirling words,
And the Gladstonites in fear shall shudder when they hear
What the Unionists have wrought for our Commons and our Lords.

THE LICENCE FOR FRENCH LEAVE.—On Sunday the 11th instant, a bust of RABELAIS was unveiled at Meudon, when the occasion was celebrated by a "Rabelaisian procession, speeches, and versifying." It may be hoped that the latter was fit for publication, and that, in the former, *Gargantua*, *Pantagruel*, *Panurge* and *Friar John*, did not behave themselves too much in character. A Rabelais Festival seems rather a peculiar illustration of "a day of innocent amusement." The population at Meudon, on that holiday may well have thought what a time they were having!

WHIFFS OF THE BRINY.

(By D. Crambo Junior.)



Eye Water.



Towed out of Harbour.



A Bill-owe.



Bait for Fishing.



A Choppy Sea.



Steamer going over the Bar, followed by a Yawl.

COOKERY AT THE COLINDERIES.

To the Editor of "The Gormandiser.

SIR,—I am a Colonial with a large appetite, and am disgusted to find there are no "Free Lunches" at the Colinderies. What is Sir PHILIP CUNLIFFE OWEN about, to let the rapacious Contractors charge us for our food? I have come all this way to exhibit and sell my goods, and the least thing this blessed Mother Country can do is to feed me "free gratis and for nothing."

Yours, hungrily, SOUTH AFRICAN.

SIR,—I am a poor family man, and accustomed, when at work, to have a bit of alamoche beef in the middle of the day, and a few winkles or creases for a relish with my tea when I get home. But when I'm out, I've a mind to have the best like the nobbs, and I think it's very hard I can't have soup, a bit of salmon, whitebait, lamb and peas and new potatoes, a spring chicken, a little sparrow-grass, gooseberry-tart, cheese and salad, for eighteenpence, and I wouldn't mind a penny to the waiter. My wife says Messrs. SPIERS AND POND could throw in ices for that money, but they disagree with me.

I do not belong, Sir, to the "Classes," but am one of the MASSES.

SIR,—The Refreshment Contractors at the Exhibition subject some of their victims to great hardships. My son and daughter took tickets for the "Shilling Tea," and, would you believe it, there were no plovers' eggs. They were "out of season," we were told, as if eggs were ever out of season! The plovers, of course, lay all the year round. What I want to know is, who eats the eggs?

Your obedient servant,
A COMMERCIAL CLERK.

SIR,—I dined at the Colinderies, and, not feeling inclined to go to the expense of the Quadrant Dinner, which everyone says is very good, we went in for the Exhibition Dinner at three and ninepence a head. I affirm sincerely, Sir, though you will scarcely credit it, that the soup was not real turtle, that our demand for a modest dish of truffles stewed in a really sound Burgundy was not complied with, that we had no peaches for dessert, and champagne was positively an extra!

Yours obediently, A VICTORIAN.

SIR,—The Jewish public will be indebted to you for inserting letters about the catering at the Exhibition.

I have had to dine there several times, and there was no smoked salmon, no *matsaz*, no *bola*, no "stuffed monkey," while horrible to relate, the meat was not *cosher*.

It is simply a case of exploiting my long-suffering Hebrew friends.

Yours truly, IKEY JACOB.

SIR,—As a Correspondent of one of the Australian Journals, I dined, in one day mind you, to be perfectly impartial, at the Duval Dinner, the Exhibition Dinner, the Grill Room, in the *à la carte* Saloon, and the Canteen, and wound up with the Quadrant Dinner, which struck me as a little heavy.

I also sampled most of the French, German, and Spanish wines, I experimented on the Champagne, I even had a modest tankard or so of bitter, and while trying several different sorts of spirits and *liqueurs*, I did not forget patriotically to quaff a few bottles of Australian wine, as well as some Cyprus of the Commandery [Oh! Mr. GORDON HAKE, how could you!], which is not perhaps a reliable drink after so arduous a day's work. Messrs. SPIERS AND POND are world-famous caterers, so that I was surprised and annoyed, that I did not feel at all well after these refections, and indeed got into a difficulty with the police, concerning which it is needless to go into detail.

Yours biliously, A VICTIM.

SIR,—If you have waitresses, surely they should not be above making some return for any little gratuity you give them. The fee is not compulsory, but dining at the Duval Room with a friend, we gave two girls a penny each, and asked them to meet us in the evening after the close of the Exhibition. Would you believe it, they haughtily declined, and seemed much offended at the suggestion. Moreover, as we are both a little unconventional in our language and manners, we saw a stalwart Manager approaching, evidently intending to put us out. This settled the pair of us. We left sad and dissatisfied.

Yours obediently, TANTALUS.

SIR,—Messrs. SPIERS AND POND say that they have a staff of seven hundred persons at the Exhibition, and serve thousands of dinners a week, while the same people come and dine again and again. What is that to me. If I am not waited upon and catered for as if I were the only man in the place, and unless they make no profit out of me, (the deficit should be made up by Sir PHILIP CUNLIFFE OWEN, out of his own pocket) in short unless I am treated like H.R.H. the Prince of WALES, and also waited upon by the firm in person, all I can say is, as a freeborn Briton, that I have a right to consider myself,

Your obedient servant,
A SUFFERER.

DOCTORS AND DOG-DAYS.

HYDROPHOBIA isn't a specific disease. The mere prick of a needle sometimes produces the same symptoms as those resulting, if they do result, from the bite of a mad dog. True, Dr. MOKEY. A simple puncture may sometimes produce tetanus. Hydrophobia and tetanus very like one another, specially tetanus. However, don't many people die of hydrophobia, after a mad dog's bite, whereas only a few die of tetanus after a simple puncture? And then, you know, Doctor, that a needle-prick met with in sewing is now and then followed by the same symptoms as those which follow a scratch received in dissection. But comparatively how often? People die after both bite and puncture sooner or later; but after clean or unclean puncture or bite, how much sooner or how much later in one case than in the other? Isn't Dr. DRYSDALE right in stating that very few of Dr. PASTEUR's patients have come for treatment from Germany, and in attributing that fact "to the admirable way in which the German sanitary authorities have kept up the muzzling of all dogs in Northern Germany, and of large dogs in Southern Germany"?

Doctors may differ about causation, but if, dear Dr. MOKEY, and sweet OUTDA, the restraint of dogs from biting is found practically to prevent hydrophobia, whether hydrophobia theoretically results from the bite of mad dogs or not, why, in the name of common sense, try to argue the muzzles off the dogs' noses?

"COMPOSITION OF THE NEW PARLIAMENT."—A Field with a Flower, a Peacock and a Gardiner, a Heath with a Mound, a Hunt and a Fox, a Fisher with some Worms, and several Reeds, and a Chaplain with a Sexton, two Clarkes, and a Beadel.

AN ISOLATED BEING.—(Old Mr. SINGLETON, *log.*) No, Sir! I never read the "Births" and "Marriages." I know nobody likely to be married, and don't care who may be born. Only read the deaths. Only read them to see what becomes of my friends!

"THE WATERS OF HERCULES." (New Edition).—Strong waters. Intoxicating liquors?



THE LISTS OF HURLINGHAM.

"HOW SWEET ARE LOOKS THAT LADIES BEND ON WHOM THEIR FAVOURS FALL!"

(N.B.—The Ladies are so far off that we have not been able to make their Looks quite as sweet as we would have wished.)

THE "OLD UMBRELLA" !!

WHOOF! What a blast! Seems to thunder all round.
The Gingham was big and the Gingham seemed sound,
Guaranteed by its maker to hold well together,
A shelter at need in the wildest of weather.
That Grand Old Umbrella, admirers would say,
Might outlast e'en the Wonderful One Hoss Shay.
So strong and so tough, of such capital stuff,
What matter to it though the weather were rough?
It had stood many gales without feeling the strain,
And had held waterproof through the heaviest rain.
Its backers would vaunt, unsuspected of fib,
Its fineness of silk and its stoutness of rib,
And everyone looked on its elegant form
As a beacon in tempest, a refuge in storm.

Alas, and alas, and yet once more alas!
For that Grand Old Umbrella! A piteous pass
It has come to at last. Oh, the storm thundered fast,
And there never was known such a furious blast.
It blew every way all around and about,
And the Grand Old Umbrella was soon inside out.
Whoof! bang go the ribs. Whoosh! Away goes the cover.
Eh? Pull it together? Alas! 'tis all over.
In the storm's fullest stress you may yet furl a sail,
But a gingham to right in the midst of a gale,
When its silk like a burst-up balloon is all shattered,
Its ribs dislocated and stupidly scattered,
Its slide all a-jam and its ferrule askew,
Is a thing that cleverest never can do.
No, no, 'tis a case of "Umbrellas to Mend."
When the wind has gone down, and the storm's at an end,
The Grand Old Umbrella once more may be furled,
Its cover renewed, its rib-tangle untwirled;
But that must be left till this hurricane ceases,
At present the Gingham is gone all to pieces.

AUGMENTED TITLES.

(By the Grand Old Nomenclaturist.)

ASSUMING Aston.	Mad Marylebone.
Betraying Brighton.	Notable Northampton.
Cheerful Carlisle.	Outrageous Oldham.
Deceitful Dover.	Pernicious Portsmouth.
Entertaining Edinburgh.	Quiescent Queen's County.
Faithful Fifehire.	Remarkable Rochdale.
Graceless Glasgow.	Shortsighted Salford.
Hateful Hastings.	Treacherous Tower Hamlets.
Ignominious Islington.	Uproarious Ulster.
Knaveish Kidderminster.	Worthy Wednesbury.
Libellous London.	Yielding Yorkshire.

GREAT SCOTT!

MR. H. T. SCOTT, Captain of the Australian Eleven, finished off the second innings against Yorkshire the other day in a truly sensational style. The first ball of the last run he "put away" for six, the second he "dispatched" for four, the third he "personally conducted" over the seats beyond the cinder-path for six, and the fourth—and last ball of the over and match—he smote clean "out of the play" for yet another six! Twenty-two hits from one over! That is SCOTT's lot with a vengeance. How pleasant for the bowler and his "average!" Mr. Punch says, some way after COWPER, of Johnny Gilpin fame,—

Now let's sing long live this last of Elevens,
Its Captain long live he!
And when he next is "at sixes and sevens,"
May I be there to see!

GOOD THING TO ASK AFTER LEAVING FOLKESTONE.—Why may Boulogne be considered a "parent city?" Because it is always further described as *Pas de Calais*.



THE "OLD UMBRELLA"!!



OVER-COMBED !

Our Barber. "WHAT YOU WANT, SIR,"—(running his fingers through his Customer's few remaining Hairs)—"IS A BOTTLE OF MY HAIR-RESTO—"

Customer (virulently). "WHAR I WANT, SIR, IS A DIVORCE!!"
[The Conversation taking this portentous turn, our Barber drops it!]

THE LAST SHOPKEEPER.

(A Tale of the Dim and Distant Future.)

"Yours is indeed the first Shop I have seen in London," said the Stranger.

"It is the only one," returned JOHN JORKER, a curious pride contending with the despondency in his tone. "I would not give way."

"To whom?" asked the Stranger.

"Well," said JOHN JORKER, meditatively, "the Stores, I suppose, began it; but Capital and Monopoly carried it on. Bigness and Universality became the order of the day; all small men and special vendors went to the wall. Thousands, nay, hundreds of thousands, of small shopkeepers were ruined. Bit by bit, however, they resigned themselves to their fate, that of being bought up—which was just a shade better than being sold up—by their bigger rivals. Oh, the sufferings of those days! I knew a poor fellow who kept a little shop in Pimlico, of which he was as proud as NABOTH of his vineyard. To see that man take down his shutters, or polish up his brass plate, was to see a happy fellow doing the work he doted on. But the 'Ubiquitous Caterer' set up near him, and of course wanted to buy him out. PETER STUBBS would almost as soon have sold his wife as his business. He lost both—one by the ruinous competition of Capital, the other by a broken heart, consequent upon his ruin. PETER hung himself on the night of her funeral, and the Ubiquitous Caterer pulled down his shop, and took the space into his own colossal premises."

"And you?" inquired the Stranger, curiously.

"I, as I told you, wouldn't give way," answered the old man. "I had no one to keep but myself. I had savings. I lived on next to nothing, and I held on. Of course my trade gradually dwindled down till it hardly kept me in snuff. But I lived on my little capital, and held on. Gradually Commercial Centralisation ran its course. Stores and Supply Associations became fewer and bigger. Shops gradually disappeared from the streets of this once brisk and busy Babylon. Everybody in trade at all became either some sort of a capitalist, or some kind of a counter-jumper. The aristocracy and the capitalists between them thus gradually monopolised trade entirely. The day of the little men was over. They became clerks, warehousemen, shop-attendants. At length came the culmination and crisis of the new 'tendency.' The last 'shop' (save mine)

closed, and a colossal Company opened one monster all-embracing 'London Universal Supply Association,' which absorbed all the others, and reigned alone."

"Dear me!" cried the Stranger. "And is that a good thing for the country?"

"Like every other tendency of the time," replied JOHN JORKER, "it helps to make the few rich richer, and the many poor poorer, to concentrate colossal wealth in a continually diminishing number of hands, and make the Multitude the Milch-cow of the Monopolist. That being so, it must be all right, mustn't it?"

"And you?" asked the Stranger once more.

"I," said JOHN JORKER with strange energy, "love independence and hate Monopoly. I am also the most obstinate man in London. Consequently, I am the Last of the Shopkeepers! And you," he added, "are the last of my customers."

"How do you know that?"

"To-morrow my lease runs out, and I must depart."

"Whither?"

JOHN JORKER smiled strangely, and cast a curious glance round his dingy and scantily-stocked shop.

"Who knows?" sighed he.

A few days later, the Stranger, impelled by curiosity, made his way to the Chandler's Shop again. It was closed. He inquired for JOHN JORKER. He was dead!

THE WILL OF JUPITER.

FRENCH Minister of War,
And Cabinet, what for,
But in terror of imaginary treason,
Have you struck the Duc D'AUMALE
Off the Army List of Gaul?

Wherefore banished him, unless you've lost
your reason?

A Pretender why create?
Can't the Comte de PARIS wait,
Whatsoever place his exile may be spent at,
There the turning of the tide,
The Republic's fall, abide?

Quos Jupiter vult perdere—dementat!

MYSTERY OF MARK MASONRY.—The Fourth Dimension of Space.



Lord R-and-lph Ch-rch-ll. "DEAR ME! THERE SURELY CAN'T BE ANY DIFFICULTY IN SELECTING A PRIME MINISTER!"



SPOILT COMPLIMENTS.

He. "HOW DO YOU LIKE SIGNOR WILKINSON'S VOICE? BEAUTIFUL, IS IT NOT?"

She. "I DON'T THINK SO. I PREFER YOURS. BUT THEN, YOU KNOW, I AM PECULIAR!"

CARE FOR THE CARTHUSIANS.

Resolutions to be submitted at their next meeting to the Governing Body of Charterhouse School.

THE Head Master shall be generally unapproachable.

In the event of the outbreak of any fever or appearance of any contagious or infectious disease in the school, he is not under any circumstances to be apprised of its existence, unless he catch it himself, in which case he may be officially informed of the fact by his own medical adviser.

When it is known that an epidemic has declared itself, anxious parents must understand

1. That if they apply for any information on the subject, they will certainly receive no reply.

2. That if they come down to see the state of the case, and look into matters for themselves, they will have it distinctly intimated to them that they had much better have kept away.

3. That in the event of their refusing to see the matter in this light, and wishing to withdraw their boys temporarily from exposure to infection, they be requested then and there to take them off from the School, and remove them altogether.

On any parent being forced to accept, but being dissatisfied with this alternative, it shall be at last open to him to call the attention of the Head Master to the matter by bringing it before the public in the columns of a daily newspaper.

It will not, however, be incumbent on the Head Master to vouchsafe any reply to the communication other than to indorse the fact and emphasise his own autocratic attitude under the circumstances.

This action on his part may be followed up by further general and desultory correspondence ending in nothing.

On the public not liking this solution of the matter, they may be told either "to leave it or lump it."

"DEAR OLD SCOTLAND."—"Bang went Saxpence!"

THE PARTY LEADER.

A VERY OLD STORY.

(With Apologies to Mr. Browning.)

I.

It was cheering, cheering, to the close
O' my speech that day I launched the Bill:
From serried ranks the row uprose,
And hats are waved, and voices thrill;
And I!—I thought I'd dished my foes.

II.

Each distant land approval sent;
The Cancauses they screamed with joy;
And as for PARNELL'S band, they went
Stark staring mad, each broth of a boy,
To think they'd have their Parliament!

III.

There's nobody on the platforms now;
Just some porters, signalmen, and such.
For the fight is over, all allow,
And of fun and frolic there's not much
Till I hand in my accounts, I trow.

IV.

So endeth the Lesson—number One.
'Twixt jeers and cheers, what a gulf there lies!
Home Rule quick-granted, the whole thing done,
Might have bred disgust. Meanwhile, time flies;
And I feel that my triumph's just begun.

RULES FOR STUDENTS ENTERING THE ROYAL MUSICAL COLLEGE.—Every pupil is required to bring his or her own mug (in the case of a young lady the prettier her "mug" is the better), and his or her own tuning-fork. Pupils of either sex are not requested to bring their own spoons, as this is calculated to interfere with studies.

TO AN ENGLISH COMPOSER.—It may not be a compliment to call a ballad a "music-hally" composition, but it is certainly great praise to style it "a Music-Hallé composition." Perhaps this was intended on that Paticular occasion.

CUTS AND CUTS.

A PROPOS of a volume called "*English Caricaturists and Graphic Humorists of the Nineteenth Century*," (a title by the way rather suggestive of the "devouring element," dear to the typical penny-aliner's heart) which is criticised under the heading of "Fine Arts," in the *Athenæum* (possibly because it may owe any merit it may possess to the fact of being "illustrated"), our contemporary inferentially accuses the author (who contributes the accompanying letter-press) of being "a slipshod writer," because he does not accept Dr. JOHNSON'S definition of a caricature, "an exaggerated resemblance in drawing." Surely this is breaking a butterfly on the wheel. "Writing up to cuts," is not a process invariably associated with the idea of the highest literary ability, and frankly what does it matter whether the compiler is a "slipshod writer," or not?

Not satisfied with this initial mark of ill-will, the *Athenæum* actually quotes some of the descriptive matter, in which certain English Classics are catalogued as "trash" and "rubbish." After this it would be scarcely kind to publish the author's name, the more especially as it is not one with which *Mr. Punch* is familiar, so that the mistake may be accepted as "a first fault." However, that full justice may be done to his readers, the Sage of Fleet Street suggests that any person into whose hands this volume may pass should act in the spirit in which DUCROW watched a rehearsal of *Hamlet* at Astley's. Said Mr. DUCROW on that occasion, "Oh, blow the dialogue, and come to the horses!" Says *Mr. Punch* on this: "Oh, cut the writing, and come to the pictures!" The *English Caricaturists, &c., &c.*, do not require a guide to point out their merits, especially such a guide as Mr. —; but no, the name of the Gentleman shall mercifully remain suppressed. If he wants a *nomme de plume*, let him quote from his own book, and call himself "Trash," or, equally elegant and appropriate, "Rubbish."

MOTTOES FOR HOLLOWAY'S MOST RECENT ADVERTISEMENTS.—For the tenanted "Sanatorium"—"No Mind." For the staffless College—"No Matter."

GROSVENOR GEMS.—(OUR FAREWELL VISIT.)



No. 74. Bank Holiday.



No. 61. Cutting her Head off with a Saw.



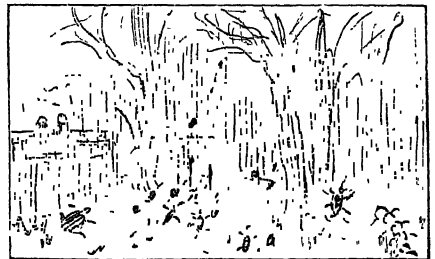
No. 51. "Over the Garden Wall."



No. 175. Sudden Thaw'd!



No. 172. The Conjuror.



No. 38. Mildew Park, Dampshire. To Let This eligible Residence, &c., &c. No reasonable offer refused.

No. 149. Rehearsing a Shipwreck Scene at Drury Lane for the next melodrama. *Stage Manager (shouting).* "Take it back! take it BACK! Not a bit like it!"

No. 179. "Can't bathe while there's that horrid thing in the water!"

Sauce!

THE Germans are insisting upon writing their *menus* in their native language instead of in French. If this idea is developed, every nationality will use its vulgar tongue. To make a commencement, *Mr. Punch* sets forth a Bill of Fare in English for a small family party:—

Good Wife Soup.

Sole like a Fisherman.

Cutlets at the Gardener's wife. The Surprise of Vanilla Crème.

Now, who will not admit the superiority of such a list over *Potage Bonne Femme* and the rest? By having the dishes set forth in English, everyone knows what he is taking—an advantage not always attainable in French cookery.

To the Great Smasher.

[MR. W. RENSCHAW, inventor of the "Renschaw Smash," has won the Tennis Championship for the sixth time in succession.]

BRAVO, Sir! In weather suggestive of ices

And cool lemon-squashes you played with great dash.

Success, though achieved by all sorts of devices,

Is not often got at by "going to smash."

MR. BRIGHT AND GENERAL SHOWERS.—JOHN B. had better borrow the G. O. M.'s Umbrella, if General SHOWERS should come on again. General SHOWERS oughtn't to be partial.

THE LOST LETTER-BAG.

"Littera scripta manet.")

MY DEAR PR-MR-SR,

XL.

It is interesting to hear from you, that people are saying the time has come when I should decide what course I shall take in the existing circumstances. I have not seriously turned my mind upon the subject yet. But at a cursory glance, I perceive there are three courses open to me. I might hold on to office, I might resign, or, thirdly, I might not resign.

As to holding on to office, I may observe that I have reached a time of life at which office has no allurements for me. I have been content to hold it as long as it was the wish of my countrymen, and if it still be their wish, I will not assume rashly that I should have strength given me to withstand its clear expression. Certainly there have of late been hints supplied, that the wish indicated on the part of the nation is not so positively unanimous as I have on former occasions had reason to believe it was. But it would not be difficult to show, if the argument were one useful to pursue, that the results of the late election have on the whole, been favourable to the policy of Her Majesty's Government. It is true that on a balance of seats won and lost, we suffer. But if you add the votes given on either side, you will find that the weight of numbers is in our favour. It is by an accident that the issue is settled by the votes of representatives of constituencies. If it were to be settled by the constituencies themselves, we should be sustained in our position. Still the usages of political life in this country have decreed that it is the votes, not of the people, but of their delegates, by which Ministries are made and unmade. Regarding the situation from this point of view, there is I must admit, a tendency of events to force upon me the second course, namely of resignation.

There still remains the third course, not to resign, and whether on the whole that were not more conformable with the true interests of the nation is a question that demands and shall receive the closest and most conscientious attention. It is true that in taking that course, one so adverse to my own personal leaning, I should be conferring a great favour upon men who have no right to look for favour at my hands. It would relieve the Markiss from an immense embarrassment. If I go, he must come, and how can he form a Ministry? At best he would be at the mercy of any combination of sections of the House that might find themselves at issue with him. Then how could HARTINGTON actually work in harness with the Conservatives, and what part would CHAMBERLAIN play? Would he help SALISBURY to coerce Ireland?

These things are very painful in mere consideration. They would be heart-breaking in actual operation. If I decide not to resign, how much would be spared to these estimable men! Let us leave matters awhile, my dear P——. Do not commit yourself on my behalf to any course. If people ask you what I am going to do, turn the conversation on the weather, a topic full of opportunity for varied and animated conversation.

Yours faithfully,

XII.

I NEED scarcely say that it is more with pain than with astonishment that I have received your notice and acknowledgment of my pamphlet, *The Bishops and the Ballet*, that I sent you, together with an order to admit two to the upper boxes at the Alhambra. That you should have returned me both, together with an intimation that you have written by the same post to my incumbent to urge my dismissal from my curacy, only endorses the strong opinion I have expressed of the anti-Christian opposition manifested by the Hierarchy to the great, the purifying, the ennobling calling the interests of which I regard it my proudest privilege to maintain. I will not enter here into the perfect charm, the enthralling beauty, the exquisite poetry of what your Lordship, apparently in common with the veriest Masher, elects to regard as a mere "leg show," but I will ask you, in common justice, to examine yourself, and see whether your prejudice does not arise from sheer ignorance of the details of the splendid art you affect to despise. Has your Lordship, I would ask, ever attended a rehearsal of one of those masterpieces of which MM. JACOBI and HANSENS' beautiful creation *Nina* is a fair specimen? Have you ever even been behind the scenes at night? I will be bound that your Lordship has not, and yet with an ulster to hide your apron, and your ordinary headgear changed for a crush opera-hat, nothing could have been simpler than to have passed in at the stage-door, and have seen for yourself the earnest purpose and entire devotion to their profession of those excellent and painstaking ladies, among whom it is my happiness to have moved now for many bright and useful years, a votary to their calling, and a champion of their art.

You, my Lord, who contemptuously condemn them *en masse*, I would ask you whether you have ever tried, in the privacy of your own Episcopal Palace, any of the steps of a familiarity with which they have laboriously acquired? Has your Lordship himself ever essayed

a "coupé jeté," a "ballones," a "rond de jambe," or even a "saut de chat"? I will undertake to say that you have not, and yet you, my Lord, would not shrink from passing an unfavourable judgment on the excellent work done at the Canterbury in the days of FLORENCE POWELL, PHYLLIS BROUGHTON, and ADA WILSON, or at the South London with TORSY ELLIOTT and her sisters. It is, therefore, my Lord, that I am again urging you to come and see for yourself. I will pass you "behind" at the Alhambra any night you may select. If you are afraid of detection, a pair of blue spectacles and a false nose, added to the dress I have already suggested, would ensure your disguise.

In conclusion, let me respectfully impress upon you that in so doing you will be fulfilling one of your highest episcopal functions. It is my earnest desire to see a good understanding established between the Bishops and the Ballet, and it will be a proud evening for me when I see your Lordship, even though it be in the general hustle inseparable from an appearance behind the scenes, surrounded and welcomed by its votaries. So convinced am I that, after one or two experiences of the kind, your prejudices would slip away, and that a first night in Leicester Square would in future know, in the very front row of the stalls, no more hearty and boisterously-applauding enthusiast than your Lordship.

(This letter is also without a Signature, but is written on paper seemingly the property of the Church and Stage Guild.)

XIII.

SIR,

Bullocksmithy, The Pavilion, July 5.

IN answer to your kind proposal to bring down a team of "Eccentric Flamingoes," and play Bullocksmithy any Saturday next month, I must, I fear, give the Committee's reasons for declining. Last year you came down with only five "Flamingoes," one of whom "went on a broken wing," and had a man to run for him. You made up the team with the aid of your umpire (who was intoxicated), your scorer (a man of seventy-five), the policeman on the ground, the druggist's young man, an itinerant photographer who chanced to be taking a group outside the Pavilion, and you were one short. The intelligent populace of Bullocksmithy, who had expected great things from the "E. F.," murmured at the want of interest in the affair, and declined to be pacified when you alleged that Eccentricity was the accepted character of your Club. The retreat of three of your own men after they had secured their innings, to play lawn-tennis at the Hall, or fish in the neighbouring rivulet, added to the sense of popular dissatisfaction, and you will, I hope, admit that the Committee have reasons for declining your obliging proposal.

Believe me faithfully yours,

T. B. PARSONS (Secretary B. C. C.).

XIV.

MY DEAR SIR WILLIAM,

I WAS very pleased to receive your encouraging letter from Derby, and have to thank you very much for your recipe for improving the voice mixture. Fortunately for the last few days, we have had no occasion to have recourse to it, for beyond reading the lessons, according to his usual custom, and addressing an harangue now and then to a chance band of stray tourists, who expect to hear

him speak, and refuse to move away till he does, he has really not opened his mouth for any public purpose. He, however, keeps, I am glad to say, in excellent spirits, and seems to derive much enjoyment from the almost continual dispatch of telegrams, post cards, and letters. When not thus engaged he is busy in the woods with his axe, and as far as the political horizon is concerned, certainly appears to be quite in the seventh heaven. I can't help fearing a reaction. What about another yachting cruise? But without Lord TENNISON (who sometimes writes very unconvincing things) this time? Believe me, Yours very sincerely,

(Signature overleaf on a page that has been lost. The envelope has the Hawarden post-mark.)



THE AGRICULTURAL OUTLOOK.
(From Dumb-Crambo Junior's Point of View.)

SIR FREDERICK POLLOCK having given up being the Queen's Remembrancer, is going to be his own, and write what he remembers. SIR FREDERICK'S Recollections will be entitled *Pollock's Course of (His Own) Time*.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—In no case can Contributions, whether by a Stamped and Directed Envelope or Cover.

MS., Printed Matter, or Drawings, be returned, unless accompanied Copies of MS. should be kept by the Senders.

ROBERT'S RECKERLEKSHUNS.

No. II.



I was saying the other week as how things has haltered as respects Dinners and their consequences, but them ain't the honely things as has haltered, quite the contrary. Just think of the Play Hactors for one thing. Why, poor Robson used to give us Tragedy and Comedy all in one, when he played *Shylock*, and both on 'em much better than we ever gits now ewen when a part. And then how the mussells of one's face all relaxkes as it were, when one thinks of Mr. and Mrs. KEELER! and Adelfi WRIGHT, and glorious LISTON! Ah, them was times, them was, and didn't I go pretty hoften, and didn't I gammon the Guy'nor as I was detained on bizziness. I sumtimes wonders if my Boys gammons me similar. Ah!

that's a rum question, that is, as we Parients has to hask one another now and then. One thing's quite surten, they hasn't the same temtashun, so they hasn't the same egscuse.

If ever I wants, for certain reasons, to speshally please the Missus, I takes her fust of all to a Restarong were I'm well known, and there we sleets a nice littel dinner from the large Bill of Fair, and then I takes her to the Theater, for witch I ginerally manages to git a Horder, so it doesn't cost werry much, tho' I gits the credit of quite a hextravagant heavening's emusement. Ah, the way as we sumtimes gammons our pore confiding spowses is sumthink amost two bad. If I was a wife, witch I thank goodness I ain't, I shoold allers think as sumthink was a leetle rong when my lorful lord and marster was speshal atentif. But as to the Theater, why it's no more like wot it used to be than Claret's like werry old Port.

When I was a young man I used to wait at the Cristeal Palles, when MARYO, and GREESER, and all the Italian singers from the Hopera used to sing there on Satterdays. And they used to set at a littel Table just at the back of the Concert Room, and I used to wait on 'em; and one day, as far as I cood make out from their forren gibberish, they had a bet about being anchored, and MARYO—ah, wasn't he jest a andsome gennelman, that's all, and as ginerus as he was andsome—he goes up into the Orkestrar and he sings what they calls a Serrynade, and its name was sumthink like "*Come it Genteelly*," and he got sitch a ancour as I hardly never heard, and wen he came back they all received him with clapping of ands, GREESER and all, and then she went up and sung "*Ome, sweet Ome*," and sung it so bootiful as amost made me cry; and she got jest sitch another ancour, and then they all clapped their ands at her, and she made 'em jest such a curtesy as they makes on the stage, with her ands holding out her dress quite wide, and then they all larfed together, and so I larf too, and then she acshally cum and shook ands with me and said, "You likes ze musik," and I said, "Yes, Mum, when you sings it," and then she larfed again, and left me. Ah, I wunder how mutch sum of the swells there woud have given for that shake of the hand from about the most lovelest singer as I ever herd, and one of the most butifullest creetures as I ever seed.

I've herd my Father say as he seed her make her fust apearance in this Country at the Hopera Ouse, in a Hopera called "*the Gassy Larder*," or sum such name, witch he said he was told meant "*the Maid and the Magpie*," but I think as how his pore memory must have been a failing him. Fanny *The Maid and the Magpie* at the Grand Hopera Ouse! of coarse its too absurd. But he used to say that wen she cum a tripping down the stage from the back of it,

with a basket of flowers on her butiful wite harm, him and all his frends in the Gallery thort as she looked xactly like a singing Hangel! And we waiters ain't such werry bad judges of that partickler article, speshally as we sees 'em at their werry best, full drest and arter dinner, and trying their werry most to please everybody, as all women shoold allers do, excep praps just our own partickler wives.

Ah! wat a grand singer that MARYO was, and didn't he jest fassenate the Ladys. Why I wunse heard a werry butiful Lady say, at a dinner as I were atending at, that her name was MARTHA, and that one night when she was at the Hopera, in the Stage Box on the fust floor, (I think as they calls it the Grand Tear), he sang a song all about MARTHA! MARTHA! and held out his arms as if he longed for her to cum to him, and that she had as much as ever she could do to keep herself from jumping into 'em! Ah, that would ha' been a staggering stage effect if you like, for I shoold think as she wayed about twelve stun.

My Father was, of coarse, a fine old Tory, so am I, and so is all us Waiters; naturally so, for altho we hear peeple tork of hungry Raddicles, it's only just for common wittles and beer, and such like; they don't seem to have money enuff to pay for grate dinners. But I remembers him telling us as a sukenstance ocourd once as amost shook his faith. The great Dook of WELLINGTON, the leader of 'em all, past, present, or to cum, was a dining in Gildhall, on some werry grate ocashun, and the Committee had got sum wonderfool old Sherry for him, jest for a treat, and one of 'em helped him to a glass of it jest to see his estonishment, and he jest sipped it, and all he said was, "Yes, werry good, werry good," and then he filled up his glass with water! As my Father werry natrally said, if it hadn't a been that he knowed as he had wun the Battle of Waterloo, and a few others, he shoold have amost despised him.

ROBERT.

AN EAST-COAST CAROL.

For the coming Holiday Season.

"This wants looking into!"

Do you wish for a holiday, lounge at your ease,
Where fair Cromer looks down on the blue Eastern seas;
Or northward to Hunstanton Sands you may range,
Which were anciently held by the house of L'Estrange;
You can look o'er the Wash to the Lincolnshire Coast,
And see signs that the Romans once here ruled the roast.

You may sojourn at Yarmouth, whereat you will find
That the bloater was famous there time out of mind;
'Tis a pleasant old town that reminds one so much

Of the Rotterdam quay-side, you fancy it's Dutch;
If you haven't been there, you would never suppose
There was aught in the world half so queer as the "Rows."

Then you'll visit the Broads. All their wonders to tell,
Mr. CHRISTOPHER DAVIES has written so well;
And Miss HATTON's deft pencil has drawn them, we know.
It's the place for the artist and angler to go:
You can shoot, fish, and paint in the laziest way,
And you'll like it the better the longer you stay.

Bright Lowestoft welcomes you, azure and clear
Are the waves that roll up to the pleasantest pier;
There are Southwold and Walberswick, where will be found
The artists uncommonly thick on the ground;
There are Dunwich and Aldeburgh, pleasant I guess
Are the health-giving breezes that sweep Orfordness.

There are Harwich and Dovercourt, Felixstow too
Claims praise, which we vow is no more than its due;
From there is a trip far too pleasant to lose,
To Antwerp or Rotterdam, just as you choose.
So hereafter the bard will be able to boast
That his verses have sent you to try the East Coast.

CONSOLATION.—The *New York World* has started a subscription for a Gladstone Testimonial. This is really kind, and opportune withal. The G.O.M. is out of collar (though doubtless not out of Collars), and so his American sympathisers hope to alleviate his dolour—by the aid of dollars.



"LUCUS A NON LUCENDO."

(MRS. GATHEREMALL AT HOME. SMALL AND EARLY.)

He. "SMALL AND EARLY, INDEED! WHY, I'M TOLD THERE ISN'T STANDING-ROOM UPSTAIRS, AND THE PEOPLE ARE STILL POURING IN AT HALF-PAST ONE!"
 She. "YES,—IT'S GETTING SMALL AND EARLIER EVERY MINUTE!"

THE STORY OF THE GUNS.

(Sequel to a Marine Romance.)

"England has at this moment no artillery armament wherewith to defend her interests and her honour, either at home or abroad."—Letter of Mr. Armit to the "Times."

HER MAJESTY'S good ship *Tornado* had done her thousand miles gallantly, and was just nearing the appointed spot on the enemy's coast, on reaching which the Admiral in command was authorised to open the sealed orders under which he had sailed. He felt the moment to be critical, and came up on deck to have a look round, and as he swept the horizon with his glass, he unconsciously crumpled up the large official envelope he carried under his arm with the nervous twitching he could neither control nor conceal. But the Jack Tars aboard were in high spirits, and eager for the long promised brush with the foe, as soon as he should be found. And as the Admiral came aft accompanied by his Post-captain and a couple of Flag-lieutenants, they manned the yards and gave him three lusty British cheers, which brought a passing flush to his pale cheek, as for the moment, acknowledging the compliment, he gave vent to his feelings and indulged in a step or two of the hornpipe in response. Then he paused suddenly. His eye had taken in the form of the hull of an advancing vessel blocking the entry to the bay they were rapidly approaching.

"That must be the enemy, I fancy?" he asked inquiringly, addressing those about him. There was a bluff reply of, "Ay! ay! Sir!" and, nodding his head, he instinctively turned to the envelope he carried, and regarded its superscription. "To be opened only when action is unavoidable," he read, repeating the words thoughtfully to himself, as he neared the hatchway. "Well, as that craft seems to be bearing down upon us, I suppose it is time to look at this?" He put the matter tentatively in the form of a question to his immediate companions, and it received a ready answer.

"Belay there! Your honour!" they replied, "but any land squab can see

that at this very moment she's casting loose her guns to let fly at us. We haven't a moment to spare."

"Very well, then," rejoined the Admiral, elated with a flash of momentary excitement, "clear the deck, and pipe all hands to open the powder-magazine. And, while everything is being got ready, we will just step down to my cabin, and look at this." He pointed to the official envelope as he spoke and the four passed the hatchway and descended the narrow little stairs. As they seated themselves, expectantly, at the cuddy-table beneath, they caught the strains of "*Rule, Britannia!*" "*Tom Bowling,*" and the "*Bay of Biscay,*" mingled with repeated bursts of cheering, that told of the activity going on above. "Poor fellows!" said the Admiral, listening to the mingled uproar with a kindly smile, "they seem 'as pleased to get at the foe as schoolboys to enjoy a holiday. Well, we will see what sort of a holiday 'My Lords' at home have prepared for them." And as he spoke he carefully untasted the side of the envelope with a penknife, and took out the precious document it contained.

"And now," he continued, opening out the large sheet of official paper on the table before him, "we shall see—what we shall see."

He was still smiling pleasantly as he fixed on his eye-glasses, and glanced at the first lines, when a sudden pallor overspread his countenance. He rose to his feet, and staggered towards a porthole. The Post-captain and the two Flag-lieutenants had been watching him narrowly. They noticed his faintness, and flew to his assistance. To pour out a tumbler of brandy, force it down his throat, undo his official stock, drench him with Eau de Cologne, open all the doors, and remove the skylights little, but he could not address them. He could only point with his finger to the unsealed orders on the table. They hurriedly dropped him in a soda-water bottle bunk, and eagerly peered over its contents. They were brief, and to the purpose, and were as follows:—

"The Board of Admiralty, Whitehall, to the Admiral in Command on board H.M. Flagship, '*Tornado.*'"

"It is to be presumed that having opened these orders, you are within sight of the enemy. This therefore is to inform you, that as each of the six eight-and-thirty-ton guns with which you are armed has been supplied by the Ordnance Department, you must expect it to blow up if any attempt is made to fire it. Your wisest course will be to avoid being hit, and the Board strongly counsel you in any emergency involving the honour of your flag, to rely on cutlass-drill."

The Post-captain and the two Flag-lieutenants read the document in silence. Then they all three gave a prolonged whistle, and were about to address the Admiral, who was now somewhat restored, and was gazing at his sextant with a puzzled expression, when a live shell tearing through the side of the vessel, and carrying away the Captain's sleeping-berth, bookcase, and breakfast-table, reminded them that the enemy meant business, and had already got his range.

"Well, Admiral, what orders?" asked the three sub-ordinates in a breath, with grim irony, picking their way out of the surrounding *débris*, and gazing through the hole, seven feet by nine, torn in the ship's side, at the advancing hull of the enemy, that was now rapidly approaching them, stem on.

"What orders?" responded the Admiral, hysterically, "what but those that are given me there!" He pointed to the official paper with a fine smile as he spoke. But at that moment another well-directed shell tore away three sides of the cabin, the companion-ladder, and the whole of the deck above their heads.

"Cutlass-drill! won't be equal to this!" shouted the Post-captain; and the two Flag-lieutenants, leaping over the wreckage, and rapidly climbing on to the upper deck, cried, "Call it mutiny if you like, but fire the guns we will!" And, so saying, they bounded out of sight, and the hoarse cheers of the crew that greeted them told him that the Jack Tars above had been eagerly watching for their appearance.

"Well," said the Admiral, despondently folding up the sealed orders, and putting them up in his coat-tail pocket, "I have done my duty, at all events, and I see nothing for the situation but this."

He crept towards the stern as he spoke, and, cau-



UNE AFFAIRE D'HONNEUR.

tiously letting himself down into the dingy, cut her adrift. In a few moments he was alone on the sea, watching the departing *Tornado*.

"She is a fine vessel," he said to himself, musingly, as he watched her taking up her position broadside to the enemy's ship, which was now quite close upon her. "Ha! she is going to fire! Well, I think, under all the circumstances, I am well out of her."

In another instant a terrific explosion gave his words a practical interpretation. The air was dark with the scattered fragments of smoke-stacks, hull, machinery, cargo, crew, and stores.

When it cleared off, he noticed three figures struggling in the water. They were the Post-captain and the two Flag-lieutenants. A few strokes brought him abreast of them, and they scrambled over the side, and got into the boat. As they sat huddled together in the

stern, black from the effects of the explosion, and dripping, he surveyed them sadly.

"You oughtn't to have fired, you know," he said, gently, to his unfortunate subordinates.

"Ay, ay, your honour!" was the whining reply. "We know now, and it's a sad story is the *Story of the Guns!*"

To Whom it may Concern.

FIBBING of GLADSTONE seems an occupation
That has supreme attraction for the Tories;
But fortune is best based on Truth's "foundation,"
And stands no firmer for so many "stories."

CHIPS FROM GOODWOOD.

By D. Crambo, Junior.



Starting Post.



Giving the Weight away.



Moving in Good Style.



Ran clean away.



Trained Light.



Out-matched.

THE LOST LETTER-BAG.

("Littera scripta manet.")

XV.

MY DEAR MARKISS,

THANKS for your note which is both interesting and personally gratifying. I think you rather over-rate my capacity and the value of my collaboration. Still such as they are, I have to seriously consider their disposal.

I see with great clearness the advantage it would be to you, that I should throw in my lot with the Conservative Party. What I do not see with equal rapidity, is the advantage it would be to me. I shall do very well as I am. I hope I am not making too much of the situation, if I say I pretty well hold the balance. If I take office with you, my freedom of action is gone, and I am bound to support you to all lengths. In return I get office and a salary. But I don't want office, much less a salary. I hate office, which causes a man to be in his place in the House of Commons punctually at half-past four, and gives occasion for remark if he's a few minutes late. Being out of office I can come when I please, and what is better, go when I think proper, none daring to make me afraid.

Now, why, my dear Markiss, should I sacrifice this freedom for your benefit? You have done well enough by our assistance, and I think you may be left to direct affairs with the assistance of your own friends. Look what a team you have got. Think of the graceful, genial, winning leadership of HICKS-BEACH. Meditate on the trustworthiness of RANDOLPH. Muse upon the weighty character of GEORGE HAMILTON. Soothe your mind with reflection on the perspicacity of Grand Cross, the lightness of touch of W. H. SMITH. Let these matters console you for any imaginary loss you may sustain from my inability to join you.

I will watch with friendly interest your endeavours to carry on the Queen's Government. But as to being in any official way responsible for it, I think not. Why don't you ask CHAMBERLAIN?

Yours always,

XVI.

SIR,—I should have fancied that even a quite frivolous and entirely ignorant mind might have known me better than you appear to do. You request me to subscribe to a Statue of ADAM SMITH, the so-called Political Economist, and you ask my opinion as to the best edition of COBDEN'S Works. Idiot for idiot, I prefer ALBERT SMITH

to ADAM,—the former, at least, knew Mont Blanc as thoroughly as the latter was ignorant of everything but the perjured and peddling market huckstering. Of all the lurid and leprous fallacies which have blighted the heart of man, the most leprous and the most entirely lurid is the self-styled science of Political Economy. So fly away into space with you, Mr. Correspondent, and leave an old and world-weary man to reflect, in this age of potato-spirit and Gladstone jam, on the merits of his Father's Sherry ("very old and curious" quoth prospectus, doubly, alas! curious now, and rarer than Cape diamonds) and on the gooseberries of his Aunt's garden. But I bear you no ill-will.

Yours, with ineffable sorrowing,
To Henry Cadby, Esq., &c. (Signature illegible).

XVII.

DEAR BILL,

London, July 19.

PAY up your half-quad! I betted you evens I'd draw him for an autograph, and here it is,—a oner. I asked him to subscribe to a Statue of ADAM SMITH. That fetched him! Send back the autograph, with amount as above.

Yours,
HENRY CADBY.

XVIII.

(From this reply it will appear that Master EARNCAKE took little profit from the ingenuous letter published a fortnight ago.)

Laburnum House, Camberwell.

MY OWN DARLING TOMMY,

I HAVE been miserable ever since I read your dear but most alarming letter. You strangely misunderstand your mother if you imagine for a moment that she can tamely allow her only son to be subjected to such cold-blooded iniquities! I am sending you a cake by Parcels Post, to replace that of which the burglar so heartlessly deprived you; and I have telegraphed to the Inspector of Police at Market Rodwell, desiring him to follow the miscreant's trail, and compel him to disgorge the model yacht—for that, my dearest boy, is the correct mode of spelling this most difficult word. You must tell the boy who sits next to you that it is only a mistaken code of honour which leads him to suppress such a thing as measles, and he will be acting most wrongly if he does not go to bed instantly, and keep as warm as he can. To-morrow Mr. TIMPANY, the great aurist, is going to run down to Penang House and examine your ears, which may, for aught we can tell, have been permanently injured by your schoolfellow's brutality. In any case I have written to Dr. TROUNCER, insisting upon the immediate expulsion of such a youthful monster, and also requesting him to reprimand the usher who dares to hurl heavy books at poor defenceless lads. I could not help letting the Doctor know my opinion of his cowardly and unworthy course in concealing himself under a bed while a burglar was ransacking the pupils intrusted to his care! And, as I have also opened his eyes to the abuses, which I gather from your artless and uncomplaining letter, flourish under his rule, I trust you will shortly find a marked difference in the treatment you receive from all in the establishment.

Only there is, alas! one painful sacrifice, my dearest TOMMY, which what you tell me about the prevalence of measles and typhoid at the School, will now render imperatively necessary. You have already had both complaints, but your little sisters have not, and, for their sakes, I have arranged that you shall remain at Penang House after the holidays commence until such time as all possibility of communicating the infection at home is happily at an end.

Your letter was so brave, that I know you will bear this last trial with the same cheerful patience, and I have said enough in my letter to the Headmaster to insure that, for the future, no one will behave to you as they seem to have been doing in the past, which will be some consolation in your loneliness.

Your affectionate and distracted Mother,

CORNELIA EARNCAKE.

P.S.—I have just seen your Uncle ROBERT, who thinks it not impossible that some of your revelations may have been slightly exaggerated! but, as I told him, he did not know my TOMMY!!!

XIX.

Aswan, Egypt, June 20.

MY DEAR BILL,

I DON'T like to grumble, or be prophane, but this place is an L. We are dying like flies, only they don't die, here, but sting awful. About three hundred of us in ospital, and the rest like to go there, and what for? The Johnnies never fight in summer, and very right of them too; they never killed so many of us, as this eat does. It's the young fellers as drop; GORDON said no man should be sent here under forty,—nor over forty neither, to my thinking. We're bound to be cleared out of this soon, not soon enuf for me, I think. Send us to Alexandry now, I say, and bring us back when the fighting season begins, if there is to be any more fighting. If the Johnnies did come on, now, they would lik us.

We can't stand up agin this eat. A hundred a month dead in May, and here is the dog days! I'd like well to be with you over a

cool pot of beer. Oh, lord, it doesn't do to think of it. Me and that pot 'll may be, never meet, but if we *do*, Mate, may you be there to make the three of us.

Yours, what is left of me,
THOMAS ATKINS.

XX.

DEAREST MARY,

South Kensington, July 14.

THE season is dying, in alternate baths of dust and mud, like what people have to take at some foreign Spas. I wish it were dead altogether; I am deadly tired of it. Nothing *new*, not even a new Religion, such as usually comes in with the strawberries, and goes out with the gooseberries. I tried to make WALTER leave town, and stand as a Liberal Unionist, or anything, anywhere, for he pays more and more attention to that silly Miss MELTON ORMONDE. You know the girl who says smart things, and makes it her amusement to entangle married men? But he would not budge, and I have had to stay up here, and go with him *everywhere*. What I mind is, that he is making himself *ridiculous*. When I tell him so, he says he does not care, and what are the odds so long as he is happy? What can one do with such a person? How fortunate you are, dear MARY, there are no impertinent girls of that sort at Bullocksmithy. Many, many thanks for your kind invitation to the dear Rectory there, but I can arrange *nothing* till I know where that girl is *not* to be, and get WALTER banished safely to a moor in Halldale, or Iotland, or some other inaccessible place, where there are no hateful girls.

Ever affectionately yours,

AMELIA DARTLETON.

XXI.

(From a Lady (of the Ballet) and member of the Church and Stage Guild. Refusing the hand of a Gasfitter.)

MR. MEETER,

IGNORANCE is the best and only excuse for your addressing me with a proposal of marriage, and making it a condishun that I shall quit the bords, which are the sfere of my morral ministry.

Had you been a more constant atendant at your Parrish Music Hall, and less adicted to squandering the *precious hours* at Penny Reedings and Mekanics Instituts, you would not have contracted such a presumptions noshin, for if you were once to visit the "Grenada," where I pursue my high vocation as a ballet lady, though but in the back row, and if you could see how the band of earnest young men who nightly assemble there, hang upon every *sody shah* and follow each *rondy jam*, while the enobbling effect of the modest little sermons we dance at them is planely to be seen in their brightening faces—you would see for yourself the impropriaty of even *sujesting* that I should desert my tender flock, and abandon the excellent and helthy influence which is making itself so widely felt among them. Should I now retraoe my steps, what blame would be mine if they were ever to fall away and be drawn into such uninstrutive if not harmful resorts as the Liecyum or the Princessies; and though there is a purifying tendency in one such grand Spectaclar Ballet like "*Actaeon*," which, duly heeded, will enable one to be proof against the temptations of twenty trajidies, this influence must not be supposed to relax—it must contrariwise be constantly kep up, and I for one would not renounce a career where I am doing such noble work, not were it to adorn my brow, (as I have had frequent oportunities) with a baronet's corinet! Ded as you are to the Potry of vitle motion and the grashiousness of bestowing such delight as me and the other ladies do in our art, you will now perceive the *ridiculous absurdity* of ever expecting me to descend to the uninfluential obscuraty of a gasfitter's bride!

I am, Yours Pityingly,
BALZINA BATTEN,
Royal Grenada Corps de Ballet.

THE WOFUL BALLAD OF THE BRITISH JURYMAN.

(A Chavunt of the Central Criminal Court.)

I.

It was a British Citizen, right early he arose:
Quitting forlorn at early morn his chamber's bland repose,
He sallied forth. A wind due North be-nipped his Roman nose.

His garb was gay, that Citizen, his tie well drawn and trim,
He had a pretty pride of port, a manly length of limb;
His wife looked out, as forth he fared, greatly admiring him.

Yet bore he not the manly cheer that so becomed him daily.
A Citizen on duty's path is wont to bear him gaily,
But hardly when that path leads on to the Criminal Court, Old Bailey.

A British Citizen is brave; in civic pluck secure, he
Will brave the tax-collector's charge, the Vestry's wildest fury;
But the stoutest may swerve when called on to serve upon a petty jury.

II.

That Citizen is now in Court, a dismal den and dusty.
Frowsy and foul its fittings be, its atmosphere is fusty,
And oh, its minor myrmidons are proud and passing crusty.

They chivvy him, that Citizen, hustle him here and there;
One elbow looseth his trim tie, one rumpleth his back hair,
They greet his queries with a grunt, his grumbings with a stare.

A close-packed crowd doth hem him round, a tight malodorous
"block"

Of fustian'd men and women gross, of dry and dusty look.

His "By your leaves" they heed no whit, his struggles wild they mock.

He may not stir, he cannot see. At length, in tones of blame,
He hears them toss from lip to lip his own much honoured name.

"What? Fined for absence!!! That be blowed!" He swells
with wrath and shame.

And through the throng he madly thrusts, like Viking, through a
press,

Strewing his path with buttons burst and fragments of his dress,
Claiming reversal of that fine, with dearly-bought success.

III.

Behold him, shorn, but safely sworn, our suffering British Cit,
Extremely chafed in temper, and a little dazed of wit,
His throat a-parch with dusty fumes, his eyes a-smart with grit.

His neighbour right is rather "tight," his neighbour left's asleep,
His seat is hard, its back is straight. Like an imprisoned sheep,
He sits until his joints are racked, until his nerves all creep.

An icy draught from overhead is blowing down his neck,
Stern autocratic myrmidons are mustered there to check
The least expression of his woes, of which they nothing reek.

Those myrmidons with haughty eyes his every movement mark,
With all the kindness of the lynx, the courtesy of the shark;
They snub our Cit right royally, and deem the same a lark.

Oh happy then the Prisoner, within his roomy bar;
He may in murder or in theft have gone a shade too far,
Yet none are there so rude to him as to our Cit all are.

They give him twenty minutes to what they call lunch or dine;
To gulp down ale as flat as suds, and beef as salt as brine,
And if he's back five minutes late, the penalty's a fine.

For days and days about that court he cools his aching heels,
Or swelters in a frowsy box, or in a draught congeals,
No soul to do him courtesy or assuage the woes he feels.

His business may be going wrong, his mother-in-law be ill,
He may be wanted far away, but 'tis his Country's will
That he should sit on thorns all day, and suffer and be still.

IV.



He home re-
turns that
Jury man
like one from
furious
strife;
His spouse
looks forth,
with eager
gaze, like
SISERA'S
waiting
wife.
Says she,
"You look a
pretty sight,
you do, upon
my life!"

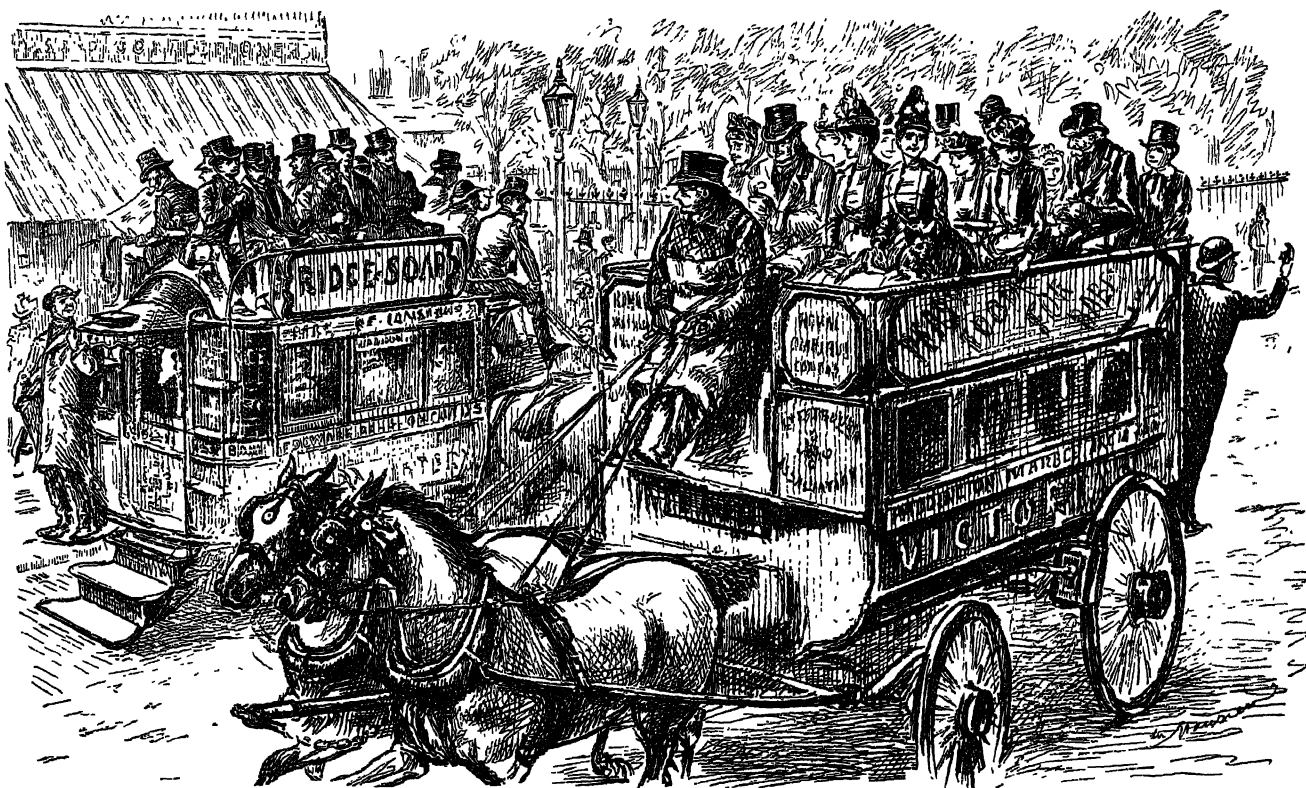
His face is wan, his eye is wild, his hair is all afloat,
His trim-drawn tie is twisted like a noose about his throat,
His waistcoat hath three buttons off; half tailless is his coat.

How long, O British Citizens, will ye in patience bide
The torture of the Jury-box, remorselessly applied;
The Usher's haughty insolence, the Bobby's baleful pride?

How long shall the "twelve honest men," our Constitution's end,
Be treated worse than criminals, their time and money lend,
Long hours of thankless horror in their Country's cause to spend?

Punch riseth in indignant wrath, your champion stout and warm.
'Tis time that *somebody* should take this old abuse by storm,
And sweep out the Old Bailey with the besom of reform!

LIBERAL UNIONISTS.—Mormonites.



GETTING GOOD TIMES OUT OF BAD.

TIMES ARE SO BAD, THAT THE STANLEY DE VERE TALBOTS HAVE TO GIVE UP THEIR CARRIAGE. THEY GO ABOUT (GRANDPAPA INCLUDED) ALL OVER LONDON ON THOSE NICE OMNIBUSES WITH PROPER STAIRCASES BEHIND, AND CHAIRS ON THE TOP INSTEAD OF A KNIFE-BOARD, AND FIND IT MUCH LESS MONOTONOUS THAN ETERNALLY DRIVING ROUND THE PARK. THEIR CARRIAGE ACQUAINTANCES STILL BOW TO THEM; PERHAPS BECAUSE THEY ARE STILL STANLEY DE VERE TALBOTS!

CROSS-ROADS.

A COLLOQUY IN "ASIDES."

Driver (aside). Well, here we are. End of our joint journey—I suppose. Seem to have liked their little lift pretty well so far, especially my friend on the box-seat. Rather silent, but satisfied, I hope. As for the one behind—him of the eye-glass and hard mouth—seems a little bit fidgety, somehow. Rather drive himself, I fancy, hands always seem itching for the ribands. That won't suit me, exactly. No, Sir. T'other one, now, driving or driven, I feel I could get along with, for a time at any rate. Suppose they'll both get down at the corner. Seems a pity to part, too, after the pleasant journey we've had; lots of room, and the pace just comfortable.

First Passenger (aside). Humph! He's putting us along. Wonder how far he expects to take us. Awfully kind, but I don't quite like his driving. Smart Jehu, but none of the safest, I fancy. Takes his corners too sharp, and a trifle too free with the whip, for my taste. Decent chap, too, and capital company. Plain road so far. Should like to see him in a block, or behind a restive Irish horse. Doubtful about the road ahead—seems roughish, and not quite my line of country. Better pull up at the corner, I fancy. Wonder what Joe thinks. Can't say he looks comfortable. Thought he'd have more company on the road, I suspect. Back seat doesn't quite suit him either, else perhaps he'd have gone on farther with Old WILLIAM. Left him far enough behind. But where are we going?—that's the question.

Second Passenger (aside). Ah, we're spinning along. SOLLY looks superbly self-satisfied. WILLIAM—confound him!—beaten out of sight. That'll teach him to "chuck" me again. Thought he had all the course to himself, did he?—sort of Colossus of Roads! Yah! Don't catch me walking under his huge legs to find myself a dishonourable grave. Not for JOSEPH! This lift has been handy, but as to going farther—humph! HARTY looks as still and solid as ever, but I can tell by his bovine lip he's ruminating. Wondering what I'll do, I suppose. Wonder on, my Great Impassive. I'll make some of you wonder a little more before I've finished. Crack away, my SOLLY. I caught that inquiring look out of the tail of

your eye. We're coming to the corner now, and—ah! wish I'd a trap of my own. I'd show them. As it is, it's a bit awkward. Don't want to play "Passenger" for long, to anybody. Didn't part with WILL to turn "tiger" to SOLLY. All right up to now, or nearly so, though fewer have followed our dashing lead than I expected. Several nasty spills, and the Grand Old Whip not so completely out of it as I hoped. If he should overhaul us, after all! but no, that's nonsense. Our presence—HARTY's and mine—in SOLLY's turn-out, has given him prestige and pull, at WILL's expense, but as to playing entirely into SOLLY's hands, no!—that won't do for me, whatever HARTY may think of it. Road ahead not my road, and better foot it awhile than go in the wrong direction. And here we are at the cross-roads, so here goes! (*aloud*). Ahem! many thanks—but "the best of friends must part."

Driver (rousing, with a neat air of surprise). Hillo!—What? Aren't you fellows going any further my way? [*Left settling it.*]

Another Good "Saw" Gone Wrong.

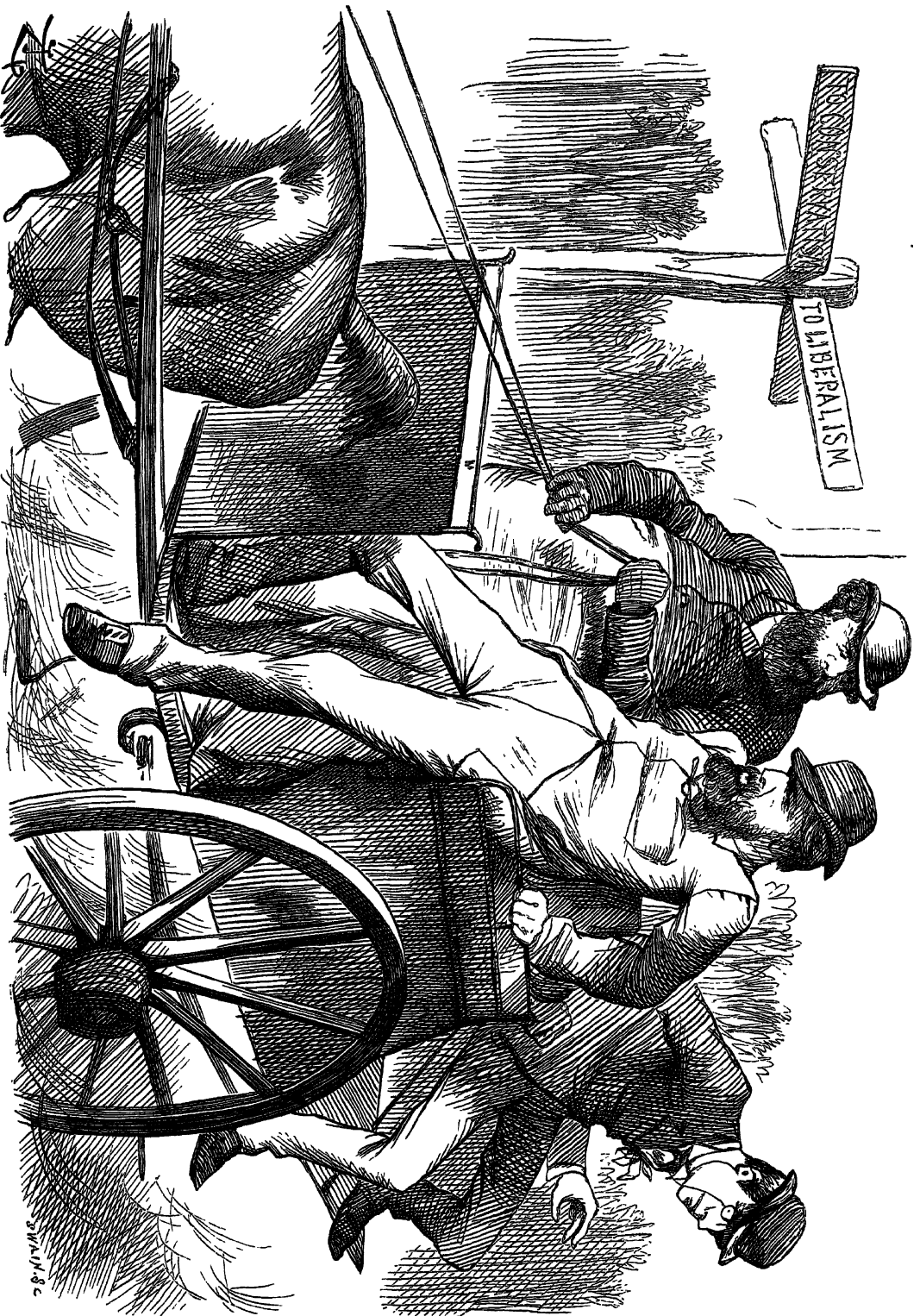
"RIDICULE kills?" Nay that is *not* a rule,
Or the *duello* would have got its gruel.
There's no more killing now in ridicule,
Than—well, in a French duel!

"Rampers."

A MAN named DODD has been fined forty shillings by Mr. MANSFIELD, at Marlborough Street, for following people about and using abusive language. Such persons, Mr. MANSFIELD says, are called "Rampers." It seems, indeed, to be a sort of profession, which Mr. MANSFIELD may be trusted to do his best to discourage. But what a pity he cannot have a turn at our political "Rampers." If "using abusive language" were finable in politics, the accumulated "forty shillings" of such "Rampers" as Lord RANDOLPH CHURCHILL would soon pay off the National Debt.

THE CRY OF THE PARTY PARROT.—"Pretty POLL!"

PUNCH, OR THE LONDON CHARIVARI.—JUNE 31, 1886.



CROSS-ROADS.

S.-L.-S.-R. "HULLO! AREN'T YOU FELLOWS GOING FURTHER WITH ME?"

THE TOUR OF THE THEATRES.

DEAR MR. NIBBS,

BEFORE leaving town you asked me to drop you a line to tell you how "things theatrical" were progressing in London, during your absence. You asked for a summary of the season, or as you amusingly described it, (including no doubt to the sultry time of the year) a "summary."



An Irvingite from Dixey's Land.

Here it is. All the Theatres seem to be in full swing, I should say swim (for your obliging quibble has put me in the vein for word-twisting), as the Managers are keeping their heads above water. Being a little pressed for time, and moreover anxious to let you know at the earliest possible moment how matters are going, I have been doing a couple of Theatres a-night. On one evening I saw two-thirds of the *Pickpocket*, and Mr. DIXEY as "*Irving*" at the Gaiety. On another I knocked off the *Schoolmistress* at the Court, and all that was best worth seeing (the outside) at the Avenue. On a third I made up my mind to do the *Fool's Revenge* at the Opéra Comique, and whatever was being played at the house opposite. This did not come off, as I could not get my dinner over before eleven, on account of one of my guests insisting upon describing what he had seen of the Pastoral Players at Wimbledon. From this you will observe that I have not been wasting my time.

Before I visited the Globe, of course I had read most of the notices of the *Pickpocket*. And the "consensus of opinion," seemed to be the play ought to be a failure, but as a mistake was made by the papers about the *Private Secretary*, "it's best not to prophesy before you know." Quite so. The new farcical comedy or pantomimical farce, or whatever it may be, is one of the funniest pieces that has been produced for a long time, and deserves the success it has attained. Messrs. HILL and PENLEY are Messrs. PENLEY and HILL.



Wait and Weight, a Character Sketch by the Hill-side.

They are quite themselves and consequently the best of good company. Mr. HAWTREY the lessee, is also amusing, a remark equally applicable to Mrs. LEIGH MURRAY. On the occasion of my visit, I saw the late Attorney-General in the stalls. When I say "late," I do not mean that Sir CHARLES RUSSELL came in during the middle of the Second Act, for as a matter of fact he was in his place before the conclusion of the *lever de rideau*, (a pretty little piece nicely played by Miss GRAHAME and others) but merely to mark the resignation of the Ministry. Sir CHARLES did not seem greatly amused, and possibly was there to note the "make up" of a certain actor, described by Mr. HILL, (who, by the way, was one of the originals—the very originals—of the *Happy Land*) as the "*Grand Old Maniac*." The LORD CHAMBERLAIN suggested an alteration in the dressing of some of the characters in the extremely clever piece to which I have

just alluded, and the *Pickpocket* would give less scandal by his crimes, were he to drop the notion he has stolen (or shall I say annexed?) from that play or elsewhere, before any interference comes from the "powers that be." The "get-up" in this instance is not funny, but merely offensive. *Verbum sap.*

The *Schoolmistress*, at the Court, is delightful. Messrs CLAYTON and CECIL (to say nothing of Mrs. JOHN WOOD, and nothing but good can be said of her), are as charmingly absurd as ever. The piece goes with a roar from beginning to end, in spite of the hot

Scene in Court, "*Such an Admiral!*"

weather. The IRVING business at the Gaiety seems to amuse the audience, but, for my part, I am rather tired of these imitations. *A propos*, the best imitation I have recently seen is furnished by Mr. BARRAUD, who has photographed Miss ELLEN TERRY to perfection. This clever imitator (ably assisted by Sol, the Sun—not the Father—another smile-provoking quibble) has furnished wonderful likenesses of "three little girls from school" and the *Mikado*, the heroine of *Jim the Penman*, and many others. May all these clever people's shadows (as furnished by Mr. BARRAUD) never grow less!

Lady ARCHIBALD CAMPBELL, as I have already hinted, electrified "the Royalty, Nobility, and Gentry of Wimbledon and its neighbourhood" in *Fair Rosamond*, an abridgment of the play Lord TENNYSON will insist upon calling "*Becket*." Why his Lordship should have dropped the proper prefix to the title-name I know not, unless it be that, after several attempts to obtain a hearing from various London Managers he has found it impossible to get the "*a*" across the footlights." Contrary to the original, *Henry* and *Thomas* play their game of chess with Tennysonian jokes (!) in the wood, instead of using an apartment for the purpose. Whether this alteration is judicious is an open, an out-in-the-open, question. Perhaps they don't mind draughts! With this merry suggestion (I call it merry, for is not chess akin to draughts?),

I remain always, my dear Mr. NIBBS,
CHARLES—YOUR FRIEND.

A Tribute to the Three.

[All England beat the Australians at Lord's on Wednesday, July 21, 1886, by an innings and 106 runs, mainly owing to the splendid batting of ARTHUR SHREWSBURY, who made 164 runs, and the excellent bowling of BRIGGS and BARLOW.]

THANKS to you we're dancing jigs,
SHREWSBURY, BARLOW, and BRIGGS.
Who'll call England's cricket-star low,
BRIGGS, and SHREWSBURY, and BARLOW?
Here's your health, ye Glorious Three,
BARLOW, BRIGGS, and SHREWSBURY!

"The Campbells are Coming."

THE CAMPBELLS Mr. Punch refers to are the CAMPBELLS of that admirable Institution the Royal Normal College for the Blind at Norwood, the devoted Dr. CAMPBELL himself chief among them. And they are coming to ask the public to assist them in gathering £8,000, in annual guinea subscriptions, by Christmas, 1887. As the *St. James's Gazette* says:—"A man who wants nothing for himself, but devotes his whole life to the service of others, *ought* to get it." Quite so. Who'll be one of the Six Thousand?



CHOSSES QU'ON AIMERAIT MIEUX NE PAS AVOIR DITES.

"HOW? YOU 'AVE A DAUGHTER GROWN UP, MADAM? IMPOS-
SIBLE! AND SHE IS VERY BEAUTIFUL, MEES YOUR DAUGHTER?"

"OH NO, MONSIEUR. VERY CLEVER, BUT NOT BEAUTIFUL."

"AH, ZEN SHE CERTAINLY DO NOT TAKE AFTER YOU!"

PAPER-KNIFE POEMS.

(By Our Special Book-Marker.)

"MELITA."

IN MISS RICHTER'S story—you 'll find there I ween,
A freshness of fancy, a newness of scene:
Of character and incident there is no lack,
And, thank goodness, 'tis well off the well-beaten track!

"LONDON AND ELSEWHERE."

IN *London and Elsewhere* there's plenty to tell,
And 'tis told very well by THOMAS PURNELL!

"MEMOIRS OF THE DUCHESS DE TOURZEL."

Two volumes treat of times that none can easily forget—
The latter days of LOUIS and of MARIE ANTOINETTE:
An eye-witness's narrative, and you will find, no doubt,
'Tis full of thrilling history and interest throughout!

"IDLE THOUGHTS OF AN IDLE FELLOW."

THE *Idle Thoughts* by JEROME, with his special private views,
Is a book all busy people should undoubtedly peruse.

"DELIGHTFUL THAMES."

A HUMOROUS volume of sketch and of rhyme—
And one you can scarcely help scanning—
The Thames and its people in sweet summer-time,
Depicted and written by MANNING!

TRUE REPRESENTATIVES OF THE CHURCH AND STATE GUILD.—
Pastoral Players.

OLD AND NEW AT DEPTFORD.

ONE of the pleasantest passages in the modern "*Evelyn's Diary*" must be that in which the lineal descendant of old JOHN EVELYN, Mr. W. L. EVELYN, M.P., records his gift of Sayes Court, Deptford, as a garden and playground for the public. Parodying BROWNING'S beautiful poem, one may say:—

Generous EVELYN'S gift! 'Tis said
GREAT PETER rambled here many an hour;
Here, where shall echo the workmen's tread
Amid the beds of geranium-flower,
And the lad and the lass, shall romp on the grass.
This is a change for the better, I think.
Emperors vanish and families pass,
But one name shall be honoured by Thames's brink.
Bravo, Mr. EVELYN! After a while
The best of us slumber beneath the mould;
But while children frolic, and old folks smile,
The memory of your gift shall hold.
One's name as green as the leaf to keep,
There's nought like the gift of a generous hand;
And the Deptford folk as the long years creep,
Will mark, and remember, and understand.

SOMETHING LIKE A GOVERNMENT.

As everyone is engaged at this moment in Ministry-making, Mr. Punch suggests the following list without regard to Party or Place. It may be urged that some of those specified as persons proper to be made Ministers are not Members of Parliament—well, they should be. And the reply, in Mr. Punch's opinion, is unanswerable.

First Lord of the Treasury—Mr. PUNCH (with a seat in both Houses, and a finger in every pie).

Lord High Chancellor*—Mr. BRIEFLESS, Junr. (with the title of Baron PUMP).

Lord President of the Council and Lord Privy Seal*—Mr. ROBERT (the Privy Seal is a green one in Bin No. 3).

Chancellor of the Exchequer—Lord ROTHSCHILD (Private Secretary, Mr. ATTENBOROUGH).

Secretary of State for Home Department*—Mr. 'ARRY.

Secretary of State for the Foreign Department—Mr. HERBERT, R.A., (with the aid of a French accent).

Secretary of State for the Colonial Department—Mr. BOSISTO (gratefully assisted by all the Australian Visitors, in recognition of his courtesy.)

Secretary of State for the War Department—Sir CHARLES WARREN. (Transferred from Scotland Yard and the Home for Lost Dogs.)

Secretary of State for the Indian Department—Lord RANDOLPH CHURCHILL. (Can't improve upon this as a joke.)

First Lord of the Admiralty—Mr. JOHN CLAYTON (in Court costume).

Lord Lieutenant of Ireland—Mr. BOUCICAULT (with a brogue and a new peace).

Chief Secretary for Ireland.—Mr. W. H. SMITH. (This old joke is good enough to be repeated.)

(The above form the Cabinet.)

Attorney-General—Mr. T. H. BOLTON (supported by Extraordinary Tithes).

Solicitor-General—Mr. GEORGE LEWIS (retained for the defence by all his colleagues).

* * The names marked with an asterisk are appointments made at the express wish of the Premier, and as a just exercise of his right of private patronage. The Attorney-General and the Solicitor-General suggested by the Lord Chancellor, as a tribute of grateful respect to "the other branch of the Profession."

Tales of Hope.

(Not of a flattering character.)

LIEUTENANT-COLONEL HOPE and Mr. ARMIT

Try to awake the country and alarm it.
They think that what is needful for the nation
Is a new kind of "Knave-all Demonstration."

(Ig)noblesse Oblige.

It is now proposed to abolish all titles of nobility in France. The Republicans seem to be preparing the way by getting rid of all titles to nobility—whether in impulse, utterance, or action. "The Ignobles of France," however, appear to be a very numerous class, and their claim to establishment as the new aristocratic order, with suitable titles of ignobility, may soon come to be paramount.



CAPACITY!

First Traveller (proffering his Mull.) "TAK A PENCH!"

Second Traveller. "NA, 'M OBLEEGED T'YE—AH DINNA TAK 'T."

First Traveller. "MAN!—THAT'S A PETY!—YE'VE GR-R-RAUND ACCAUMMODATION FOR 'T!"

DOLORES.

(*A Swinburnian Apostrophe.*)

[Miss DOLORES LLEONART-Y-CASANOVAS, M.D., who began her University studies at 8, and was B.A. at 13, has just, at the age of 19, taken her doctor's degree at Barcelona.]

WITH dark eyes that flash like a jewel,
And red lips that flame like a flower,
Capricious, coquettish and cruel.
When flirting in boudoir or bower;
So shine Spanish girls in old stories.
But thou'rt of a different strain,
Oh learned and lucky DOLORES,
Our M.D. of Spain.

Tny studies commencing, sweet virgin,
At College when scarce more than seven,
Now past mistress scalp and purge in
A full-blown Physician! Great Heaven!
Sangrados no more to our sorrow
Our veins shall deplete; the control
Of our hearts goes to girls, whence we borrow
Much hope—on the whole.

It startles us, though, the reflection
That you are not twenty to-day,
Yet our tongues may invite your inspection,
Our pulses your touch may assay.
Thou, a girlish she-Galen, arisest:
In faith thou may'st fairly feel vain,
O young among women yet wisest,
Our M.D. of Spain!

How gat you your wisdom? Great glories
Your sex may expect from the vote,

But you have no franchise, DOLORES,
And yet you have flamed into note.
Poor Man, like the Colonel's opossum,
Had better come down—on his luck.
When she-doctors burst forth in full blossom
Our knell must have struck.

In vain in male garb we bedrape us,
And there safe supremacy seek.
If it pleases the ladies to ape us,
We're knocked to the midst of next week.
From the high Esculapian portal
Your footsteps we cannot restrain.
O Man is a poor played-out mortal,
Our M.D. of Spain.

Our chaff and our spleen cannot hurt you;
You operate, bandage, and splice.
The world will soon deem it a virtue
To seek a she-doctor's advice.
Yes, that's where the horrible bore is;
You're crowned, and we cavil in vain,
O splendid precocious DOLORES,
Our M.D. of Spain.

Do we dream of a respite? We slumber.
How fierce is already the strife!
Male medicos no man may number;
At present are fighting for life.
And if for she-Sawbones the fashion
Increases, why chaos is come;
And it's no good to get in a passion.
Oh, life is a hum!

We may weep for what was and no more is,
The kingdom of which we were kings;
But you won't care a button, DOLORES,
Supreme in a world of new things.

If yourself with this world you ingratiate,
What boots it how sore we complain?
The hunger for change who can satiate,
Our M.D. of Spain?

Will you "fee" in the fearless old fashion,
And dose like a horse-drenching Vet.?
Ah! it is not alone the Caucasian
Who's nearly played out, I regret.
However, unless luck desert you,
Barcelona its fame may regain.
Let us hope HAHNEMANN mayn't convert you,
Our M.D. of Spain.

ERIN GO BRAGH. — Ireland has this year soundly beaten both Scotland and England in competition for the Elcho Challenge Shield. Whether this will prove a compensation for the postponement of Home Rule is doubtful, but Erin may reasonably be proud of such marksmen as YOUNG and RIGBY. YOUNG's Night Thoughts, after scoring so splendidly, must have been more cheerful than those of his respected but ponderous poetic namesake.

OH, LAW! — Last week an action was brought against the Governor of Holloway Gaol for putting a prisoner (a Solicitor's Clerk, convicted of acting as a Solicitor) into the criminal side, instead of treating him as a First-class Misdemeanant. The Plaintiff got £50 damages out of a case that at first sight seemed to be composed of rather unpromising materials. Solicitor or not, the gentleman appears to have been a pretty good lawyer!

THE SPLENDID SHILLING.

A RETROSPECT OF THE ROYAL ACADEMY
BY A GRUMBLER.(With Apologies to the respected Shade of John
Philips.)

HAPPY the man who, when May-Day returned,
In pocket or *porte-monnaie* still retained
A splendid shilling! He nor read with
pain

The penny papers' picture-praising gush,
Nor sweet Sir FREDERICK's sugary compli-
ments;

But with his "bob" upon the opening morn
To Piccadilly's proud Art-shrine repaired
Where, mindful of the Purists, whose stern
eyes

Chasten our souls, and quench all amorous
flame,

HORSLEY and RUSKIN, he, with optic glass,
Revelled on portraits, pups, and nursery pets.
Meanwhile he joked and laughed at HERBERT
quaint,

BURNE-JONES ambiguous, WATERHOUSE ob-
scure.

But I, who the soul's penury perceive
In Art as tame attendant upon wealth,
With hum-drum fancy and small acid fun,
(Barren repast!) no raptures could sustain.

Now August nears us, and the hour's at hand
When Art's proud portals once again shall
shut,

When all those splendid shillings shall be
sacked;

And what, in retrospect, have they to boast,
Who planked their liberal silver? Year by
year

The old old stories told the old old way,
The old old gazers with the old old gabble!
Smug wooers walk, babes chirrup; matrons
come,

And gloat and smile o'er what poor critics
puff,

Pap's inspirations, canvasses whose tints
Exhale the nursery's or the boudoir's scent,
Patchouli or puff-powder. Ogling eyes

Stare round us (one may trace their pedigree
From finicking FINDEN through the Fashion-
plates),

Telling romantic tales of amorous woes,
And teaup tragedies of tiff and jilt.

These dexterous brush-men may turn out
with ease,

Trick over-shadowing Art, with a design
To vend their wares in the Philistine mart
Of urban Gath or rural Askelon,

Whence flow the aureate streams that well
might vie

With old Pactolus, or the golden shower
Which bare great Jove to prisoned Danae.

Here, while my joyless minutes tedious flow,
With looks elate and eager pace, with thumb
Catalogue-turning, and lead-pencil poised

For scrawling annotation, the May-bore,—
Terrible creature feared by gods and men!—
To high aerial ecstasies ascends,

With backward heel fierce trampling on my
toes,

With strident accent mouthing platitudes:
I see him now, and seeing shrink and shudder.

What wakes his raptures? Here a sickly
saint,

Sham BOTTICELLI, with pale conic beard
And fan-like hands; there a bucolic Squire

Broad-jowled and bigly-booted, in his fist
A hunting-crop—"So real," bleats the bore,

"You almost hear its crack!" Here three
wax girls,

And several wooden swells sprawl bonelessly,
In spick-and-span Arcadia *à la mode*,

Souless and simpering, but with much dis-
play

Of smart sartorial stuff and millinery.
"Painted amazingly!" Yonder's a thing

Of spermaceti flesh, sleek-moulded, flushed
With some rare rose-leaf ichor, not mere
blood,

Doing, and meaning, *nothing*, with a name
Chance-caught from BYRON or from LEM-
PRIÈRE.

"Sweet! sweet!" the gusher twitters, pencil-
ling deep

Cross upon cross in his crushed catalogue.

And babes, big-eyed and pulpy-lipped, by
dozens,

By scores, by hundreds, as though HERON's
victims

And the young thralls of the Pied-Piper's
spells

Had all come back on canvas. Here's the
child

Who "jumped" last year in swansdown, now
she dances

A minuet, in chintz; next year she'll cuddle
A big bull-pup, in silk, or haply "paddle,"

In scanty cotton. Dogs and cats come next;
Anubis rules us, we are thralls to Pasht.

Like LONG's Egyptians, not the Pasht of old
That PONTNER knows, but the mild maudlin
goddess

Of molly-coddle, patroness of pap,
And of pot-boilers, who makes Art the slave

Of dandling, dawdling, domesticity.

Brain-work, true Beauty? Bah! Plutus
asks not.

The British Matron bans such dangerous
things!

And these twin-despots of the studio,
At whose imperative call ambition slinks,

And inspiration crouches, would have crushed
Beauty in PHIDIAS, force in ANGELO,

If, if the call were heeded. Whilst they rule
And whilst the Splendid Shillings freely roll,

And Princes praise and Presidents applaud,
Will Pictor plume his wings for higher flights

Than Midas wishes, than the Nursery needs,
Than Titan Advertisers clamour for,

Or than the "bob"-dispensing Public crave?
Not so. The portals of proud Burlington

Fly wide, and let the crowds in, as a gap
Admits the sea: in rush the gaping horde,

They stare, they gush, they pencil, and they
praise.

Imagination here and there essays
To lift a radiant head above the flood,

The leaden flood of low and little aims,
The tide of maudlin mediocrity.

Vain effort! Still the muddy waves roll on,
Implacable, till, deluged by their sweep,
She sinks, deep foundering in the dull abyss.

CONSULTING THE STARS—AND THEIR COMFORT.

ONE evening last week the Royal Commissioner for India enter-
tained the representatives of Hindostan and the Colonies, at the
Colinderies to meet H.R.H. the Prince of WALES. As fortune would

have it, the
night was
dark, but as
most of the
guests had
brought
their own
stars with
them, the
absence of
the moon
was unno-
ticed. The
gardens were
closed, but
the Old Lon-
don Street
was lavishly
furnished
with paper
lanterns, and,
to complete the general illumination, the guests were
entertained with light refreshments. It was noticed that nearly
every second person was either an ex-Secretary of State or a retired
Governor-General.

This marvellous display of officialism was leavened here and there
with individuals belonging to a far humbler sphere of life. "Red
tape" itself had given way to variegated coloured ribands. The
Law was represented by the present occupant of the Woolsack
and Mr. PITT-LEWIS, the Drama by Mr. BANCROFT and Mr. GILBERT
FARQUHAR, Music by Sir ARTHUR SULLIVAN and Madame ALBANI
(another star), and literature by the ablest of pen-wielders. Thanks
to the ample space of the Exhibition, and the not too numerous



A Knight School.

company, the Press was never overpowering. The Prince suffered
no inconvenience from the mob of somebodies. Everywhere courtesy
was the rule, and arrogance the exception. Manners had evidently
been carefully taught and learned. No finishing-school appeared to
be necessary for those who could put a chivalrous prefix to their
names. Morn was breaking when the company separated, and
provoked the remark (made a few hours subsequently on board an
iron-clad at the Naval Review, where the guests once more re-
assembled), "What a day the Knights are having!"

THE MAN OF GREECE.

"Among the wealthy and benevolent, who perchance may read this,
shall there not be found a noble Briton, who, by assisting a young gentle-
man, of Hellenic birth, in laying the foundation of a brilliant business
career, will draw to his heart the everlasting gratefulness and affection of a
sincere fellow? Moral support is secure: material capital is lacking. A bona-
fide correspondence is warmly solicited by CONSTANTINE HARILAO."—*Times*.

Is there no superior gent,
Wealthy and benevolent,
"Noble Briton"—we should
say,
Who will find good-nature pay?
Here's a man the way can
show—
Κωνσταντίν 'Αρίλω.

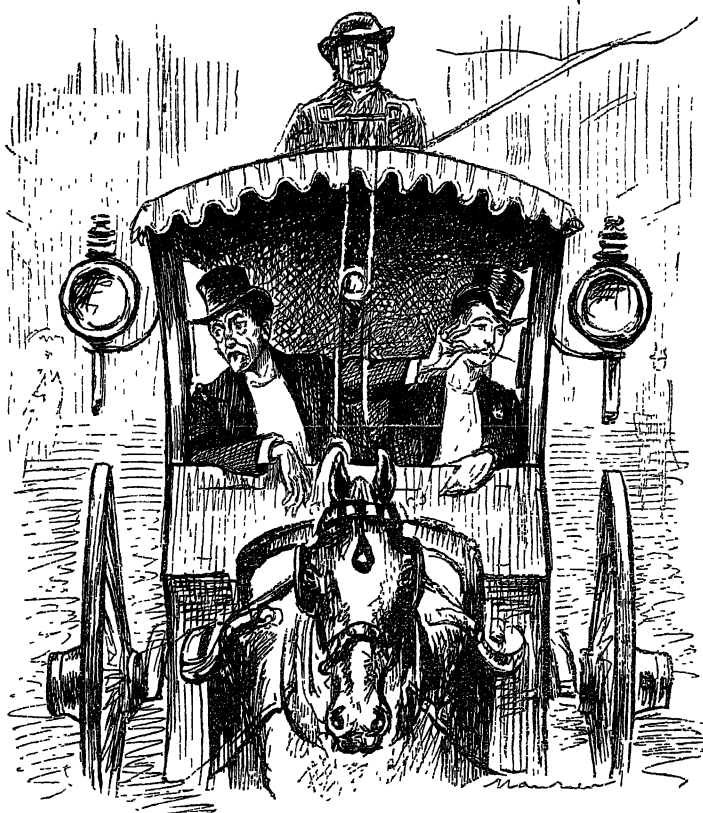
To his Grecian vision clear,
Is a wonderful career:
But, upon this wretched earth
Men of true "Hellenic birth"
Lack the money; he says so—
Κωνσταντίν 'Αρίλω.

"Noble Briton," won't you
"part"?
Take this Hellene to your heart;
He says sweetly in your ear,
He's a fellow most sincere;
Ease his impetuous woe—
Κωνσταντίν 'Αρίλω.

Men of business, gentle Greek,
We're afraid are far to seek,
Who will give their hard-earned
"tin,"

E'en your gratitude to win;
Yet may money to thee flow—
Κωνσταντίν 'Αρίλω!

THE "HEIGHT" OF ABSURDITY.—High-heeled boots,



VANITY AND HYPOCHONDRIA.

(USE OF THE LOOKING-GLASSES IN A HANSOM CAR.)

A FIELD-DAY AMONG THE CITY GUARDIANS.

The Guardians of the City Union, rising for once above the somewhat dull level of their ordinary proceedings, discussed at their weekly meeting a subject that evidently suited them, and showed them in their very best form.

A Special Committee had been appointed to consider the highly important question, whether the Officers of Thavies Inn—presumably a refuge for Casual Poor—should be allowed the sum of £4 10s. yearly, instead of the usual quantity of beer. And this interesting matter naturally brought out the fiery eloquence of the Guardians. The leading member said it was their bounden duty to discourage the use of stimulants, on which a jovial member shouted "Nonsense!" A still more jovial member boldly remarked that, if it had not been for alcoholic spirits, the Board would not have had his valuable services for thirty-one years. He added this most convincing statement as to their beneficial influence,—“Why my wife gives my fowls and my canary-birds brandy to restore them!”

Another bold member claimed the same right for their Officers as they claimed for themselves. “He was exceeding sorry,” he said, in tones of deep pathos, “when he saw any member of that Board take too much.” There were cries of “Oh, oh!” but the bold member defied them to say they had not taken too much. There were cries of “Name!” and sarcastic members remarked that perhaps the bold member had taken too much himself, at which there was some derisive laughter.

Then a very rash member, though a Common Councilman, demanded to know whether he was one of those alluded to; but the hitherto bold member said that he declined to answer; upon which the rash member indignantly exclaimed, “Then you insinuate that I am!” adding the remarkable words, “I object to it getting into the papers that members of the City of London Union get drunk.” Not content with that, he continued the subject by asking indignantly, “Did any member of the Board ever see me drunk?” To which affecting appeal a member, who had hitherto remained silent, cruelly remarked, “I begin to think you are all drunk!”

Upon this a literary member said that he felt his reputation had been reflected upon, though he did not say upon what, adding that for his part he had never seen any member “top-heavy.” Upon this the bold member remarked that he had never said anyone was “top-heavy,” but simply that they had taken too much; a fine distinction very creditable to his power of discrimination.

A presumable sporting member having spoken somewhat contemptuously of the rampant teetotallers of Thavies Inn, asked two questions of so convincing a character, that no one ventured to reply to them. “Why,” he asked, in tones

of burning indignation, “should Homerton and Bow be dragged,” metaphorically of course, “at the tail of Thavies Inn?” “Ah! why indeed; and, “Why should they draw the line at Beer and not at Potatoes?” and Echo answered, Why?

After these burning appeals the debate somewhat languished, falling to the level of mere common sense, and including a common-sense remark from a gentleman from bonnie Scotland, that what the Officers wanted was not to give up drinking, but to have a choice of drinks.

The motion was eventually lost, and the Officers are not to be robbed of their beer, for a mere paltry money equivalent, which is a fortunate thing for those under their control. It is well-known that no one's temper can stand much “worriting.” He who confines his drink to the same level as that of the poor unreasoning soulless animals, who never take too much and are never “top-heavy,” cannot avoid irritation.

MAKING THE BEST OF IT.

137, Little Jones Smith St., Paddington,
DEAR MR. PUNCH, August 3rd, 1886.

As at this season, when everybody is leaving London, there must be a considerable number of impecunious Peers who, like myself, are unable, from sheer want of means, to go anywhere at all, I am writing for the purpose of throwing out a few hints to those of my order who find themselves in the same box with me, how to make the Metropolis a passable place of residence during these holiday months. I assume that they, like me, have had to shut up their country places, dismiss all their servants, part with their carriages, let their town-house to some Colonial celebrities, and take furnished apartments in a back-street in Bayswater. If they have done this, they will still, I maintain, on my plan find it possible to derive from London life much of the zest and stimulus of foreign travel or the freshness and vigour of a Highland tour with its concomitant sport and excitement.

Take my own case. I am up at half-past five, and off for my dip in the Serpentine, which I find as fresh and delightful as if taken in any Scotch lake or at any fashionable watering-place, and later in the day I go there for my salmon-fishing. I do not catch any salmon, at least I have not caught any yet, but what does it matter? I throw in my line, and wait for a rise until stopped by the Park-keeper, whose invariable appearance on the scene invests the sport with an additional element of surprise and excitement. Then, as to work with my gun—my air-gun—I get plenty of that at the cats in the neighbouring back-gardens; and though I believe that, owing to my having broken a stray window or two, the police have been set to watch me in this pursuit, yet I have hitherto had no reason to be jealous of my friends who will soon be making their biggest bags of grouse in the North. I have had an excellent time of it.

Meanwhile Lady BAREACRES and the girls enjoy themselves, after their kind, most thoroughly. We not only mount on the top of a penny omnibus, and get our airing, in the fashion indicated in your last week's issue, by doing all the different routes in turns, but we vary our means of locomotion by taking occasional trips, that remind us of our yachting experiences, up and down the river, sometimes even going as far as Rosherville, which is, *par excellence*, the place to spend a happy day.

On the whole, my dear Mr. Punch, I can assure you we are in no way having a bad time of it; and though, owing, I believe, to the uncertain political outlook, our income is reduced from £10,000 to £350 a-year, we manage to make both ends meet, and, by following the course I have indicated, contrive to get as much recreative enjoyment from it as we ever did in the days of Continental travel, and Scotch Moor. So it is with confidence that I can say to my brothers in temporary ruin, “Go and do likewise,” assuring them that they will, with a little contentment, and determination to take things easily for a season or two, find it quite as bearable as does

Yours, cheerfully, BAREACRES.

MEM. BY A CABINET-MAKER.

THE tip of the tout and the place-seeking Toff is
The same; in slang lingo 'tis, “Give me the office!”



"HEAR! HEAR!"

Ex-M.P. ("Chucked" in the last Election.) "I WORKED 'ARD FOR THE BOROUGH ALL THE SESSION IN THE 'OUSE—SO I WASN'T WHATCH'ERMAYCALL MERELY A ORNAMENTAL MEMBER!"

HYMN TO THE MODERN MERCURY.

Fragment more or less Homeric.

SING, Muse, the Tory Hermes, loved of Jove,
The Herald-boy, king of Boeotia,
And its bucolic hosts; who doth not love
Him, adolescent, artful, modest, gay?
Frolic as Faunus in some antique grove,
Cavorting to Pan's rustic roundelay,
But deep as *Joey Bagstock*, or the well
Where Truth in undisturbed repose doth
dwell.

Now, when this Rising Hope hath its ful-
filling,
And to the world stands forth in high
relief,
Behold, men say, a Leader all excelling,
A schemer subtle beyond all belief;
Fulfiller of our dreams, a smart, cat-belling
Gladstonian-watching, Rad-dismaying
Chief,
Who, 'mongst the Treasury gods from eve to
A splendid reputation will achieve!

He, born to office at the peep of day,
Began to play Old Gooseberry ere noon;
And quickly he contrived to steal away
Apollo's Bulls, so that, with him in tune,
They bellowed as he willed, with him did
stray,
In fact esteemed his leadership a boon.

He had the wit their bovine hearts to keep,
These Johnny Bulls, for he, though young,
was deep.

He wrought himself a party instrument,
He tried the chords and made division
meet,
Preluding with the plectrum, and there went
Up from beneath his hand a tumult sweet
Of mighty sounds, and from his lips he sent
A strain of well-premeditated wit,
Reckless, and wild and wanton—such you
may
Hear among 'Arries on a holiday.

Therewith he drove the Bulls his wandering
way,
But, being ever mindful of his craft,
Backward and forward drove he them astray,
So that the tracks, which seemed before
were aft.

Some said, "He'll beat great BENJAMIN one
day!"
Some thought the daring lad was simply
daft.

But he proceeded playing up his rigs,
The Tories scared and dashed or dished the
Whigs.

His mother marvelled at her new-born child:
She was a trifle dullish—for a god,
Or rather goddess. When the lad reviled,
His elders, she inquired, shaking the rod,

A TRILL FOR THE TOURIST.

STILL the city thou endurest,
August follows on July;
Say, O gallant British tourist,
Whitherward you wish to fly.

You perchance consider rightly,
Lakes and mountains all a sham;
Where the Switzer most politely,
Shears the Transatlantic lamb.

You may voyage to the Norland,
Where the Romsdal torrents run;
And o'er magic fiord and foreland,
See the wondrous midnight sun.

You can linger by the castles,
Of the legend-haunted Rhine;
Where the Baron whacked his vassals,
In the "*Abend-sonnenschein*."

Or where olives round Albano,
Shade the azure-tinted pool;
Where the rose-hues on Lugano,
Come when twilight hours are cool.

You may tempt the wide Atlantic,
Speeding o'er its Titan's breast,
To where trees the most gigantic,
Rise in valleys of the West.

You may try your luck at euchre,
In the streets of far Pekin,
Parting with your "filthy lucre,"
To descendants of AH SIN.

You can watch the fearsome combat,
If Australian tales be true,
That goes on between the wombat,
And the wily kangaroo.

These things done, with calm enjoyment,
Once again on London look!
And resume your old employment,
But, by Jove, don't write a book!

THE PHILOSOPHER AT THE POPPING-CREASE.—Cricket, from the Umpire's point of view, is the most paradoxical of games, for it is all "Over" so many times before it comes to an end.

"Whence come you, and from what adventure wild,
You cunning rogue?" He muttered, "Oh, be blowed!"

"Ribald!" said she, "your rowdy impudence
Has shocked and sickened every man of sense.

"Apollo pretty soon on you will wait,
And tie you up in a tremendous chain,
Inextricably tight and fast as fate,
Unless you can delude the god again,
Even when within his arms—ah, runagate!
A pretty plague you'll be to gods and men.
Why can you not behave yourself?"—"Dear Mother,"

Replied sly Hermes, "Wherefore scold and bother?"

"As if I were like other babes as old,
And knew no more than the Old Gang
what's what,
Or cared how much a dozen Mothers' scold.
I, in my subtle brain, a scheme have got
To extricate us from "Out in the cold,"
To profit you and me, and mend our lot.
It does not suit a chap of my condition
To spend his brightest days in Opposition.

"But we will leave these shades, not for a 'Cave,'
But live among the gods, and pass each day



A VICTORY "CHILDLIKE AND BLAND."

(How our Anglo-Chinese Difficulty in Burmah was settled.)

In high communion, sharing what they have
Of power and place, and privilege and
pay.

Old TIDDY-IDDY is too meek and suave,
He has no 'go,' and gives himself away.
When he *could* smash old WEE, he won't—
but I
Am made of different stuff, I mean to try!"

"A station like the Herald-Mercury
'New-lighted on a heaven-kissing hill!'"
And will he keep well-poised there? We
shall see.
Of eloquence, and of commercial skill,

Of numbers—Number *Four* especially—

Of cunning and good luck, by mortals still
The nimble Mercury is held the god,
If such an one cannot succeed 'tis odd.

'Tis said Apollo loved the child of May.

And that Jove covered them with love
and joy;
Hermes with gods and men even from that
Mingled, and wrought the latter much
annoy,
And little profit, going far astray.

Well, *absit omen!* An Audacious Boy
May make a Mighty Man; fate-chastened, he
May soar, and shine, nor unremembered be.

Death of "Old Times."

MR. PUNCH offers his sincere condolences
to the *Times* on its recent domestic affliction.
He would have done so at once out of his
usual kindness of heart, but only learned it
a day or two ago from the *Times* itself, which
begins a review of a book called *An Old
Shropshire Oak* with these touching words:—
"Being a posthumous work, we may speak our
mind as to *An Old Shropshire Oak* more freely
than we might otherwise be inclined to do."

Impossible to convey the distressing intelli-
gence of the demise of a parent with greater
delicacy.

KING OF THE CASTLE.

[The Englishman, Mr. BLACKBURN, has won the first place and prize in the International Masters' Tournament at the British Chess Association Congress.]



Black Wins.

In spite of sly gambit and devious turn,
"Perpetual check" was the ending of BURN;
And so, though a Master of Chess he is reckoned,
He had to put up with position as second.

A great gun is GUNSBURG, and plenty of nous
On the black and white squares has the keen
TAUBENHAUS;

But BLACKBURN's supremacy neither one
And all they could do was to "tie for the third."
Though slowly finessing or putting the pace on,
Fifth place was the highest achieved by 'cute
MASON.

And warily slow, or attacking with frenzy,
Great ZUKERTORT failed, so did clever MAC-
KENZIE,

Though Chessdom regards the great German
[with pride,

And so for the sixth and the seventh they tied.
The "Brilliance Prize" is awarded to SCHALLOPP,
Some small compensation for general wallopp.
LISPOHUTZ, HANHAM, MORTIMER, POLLOCK, and BIRD
Higher place in the list would no doubt have preferred.
British BLACKBURN, bravo! True, STEINITZ was not there,
But you licked the whole round, and you've won "on the square!"

THE LOST LETTER-BAG.

("Litera scripta manet.")

XXII.

SINCE I wrote my spirited anonymous defence in the *Times* of the Authorities who are responsible for the present condition of the Round Pond, I own, my dear Doctor, to having had several scruples as to the precise value of my statistics. I am not quite sure, for instance, that six thousand tons of "blue slop," is an innocent top-dressing that may be harmlessly spread about the Gardens without detriment to the health of children of tender years frequenting them. And again, on second thoughts, I am perhaps inclined to question the proposition on which, in my communication, I so stoutly insisted—namely that the heat of mid-July, is the most fitting season, from a purely sanitary point of view, in which to try the experiment of exposing a vast surface of undrained bog that is rich in the vegetable putrefaction accumulated by a hundred years of undisturbed decay, to the influence of an almost tropical heat. It strikes me as just possible, that, with the thermometer at 80° in the shade, this exposed surface may give off fever-germs that might prove deleterious to the health of unsuspecting loiterers in the immediate neighbourhood, and although I have not written again to the *Times* on the subject, I am inclined to think, from what I have privately heard, that there is an active epidemic now raging among the youthful visitors to the Gardens, who have incautiously wandered too freely and fearlessly amidst the "blue slop" to which I have already referred.

What, my dear Doctor, in your opinion, ought I to do under the circumstances? Should I retrace my steps and give a note of alarm, or face the matter out and stick to my guns? Remember it is something to have a theory, and I have boldly advanced mine. Still in the face of facts, I am open to conviction. What then am I to do? Waiting your advice, I am, dear Doctor, Yours dubiously,

THE DEFENDER OF THE ROUND POND TOP-DRESSING.

XXIII.

DEAR HACKSON, St. Paul's Churchyard, July 1.

I AM forwarding to you the MS. of Mrs. PONSONBY TOMPKINS's Society Novel, *In the Swim*. The lady is rather in a hurry, she has called here thrice already, sat for an hour, and asked me to meet the MAHARAJAH of RAMNUGGER. Will you kindly let me know as soon as you conveniently can, what you think of *In the Swim*? Yours very truly, T. CURLE TONSON.

XXIV.

(The opinion of Mr. HACKSON appears to have been arrived at with much promptitude, for he answers thus.)

DEAR TONSON,

In the Swim. Skittles! OUDA and absinthe. All the French wrong, and all the English ungrammatical. And the morals! But Mrs. PONSONBY TOMPKINS has friends in the Press and (I believe, though I know nothing about it) in Society. Her last struggled into a second edition, at a shilling. But I give you the literary verity when I repeat,—Skittles!

Yours, very sincerely,

ARTHUR HACKSON.

XXV.

(The Publisher was not behind his Reader in promptitude. Here is his letter to the Author of *In the Swim*.)

Paternoster Row, July 6.

DEAR MRS. PONSONBY TOMPKINS,

YOUR Novel has been in the hands of a friend, in whose taste and experience I have confidence. He informs me that while the style is charming and attractive, and the incidents original and thrilling, he is obliged to recognise that the whole tone of the book is too realistic for our dull Puritan public, while the literary merit places it over their heads. I must, therefore, most reluctantly return to you *In the Swim*, trusting that it may meet, in other hands, with the success it merits.

Believe me, faithfully yours,

T. CURLE TONSON.

XXVI.

13, Grub Street, Two pare back, Whistle Twice, before Nocking.

SIR,—Observing that you ocashnally publish Poetry, I have dropped into the following lines, wich please korect the authorgrafy, if you can, me being a self-taut Man, and ernalng my bred by my Penn.

Yours to comand,

JO GARGERY.

If a sub-editor is wanted at your orphis, would axept the post.

To the Edditur of the "Union Jack."

J. G.

(This poem is enclosed.)

THE WOS OF THE JOS.

Jo, Jo, Jo, Jo, JOACHIM,
Four to sink and one to swim!
Only wun of them Remains
Chifting of the CHAMBERLAIN'S!
Master of the onedrous Spell,
Mighty JOSEPH LEICESTER fell!
Fickel Odge has took the starch,
Out of honest JOSEPH ARCH!

JOSEPH COWAN would not stay,
Where the Kaukus holds the
sway.

JOACHIM, beyond the Tweed,
Came to orlie greef indeed!
Wot a weary tale of Wos,
Wot are we without our
Jos?

XXVII.

(The following appears to be a reply to a threatening letter.)

SIR,—I have received your letter, announcing your intention to found a Society for the study of my Poems, and to publish weekly, what you call "pars," about myself in a literary journal. The letter I have placed in the hands of my Solicitor, and I warn you that, if you attempt thus to advertise yourself at my expense, I shall proceed against you, as I may be best advised, and shall spare no trouble to exercise on you the utmost rigour of the law.

I am, &c.,

To Dr. Botheral.

(Signature illegible.)

XXVIII.

DEAREST LUCY,

Clapham, Thursday.

I HAVE treated you abominably, but, really, between the heat and the season, I've not had a moment. Of course, the hottest day in the whole summer I was told off to take a lot of Sunday-School girls for a "day in the country," to Greenwich, which is supposed to have an elevating effect upon them for the rest of the year. Of all the disagreeable things I ever have to do, this is far the worst. However, I may think myself lucky that I was allowed to *drive* to the Station, the rendezvous, instead of having to tramp two miles at 1 p.m., picking up girls by the way, and making agreeable conversation for them, like most of the other Ladies. Still, it is no joke waiting for an hour at a suburban Station, with eighty "young girls"—*real* young girls—pouring in by detachments, all in the wildest state of excitement, and decked with the entire contents of their jewel-cases. Of course, the first thing they did was to rush, helter-skelter, into a wrong train, and all the railway staff hardly sufficed to pull them out again before the train started. I had a whole compartment to look after, and felt rather nervous at the thought that the next one was filled with men—smoking shocking tobacco, by the way—and that the *talk* was distinctly audible.

I was truly thankful to reach Greenwich, and trusted that the girls might be fully occupied in getting tea, and that the heavy cake might calm down their excitement a little. So we all set to with a great deal of unnecessary bustle, and were flattering our elderly hearts that everything was going off splendidly, when, on the bell being rung—we had brought one on purpose—for the girls to be seated, the Superintendent looked round for the head girl to lead the singing grace. Instead of pious music of any sort, our ears were greeted with a shout of discordant laughter, which was found to proceed from some broken ground in the distance, where the *whole* of our first-class were engaged in playing *Kiss in the Ring* with a party of soldiers from the neighbouring barracks. My dear, if you could have seen the picture, you would never have forgotten it. I thought I should have died of laughing on the spot. The hot, dishevelled, romping girls, and the smart soldiers, quite unconscious

of the awful face of the Superintendent, as she advanced towards them, and the way the damsels scuttered off as she let fall a few words of rebuke—it was the funniest thing I ever saw. She succeeded in driving her flock, sheepish but giggling, before her; all but one, who stoutly declined to leave her soldier, declaring she didn't want no tea, but would 'ave a spree in the merry-go-round with 'im. A separation was ultimately effected, but the gloom that hung over that meal I never shall forget. It was a mercy everyone else took it so seriously, or I couldn't have held out; as it was, when I got home, I laughed myself nearly into a fit.

Ever Yours, ELIZABETH FRY ROMPER.

MEMBERS WE SHALL MISS.

THE last Election made havoc with many Members of the former Parliament. It displaced some old-stagers like Sir GEORGE TREVELYAN, Mr. ALBERT GREY, and Mr. GOSCHEN. But where the blow

was sorest was in the case of gentlemen just elected to the short-lived Parliament returned in November and dissolved in July. They had just got to know the ways of the place, were but beginning to enjoy the privileges of Membership, when they were plunged again into obscurity—called hence by early doom, born but to show how sweet a flower in Parliament might bloom. Here, for example (1) is Alderman COOKE, triumphantly

elected for West Birmingham. Mr. COOKE was, apart from political enterprises, in the tack and shoe-rivet line. But he failed to rivet himself to his seat in the House, and, tacking, has gone back to the Birmingham Corporation. HENRY MATTHEWS, the new Home Secretary, personally conducted COOKE out of his seat, and took it for himself. Mr. CARVELL WILLIAMS (2) will no more paralyse Mr. HUBBARD and Mr. TALBOT as they sit on benches facing that on which he took his place after being returned for South Nottingham. Though Secretary of the Liberation Society, Mr. WILLIAMS never liberated his soul in speech during his brief stay in the House. In November, 1885, he beat Mr. H. S. WRIGHT, the Conservative candidate. In July, 1886, Mr. WRIGHT beat him. As Mr. WILLIAMS says, fixing his pince-nez perilously near the end of his nose (as if it were the Church, and he wanted to disestablish it), "what-ever is, is Wright." Here's Mr. R. DAVIES, of Angle-



(1)



(2)



(4)

sea (3), not to be confounded with DAVID DAVIES, of Cardiganshire, who became in his old age a Liberal Unionist, and was turned out by the uncompromising Welshmen. Mr. R. DAVIES had a lively contest in November, literally escaping with his life. It seemed hardly

worth the trouble to win the seat in November, to lose it in July. Mr. DUCKHAM (4) was a gentleman of rather melancholy aspect with strong views on the Cattle Disease. Mr. ROBSON's (5) portrait was taken after his defeat. He was better looking when he sat for Bow and Bromley. A very able man, who with a fresh opportunity will make his mark in the House.



(5)



(6)

Sir MATTHEW WILSON (6) is not a new Member. On the contrary, he is a very old one, entering the House for the first time more than forty years ago. He voted for the repeal of the Corn Laws at a time when only six others were found to take the same course. He has been in and out of the House ever since. Now he is out, and will be in no more.

Sir MATTHEW is sketched in the act of posting his farewell address to his Constituents. We have some more pictures, but no more room this week.

PAPER-KNIFE POEM.

(By Our Special Book-Marker.)

"KIDNAPPED."

A GRAPHIC story here you'll find, by R. L. STEVENSON, It beats the *Treasure Island*—or any he has done! From opening unto finish your attention's kept alive—The scene is laid in Scotland, just after 'Forty-five—'Tis a tale of wild adventure most marvellously told, And cunningly the writer does his clever plot unfold: Throughout the narrative we find the author at his best, 'Tis full of fight and bustle and of thrilling interest; The characters are drawn, you'll find, with most consummate skill,—

A book you ought at once to read, and read at once you will!

The Licence of the Press.

Says the *Echo* :—

"According to the Press Association, the chief claim to distinction of the new Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland, is that he is the husband of Lady LONDONDERRY. This is not very flattering to the Marquis, but a similar thing might be said of Mr. BURDETT-COUTTS, Prince HENRY of BATTENBERG, Mr. LANGTRY, and other well-known people."

This is one of the wildest and most groundless allegations ever made, even in a halfpenny newspaper. The *Echo* is likely to hear from Lord LONDONDERRY.

That's All.

How SARAH must laugh at this foolish sensation
Concerning her cantrips a far foreign land in!
Doña Sol is determined on whipping creation,
And gives Madame NOIRMONT a sound flagellation
By way of just getting her hand in.

A PERSONAL EXPLANATION.—Why was Lord RANDOLPH CHURCHILL asked to take charge of the Imperial finances? That he might improve his manners and "become" the Ex-checker!

A "BASS" RELIEF.—The new Baronet sent from the Lower to the Upper House.



WHAT LADIES' HATS ARE COMING TO!

THE GRAND YOUNG MAN!!

Shade of Dizzy loquitur:—

ADVENTURES are to the adventurous. Aye!
And you are as reckless at least as Ixion.
A cloud or a goddess? The question you'll try.
'Tis long since Olympus has had such a lion.
Hum! Not since the curly and juvenile day
Of him the muffs mouthed at as *Vivian Grey*.

You stand—at your age!—where I stood after years
Of waiting on Fortune and working on fools.
Not forty! Unwearied by failures or fears.
To him who can use them are ever the tools,
But there's an advantage you'll scarce understand
In having the tools ready shaped to your hand.

If only, for instance, I'd started like you,
With favouring airs and a prosperous stream,
For the Fortunate Isles, what a course they'd review
Who summed Dizzy's story of daring and dream!
Success? On the cloud golden glories are cast,
But the genuine goddess escapes one at last.

Well, shake out your mane, my young Leo! I felt
Larger hopes and more leaden-winged sorrows than you know,
The closely-hugged glory to mist-wreaths may melt,
What matters if you can mistake it for Juno?
That attitude charms me, 'tis truly sublime
Mine own! Yet I fancy you're more than mere mime.

And he the Grand Old One, my rival so long,
Survives to confront you. What thinks he, I wonder?
Will he smile on your youth with the calm of the strong,
Or angrily whelm you with voluble thunder?
Humph! It is not much use like a Titan to trounce
When genuine brain-force backs limitless bounce.

Still, insolence is *not* invective, you know,
A lesson you seem to have rather neglected,
A point-polished rapier, the prick, not the blow,
Is what from a *true* Grand Young Man is expected,
And finish you'll find—ask your Chief—is a grace
Far harder to win than mere power or pace.

At least you've your turn, and are come to the test.

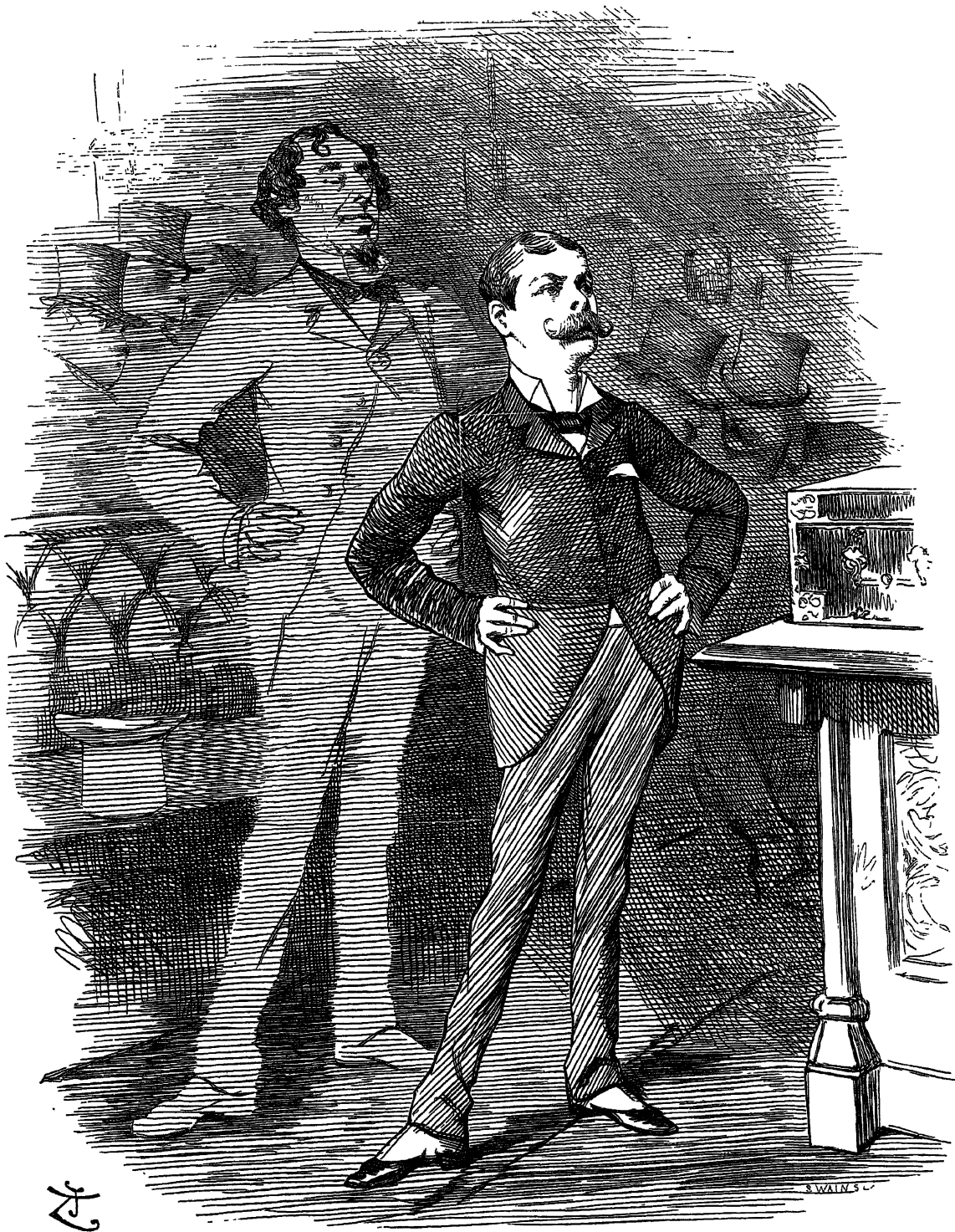
By Jove! e'en a shadow may thrill with old feeling.
Those arms well a-kimbo, that fray-fronting breast,
That glance at the foe, at the floor, at the ceiling!
No, no, that's not *PEEL* you're accusing of crimes,
But oh! it reminds me so much of old times!

RUMOURS IN THE AIR.

At the Exchequer all sorts of reports are afloat, the general purport of the most reliable being to the effect that the new Chancellor is determined to distinguish his tenure of the office by some striking financial *tour de force*. It is said that he contemplates a decided raid on the Income-tax, but whether in the direction of abolishing it altogether, or of doubling it, has not transpired. As a bid for the Tory Democracy, the removal of the tax off gin has been talked of; but as this will seriously impair the revenue from Excise, several methods of making up the deficiency are under discussion, the chief being a duty on Gladstone bags, Irish butter, and Radical constituencies.

News from the Foreign Office is of less exciting kind, the new Minister being understood to regard his duties from a grand-motherly point of view, a fact that has already been appreciated by one of the European Cabinets (supposed to be Berlin) that has sent anonymously, by parcels' post, an old woman's frilled cap, for the use of the incoming Foreign Secretary. It is supposed that the spirited policy inaugurated by Lord ROSEBERY will be reversed in the hands of a politician whose highest achievement hitherto has been to be shelved, through sheer feebleness and inability to conduct the affairs of his own party. *On dit*, however, that he has had a good supply of Continental maps sent in, and that his Chief has himself written out a quantity of copybook headings, embodying the principal lines of his own foreign policy for his guidance.

As for the rest, the new Irish Secretary is said to be eagerly reading up all the Home-Rule literature he can lay hands upon, and that a complete right-about-face, that will alike astonish enemies and friends, is quite on the cards in this direction. The Lord Lieutenant, on the other hand, is busily engaged in inspecting bullet-proof materials, and being measured for suits of chain-armour, to be worn under his ordinary clothes. On the whole the look-out is hopeful, though it is reported that the Premier passes a good deal of his leisure time in tossing up with a halfpenny to determine the many doubtful points of policy that are perpetually occurring to him.



THE GRAND YOUNG MAN!!

SHADE OF "DIZZY." "DEAR ME! QUITE REMINDS ONE OF OLD TIMES!!"

THE HAZARD OF THE DI-ON.

DEAR MR. NIBBS,

As you have expressed your earnest desire to learn all about *The Jilt* at the earliest possible moment, I hasten to satisfy your curiosity. Well you must know that it is written by a gentleman called DION BOUCICAULT, who produced some years ago several plays called *The Colleen Bawn*, *The Octoroon*, *Formosa*, *The Fox Chase*, *The Phantom*, *Jeanie Deans*, *London Assurance*, and many others. In fact at one time Mr. BOUCICAULT appeared to



A very gay Trio. A specimen of the Author's London Assurance.

familiar to me. *Lady Gay Spanker* reappears in a new form, in the person of *Phyllis Welter*, who is described in the playbill as "cradled in a manger, passed her childhood on horseback, and before arriving at her teens, became the spoiled child of the hunting-field." The friend of this eccentric damsel (who by the way has a speech on the lines of *Lady Gay's* well-known description of a Fox-Chase about a steeple chace, which however she shares with her mother and a lover, instead of speaking it all herself) is *Kitty Woodstock*, a lady that seemed to be twin-sister of *Grace Harkaway*, another of the *dramatis personæ* of Mr. BOUCICAULT's earliest comedy. Then there was a sort of good-hearted *Dazzle*, combined with a sober *Charles Courtly*, a young *Squire Harkaway*, and a female edition of the boating-coach in *Formosa*. Many of the other characters, in one shape or another, seemed equally familiar to me.

Honestly, I cannot tell you the plot, because I could not make it out. So far as I understood it, there was once upon a time a stingy nephew, *Sir Budleigh Woodstock*, "a Yorkshire Baronet of great wealth and ancient lineage" (see small bills), who had a needy uncle always in difficulties, to whom he refused any pecuniary assistance. Then, somehow or other, a more-than-middle-aged Irishman wearing a very palpable red wig, appeared upon the scene, to be rather rude to a blackleg lordling and a many-sided tout, and to indulge in "bright comedy

Well the play performed on Thursday last at the Prince's, is full of pleasant reminiscences. It is like *Flying Scud* and *Formosa*, and *Hunted Down*, and *London Assurance*. The characters are very

be ubiquitous, his pieces were being played at a half-a-dozen Theatres, at the same time. But perhaps you know all this, and have heard his name before.

Well the play performed on Thursday last at the Prince's, is full of pleasant reminiscences. It is like *Flying Scud* and *Formosa*, and *Hunted Down*, and *London Assurance*. The characters are very



Scene from a Realistic Modern Comedy. So like the Grand Stand at Goodwood!

repertee" generally. Then there was something about some letters which were to be given to the stingy Baronet, to the utter confusion of his wife. Then the more-than-middle-aged Irishman

made friends with the soon-to-be-confounded wife and her sister, *Kitty Woodstock*, alias *Grace Harkaway*. Then there was a lot of stable-talk, and a race in which the Irishman in the very palpable red wig and "the spoilt child of the hunting-field" both took part, apparently coming in a dead heat, the one mounted on the favourite, and the other on a rank outsider, the contest being witnessed by a crowd of Lord Mayor's footmen jammed up into a triangular space, as if they were bound by an invisible rope, or under a mystic spell. Then the "spoilt child," on account of her riding, was introduced to Royalty in the Royal Box, and then and then—well, I can't tell you anything more about it, as at this point I completely lost the thread of the story. All I know is that the piece was in five Acts, and so I suppose must have been full of incident. I did not see the horses, so cannot say whether the author was as well mounted as his piece.

Seriously, Mr. BOUCICAULT would have shown greater wisdom had he not offered to the public what he calls in the playbills his "farewell tribute." *The Jilt* (why it has this title no one seems to know) of course has good lines. The author of *Arrah na Pogue* for nearly half a century has done nothing but write bright and amusing dialogue, and he did not give up the habit when he commenced his latest comedy. But in spite of clever repartees and excellent acting, (for it is most excellently acted) it is disappointing. The plot is confusing, the characters old-fashioned. Even the hero *Myles O'Hara* bothers one. He is not so agreeable as his namesake of the *Colleen Bawn*. Time was, when the improved English of an Irishman secured sympathy for its possessor, but since dynamite has come to the front, his brogue is not nearly so musical. After my return home I dreamed that I had been seeing *The Flying Scud* with a female jockey instead of a male, *Hunted Down* without Mr. IRVING and Miss HERBERT, and *Formosa* with the trainer put into petticoats, all being played simultaneously. This dream resembled a nightmare closely, but it more closely resembled *The Flirt*. Believe me always, dear Mr. NIBBS,

CHARLES—YOUR FRIEND.

VICTIMS OF FÊTE.

(From a Colonial's Diary).

Monday.—Though very much fatigued by attending last week's sixteen Municipal banquets, commenced again this morning by running down to Mucklesborough and going over the Cathedral, Prison, and Workhouse, and visiting ancient Roman remains, subsequently luncheon with the Bishop. Finished up by Mayor's Banquet in the evening. Home, full of enthusiasm at 1 A.M.

Tuesday.—A little fagged from the effects of yesterday, but started in the special to convey us to Frillington at 7.30. On arriving at 1.45, we were met by deputation, and escorted with a brass band to inspect the County Lunatic Asylum. Luncheon in a tent, with the patients afterwards. Dinner at Town Hall at seven. Grand affair. Just caught special train back. Home full of enthusiasm at 3.45 A.M.

Wednesday.—Off, with a slight headache, to visit the Government Detonating Manufactory at Blankhurst. Capital luncheon prepared by Authorities. Passed the afternoon in witnessing various kinds of explosives. Deafened by the noise but interested. Stayed to the Mayor's banquet at the Town Hall. Grew enthusiastic and missed the last train. Home the next morning by 8.25.

Thursday.—Feeling the want of night's rest, and altogether not up to much, but manage to catch the 10.15, and arrive at Bolchester in time to join the party to the Coal Mines. Descend and go all over them, luncheon at the Castle first. Glad to get out alive, and attend the Municipal banquet. Splendid affair. Champagne excellent. Never heard toasts go better. Was seen to station. Sing songs on the way back. Home by daylight.

Friday.—Feeling very poorly to day, and thoroughly fagged out, but manage to screw myself up to the mark, and catch the special that is to take us down to Westingham. Grand lunch first with the contractor, then go over the Iron Works. Suffocated with the fumes, and very glad to sit down at 7.30 to the Corporation dinner. Very thirsty. Drank the toasts enthusiastically. Volunteer an impromptu speech. Got home safely with the milk in the morning.

Saturday.—Obliged to bandage my head with wet towels before I can recollect what engagement I have for the day. Remember that we are invited to Dinglebury, to go over a factory-chimney, open the new baths and wash-houses, and inspect the convict training-ship, luncheon with Lord WINKLEFORD, and finally closing the day's proceedings with attending a grand banquet at the town-hall, given by the Mayor and Municipal Authorities. Take a strong pick-me-up, and determine to go, and start to catch the 11.40. Catch it, and get somehow through the day's programme, not feeling "fit" for anything, till half-way through the Mayor's banquet. Feel in such good spirits from the effects of the dinner, that I determine to sing them a comic song. To bed in my boots, but glad the week is over.

"ARISTOCRATIC" HORSEPLAY.—Polo.



AT HER OLD TRICKS AGAIN.

Lady Snobbington (né Shoddy). "OH, BY THE WAY, MR. LOWE, DO YOU EVER DINE OUT WITHOUT YOUR WIFE? I'VE A NICE LITTLE BOHEMIAN DINNER-PARTY ON SUNDAY—NICE CLEVER PEOPLE YOU WILL LIKE. COME AND DINE, AND BRING YOUR BANJO, IF MRS. LOWE WILL SPARE YOU, JUST FOR ONCE!"

Mr. Lowe (the Eminent Banjoist). "ACH! YOU ARE FERRY GOOT, LADY SCHNOPPINGTON! IF IT IS FERRY POHEMIAN INTEET, AND DE LATIES ARE GOING TO SCHMOKE, AND DE CHENDLEMAN ARE GOING TO TINE IN DEIR SCHIRT-SCHLEEPS, I TO NOT MIND PRINGING MY PANOCHO, AND LEAFING MY WIFE AT HOME, CHOOST FOR VUNCE!"

SOMETHING LIKE A MOTHER-IN-LAW.

In a case in the Probate, Divorce, and Admiralty Division of the High Court of Justice last week, the Mother of the Petitioner for the dissolution of her marriage complained to the examining Counsel that he had not sufficiently established the Respondent's cruelty to her daughter. "Is that all you have to ask me?" she is reported to have exclaimed; "why, I have not said half enough!" Considering that the Barrister in question had already elicited that the Husband had frequently struck his Wife, tried to whip her like a child before the servants, boxed her ears, and "many times" made her arms black-and-blue with his violence, the Lady must indeed have been anxious to prove the case "up to the hilt." If every Wife had so vigilant a Mother, the President of the Court, and his well-meaning and sometimes quite facetious colleague, Mr. Justice BUTT, would have less work to do in that branch of their Division labelled "Divorce."

Retort by a Tory.

Who has heard Lord R. Churchill called a political Will-o'-the-Wisp.

LORD RANDOLPH a Will-o'-the-Wisp? Not at all!
But as he has worried old WEE to his fall,
As tribute at once to his pluck and his skill,
There is fitness in calling Lord R. *Whip-poor-Will!*

IMPORTANT PHILOLOGICAL DISCOVERY.—That ghosts, when they *do* talk, always speak in the dead languages.

A BALLAD OF BURDENS.

Some way after Swinburne.

THE burden of Old Women. They delight
In bulky bundles, always in the way;
In 'busses close they wedge you tight at night,
In railway trains they jam you up by day.
Plump dames with pulpy cheeks and locks of grey,
In weariness they waddle, puff, perspire.
To banish them for ever one would say,
This must be every busy man's desire.

The burden of Young Misses. 'Tis a bore,
A burden one would gladly from him fling.
Between eleven and fifteen, no more;
Thereafter girlhood is a charming thing.
But giggling chits set manhood shuddering,
And ogling eyes of school-girls tease and tire.
To stay their smirks and stop their sniggering,
This must be every wholesome man's desire.

The burden of Long Speeches. Nay, sit down,
Cover thine ears and weep, or verily
These platform pumps that deluge all the town
In these last days will be the death of thee.
In these last days, reviling volubly,
They pelt their foes with verbal mud and mire.
To send the babbling bores to Coventry,
This must be every silent man's desire.

The burden of Rich Living. Thou shalt fear
Waking, and sleeping toss upon thy bed;
And say at night, "No sleep for me, I fear."
And say at dawn, "Oh thunder, what a head!"
With luscious viands thou shalt be o'erfed,
And wear remorse with indigestion dire.
To simplify the *menus* wise men dread,
This must be every healthy man's desire.

The burden of Sad Colours. Thou shalt see
Gold tarnished, ghostly grey, and livid green,
And lank and languorous thy face must be
To harmonise with the lugubrious scene.
And thou shalt say of scarlet, "It hath been,"
And sighing of old tints and tones shalt tire.
To bring back brightness and to banish spleen,
This must be every cheerful man's desire.

The burden of Smart Sayings. In this day
All wish as cynic wits to bear the bell.
Men mock at honour, justice, love, and say
The end of life "good stories" is to tell.
The cad's coarse jest, the cackle of the swell
Are much alike, things that the most admire.
To patter slang and tell side-splitters well,
This is the end of every fool's desire.

The burden of Bad Seasons. Rain in Spring,
Chill rain and wind among the budding trees,
A Summer of grey storm-clouds gathering,
Damp Autumn one dull mist of miseries,
With showers that soak, and blasts that bite and freeze;
A drenching Winter with north-easters dire.
To make an end of seasons such as these,
This must be every suffering man's desire.

The burden of Strange Crazes. Woman's right
To throng the polls, and join the spouting bands;
Theosophy and astral bodies, sleight
Of cunning jugglers from far foreign lands;
Buddhist bosh which no one understands,
A thousand fads that 'gainst good sense conspire.
To gag the crotcheters and tie their hands,
This must be every sober man's desire.

L'ENVOY.

Donkeys, and ye whom frenzy quickeneth,
Heed well this rhyme. Life's many burdens tire.
To lighten them a little, ere our death,
This must be every kindly man's desire.

MOTTO FOR THE NEW CHANCELLOR OF THE DUCHY OF LANCASTER.—"Other times other Manners."

AN AFFAIR OF ART.



THE Sage saluted each Member of the Procession as it passed before him. Several had come from Piccadilly, others from Pall Mall, quite a crowd from united Bond Street—New and Old.

"Any more, Sir FREDERICK?" asked the Sage of the leader of this strange gathering.

"Lots, my dear and valued friend," replied the polished P.R.A., "and, consequently, those who oppose my wish to limit the number of pictures hung by the same exhibitor at Burlington House, have the less excuse. As I have said to my respected colleagues HOLL, LESLIE, and COOPER WELLS, nowadays we have so many Galleries that—"

"The House of Burlington should be kept as a place for specimens. I share your opinion, Sir FREDERICK, and feel sure that Mr. HOLL, for instance, if he had excluded that picture of his of Sir JOHN MILLAIS, from this year's Academy, would not have damaged his reputation by the omission."

The P.R.A. smiled, bowed, and passed on gracefully.

"You appear pleased, Sir COURTS?" suggested Mr. Punch.

"I should think so," exultingly replied the artistic Baronet, "I have got a large picture on the line."

"A large picture on the line! Where?"

"At the Grosvenor Gallery," was the ready response, and then the talented and titled LINDSAY added, "I don't know why it was so honoured."

"No more do I," returned Mr. Punch; "but I fancy I can guess. Well, Sir COURTS, at any rate it is in good company."

An elderly Artist followed, "All hail, Sir JOHN, President of the Royal Society of Painters in Water-Colours. All hail!"

"Thanks; but I am thinking of retiring," explained the veteran, GILBERT. "You see, fond as I am of dispensing hospitality—of maintaining the reputation of the Painters in Water Colours—I find that one grows older."

"To judge from your work, I should doubt it," replied the Sage, with a bow fully as graceful as that of the P.R.A., and turning to the next who approached him, offered him his hand. It was grasped with the utmost heartiness.

"Ah, Sir J. D. LINTON, I am glad to see you."

"On behalf of the Institute, I thank you," said the President. "Yes, Mr. Punch, I most respectfully thank you."

"Tired of Fancy Balls, eh? No more historical tableaux? No dance in Piccadilly this year, eh?"

"We have given up dancing, my dear Mr. Punch, since they tried—h'm!—well, something of the sort at the Grosvenor."

NOTES OF THE CHESS TOURNAMENT.

By D. Crambo, Junior.



King's Pawn.



Bishop threatens Rook.



The Consultation Game.



Drawn Game.



Stale Mate.



Smothered Mate.



Perpetual Check.



Check Mate.

Again the Procession marched on.
 "What!" exclaimed the Sage, "WHISTLER!"
 "Yes," returned that eminent Artist, with a particularly musical laugh, "I am actually President of the Society of British Artists! Do you hear,—British! Isn't it a joke?" and the particularly musical laugh was repeated.

Then came Sir JOHN EVERETT MILLAIS, smoking.

"You look to greater advantage than your pictures at the Hollo-way Pillories," said Mr. Punch.

"Why, I thought they were capitally hung," replied the matured pre-Raphaelite. "They tell me that the 'Princes in the Tower,' the 'Princess Elizabeth,' and the rest, are placed on a wall facing the 'Railway Station' of FRITH."

"Facing FRITH! Then you would suggest that they considered you his opposite?"

"I never said a disagreeable thing of a man in my life," puffed out Sir JOHN, as with a smile he marched on.

Then there was a perfect crowd—HERKOMER, and TISSOT, and a female livid in tone hiding behind a picture by JAN VAN BEERS.

When Mr. Punch saw the last, who was staggering about like the galvanised corpse of a *Parisienne*, he shuddered.

"A ghastly sight! Were all like yonder phantom I should call this Procession"—And then Mr. Punch paused.

"A classical triumph!" suggested the P.R.A.

"An arrangement in coats and trousers," put in J. McN. WHISTLER.

"No," returned Mr. Punch—"I should call it the Funeral of Art."

THE NEW RA(X)KES PROGRESS.—To the office of Postmaster-General.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—In no case can Contributions, whether by a Stamped and Directed Envelope or Cover.

A BOARD-SCHOOL JOURNAL.

"Compulsory Calisthenics may, sooner or later, become part of the instruction which the State will impart to every citizen at the expense of the community."—*Daily Paper*.

Morning.—Up at six, studying that difficult problem in Trigonometry which floored me yesterday, and which the Head Teacher said would have to be mastered before I could even hope to get that Entrance Scholarship at Trinity College, Cambridge. Rather interrupted by father (who is a bricklayer) calling me down-stairs to help mother light kitchen-fire and get his breakfast—also in efforts to prevent father trampling on mother with his hobnails because the fire would not light fast enough. Yesterday's Calisthenic practice came in useful. Enabled me to vault skilfully out of the way when father (in a moment of irritation) tried to smash me with the kitchen-fender. Father, I am sorry to say, is not a friend to education, and sees no good in Trigonometry.

At School.—First hour taken up with violent *trapèze* exercise. Feel rather empty and tired after it, having had no breakfast to speak of. Next hour devoted to *viva voce* work with the Italian Professor. Then another hour in the yard with the dumb-bells. Teacher surprised to see me nearly faint in the middle. Says nobody could possibly get an Entrance Scholarship at Cambridge from a Board School unless he was a perfect master of the dumb-bells. Believe I should master them better if I had some food. Fear I've no chance of Cambridge, after all.

Dinner.—Thank heaven! Curious how much I look forward to this meal. Must try to remember that I am fourteen years old now, and that I must only care for intellectual pleasures. Feel more cheerful, and really think I may get that Scholarship some day.

Afternoon.—A dreadful hour with the Trigonometry Professor. Wonder why I've that singing in my head! Teacher begs me, with tears in his eyes, to try and master what he calls "this elementary problem." Says the School will lose the Government Grant if I don't. Very sorry, but really don't see how I can prevent it.

Go out into yard in state of despair. Cambridge seems farther off than ever. Find Teacher of Calisthenics waiting for me round a corner. Says he will lose his Government Grant if I can't do my Parallel Bar Exercise quicker. Begs me, for sake of his wife and family, to try and exert myself. Do so, violently. At end of hour feel pains all over me. Fear I've over-exerted myself. But Calisthenic Professor very pleased with me—that's one comfort. Asks me, "just to oblige him," to have a round with the gloves before going in to the class on Hydrostatical Dynamics. Make excuse, and get out of it.

Evening.—At home. So's father, I'm sorry to say. Tell him I've been doing Hydrostatical Dynamics, and he threatens to "Dynamic me" with the kitchen poker. Hurry upstairs. Singing in head worse. Violent pains continue. Get out my Trigonometry books, and must really try to master that problem, or I shall never get an Entrance Scholarship at Cambridge. Feel so dizzy!

Afterwards.—They took me off to the Hospital, it seems, where I had brain-fever, complicated with rupture of the right cardiac ventricle. The Trigonometry produced the brain-fever, and the Calisthenics the other disease. Now, five weeks after, am still painfully weak. Doctor says I shall never be fit for any mental or physical exertion to speak of. Father (I regret to say) swears at Doctor, and says I must stop "all that dratted book-larnin," and carry up his bricks "on a hod." And so ends my dream of Trinity College, Cambridge!

The Alphabet of Chess.

GUARD well the K. with the Kts,
 And still be busy with your B's.
 The "three R's" rule the world, but Chess
 Must fight its battles with one less.
 Finally, if you would not lose,
 Be sure you mind your P's and Q's!

THE KHAN-KHAN.—ARRY hears that Russia desires to add the Khanate of Khiva to the possessions of the Khan of Bokhara. ARRY opines that, if he puts up with it, "the Khiva cove must be more of a 'Mug' than a Khan."

COUPLET BY A CYNIC.

STATUES for Blackfriars Bridge? Ho! ho!
 How long 'twill be in statu quo!

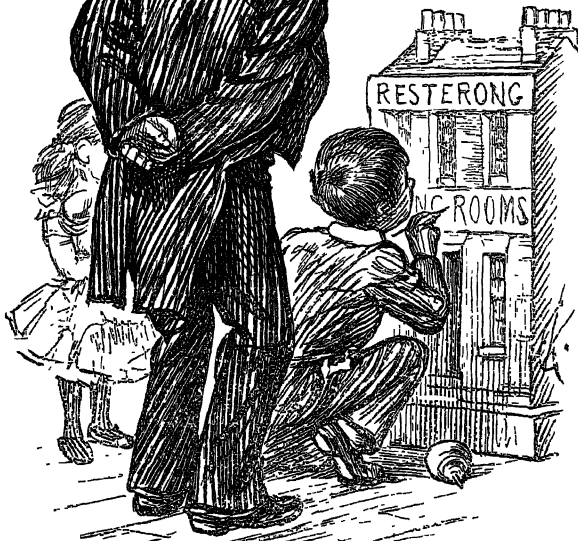
LATEST FROM PARIS.—It is said the French have adopted the verb "*Colinder*" in reference to our latest Exhibition in South Kensington. "*Quand j'irai à Londres, je colinderai tous les jours*," will doubtless save a great deal of time and explanation.

MS., Printed Matter, or Drawings, be returned, unless accompanied Copies of MS. should be kept by the Senders.

ROBERT ON HEREDITARY LEGISLATION.

I SPENT a lezzur evening, just about a month ago, in a reading of a wunderfool emusing but most rude speech of that howdacious Mr. LABBYSHEAR, all about what is called, I bleeve, heredity legislation, which means, I am told, that every Pier's heldest son shall be a Pier when his father dies, weather he's fit for it or weather he ain't, weather he's a genus or weather he's a Fool, weather he's a onest man or weather suttenly does, at the rum way to get the ness, but, as the late

he's a Rogue. Well, it first blush, seem a rayther best people for the bizzilamented Mr. MARWOOD used to say, I allus judges by results, and to my mind the results is good, and good all round. It



seems good for the Country, as we seems to have dun pretty well considering wot a lot on us there is. BROWN says as there's ever so many millions of us, but BROWN does exadgerate so. It seems good for the Harrystockracy, as I'm told as werry few of our grate fammerlies ever dyes out, and having to purwidge for their next suns and hairs they don't make quite so menny dux and drakes of their munny as they wood possibly do if their suns wasn't for to be Dooks and Markisses and Barren Lords like their Fathers.

Werry well, then, if it's right, and good, and natral, that Piers' suns shoold be Piers, why shoudn't Waiters' suns be Waiters? Why am I a Waiter? Coz my father was a Waiter before me. It's instinct as does it, and that same nobel quality is alreddy a showing itself in one of my boys, and this is how it fust showed itself, as we says of the meesels, etsetterer.

His Mother bort him a box of bilding-toys for his berth-day pressent, and during my absense wun day, he bilt hisself an house with 'em, and just as I quietly hentered the room, he was a painting on it Resterong, Dining Rooms! I was that affected by the hintresting suckemstance, that I gave him a new penny right off, with witch he went out and bort hisself a jam tart, and gave his litel Sister the fust bite out of the middel, an amount of self sackrifice as ony boys can foolly realize.

I'm told as the same nobel instinct shows itself among the City Scawengers, that most useful and admirable body of men. Dreckly as a Scawenger's sun attains the ripe age of 13, and has consequently finished his eddecashun, he becomes a Street Orderly, and receives the andsum sum of seven shillins a week, paid weekly every week, and a white uniform, and the natral objeck of his perspiring ambition is to become a Long-Broom Lad, witch he does at the blooming age of about 18, and for witch he receives the libral amount of about fifteen shillings, paid weakly ewery week as before. But ewen then he has his giddy hopes of sumthink hier—like the yung man as tried to clime up the Mounting a singing Hexsellseer—and the wun objeck of his future egeistence is to becum in time a full-blown Scawenger, with a revenue of no less than 25s. a week, payabel weakly, like his useful Father before him. Wot a histery! and how confemratory of the grate principal of heredditty legislashun, and how completely it hupsets Mr. LABBYSHEAR'S howdacious reasoning.

To be sure it doesn't allers anser. There was a case as I herd of, not quite a thowsand miles from tooth-drawing Fleet Street, where a

sillybrated dentist having dyed quite sudden, his Sun-in-Law continued the bizzyness, tho' he knowd no more about it than I do. It was all werry well with the pore littel childern, and even the ladys, who has sitch wunderfool faith in us of the sterner sex, submitted to their scorching fate without much more nor the usual trubble, pore deers, but one day a rather hasty and werry powerfool Gent came in to have a tooth out, and most unfortnetly for the young Dentist, he seized tight hold of a tooth, and dragged the Gent rite round the room afore he got it out, and then he found as it was the rong un! I am sorry to say as the Gent used most unproper langwidge, and, locking the door, swore as he'd throw the pore Dentist out of the winder if he didn't give him twenty pound, and he was so terrebly fritened that he achshally did it, and even then the Gent went away a cussing and a swearing! But then that was scarcely a case in pint, becoz we never hears of hereditty Sons-in-Law, no more nor we does of hereditty Mothers-in-Law, witch upon the hole is praps quite as well.

ROBERT.

AT THE SEA.

WHEN August has come, and
when London

Is dull since the Season is o'er,
When folks find the balls and the
fun done,

They fly to the sea and the
shore:

They leave all the city's miasma
To go where salt breezes blow
free,

And where *ἀντρίθμον γέλασμα*
Is seen on the sea.

They sail on the shimmering
Solent,

Their yachts woo the favouring
wind,

Perchance, too, in boats as we
know lent

By friends who are pleased to
be kind.

Ah! once in the stern-sheets there
sat a

Sea-siren whose voice van-
quished me,

The Queen of the famous regatta
At Cowes, by the sea.

If gaily they go where fair ladies
Assemble to chatter and dress,

The aim of the man and the maid is
To be in the thick of the press.

And pic-nic and fun, and flirtation
Are never, so all folks agree,
So pleasant in this generation
As down by the sea.

Or haply they'll seek out some
quiet

Wee nook by the marge of the
waves,

Afar from the roar and the riot
Where Fashion inveigles her

slaves,
In joy they will cry out aloud,

"Let
The world be forgotten, for we
Want nought but the shore and
the clouddlet,

And cyanine sea!"

Then haste to the sea-side, no
matter

To whatever coast you incline;
Get rid of Society's clatter,

Or go there to dance and to
dine.

There's health in the breeze on the
ripple,

The air is the true *eau de vie*,
And better by far than that
tippie,

The wind from the sea.

THE POETRY OF MOTION.

THE other day Mr. and Mrs. RUSSELL, of America, undertook to lecture upon Dramatic Action at Drury Lane. Mr. RUSSELL presented somewhat the appearance of a foreign waiter, and began by asking "Who was DELSARTE?" Nobody in the audience seemed prepared to enlighten him. So the lecturer answered himself. DELSARTE was originally a Parisian *gamin*. He hung about the 'stage-doors' of theatres, vainly attempting to "see Managers." Mr. RUSSELL touched some of the Dramatic artists who were present by observing:—"Many of you know how much more difficult it is to get in at the back-door than at the front." (Is it possible that the lecturer has been to the Savoy, and attempted to "see" Mr. D'OYLY CARTE?) At last opportunity came to the boy, as it will to him who waits—our ROBERT has had splendid opportunities—and after a *début*, at which the assistants came to jeer, but remained to cheer, M. DELSARTE found himself the idol of Paris. Then he turned his attention to Anatomy, and made a discovery in connection with thumbs. In all corpses he found the thumb turned inwards. But in the Great Masters' pictures the thumbs are all quite straight. "Where," asked Mr. RUSSELL, with fine effect, "were those pictures painted? On the battle-field, among the heaps of slain? No. In studios from living models, or perhaps from mere lay-figures." (*Sensation.*)

Mrs. RUSSELL, gracefully attired in a creamy tea-gown, "followed on the same side." She advocated the study of Nature among actors, and insisted on more use being made of the shoulder, which she considered an expressive feature of the human frame. The actor is apt to neglect it, but he should put his shoulder to the wheel and infuse more animation and warmth into it. Mrs. RUSSELL could not bear the idea of a cold shoulder. But she is never likely to get it. Both parts of the entertainment were interesting and instructive, though the audience was not so large as it might have been at another season of the year.



IN FLAGRANTE DELICTO.

FOLLOW! FOLLOW!

(With Apologies to the Author of "The Princess.")

"He himself recognised Lord HARTINGTON as leader, and was prepared to support all measures and actions taken by him."—*Mr. Chamberlain at the Liberal-Unionist Meeting at Devonshire House. (Times.)*

"Daring Duckling" loquitur:—

BUT when the Council broke I rose and past
Through Cockney crowds that hung about the House,
Found a still place, and plucked my likeness out,
Laid it before me, watched it lying there,
With its grey gleam of shrewd and screwy eyes;
What meant those words? And did I give my troth
To him of the hung lip? The Daring Duckling
To follow *Rip Van Winkle*? Deuced droll
The situation! What a whirligig
Is politics! One of the lordly lilies
Who toil not, neither spin, but JOSEPH's Leader!
Did I not say so? Arm-chair politician,
Set against Ransom as against Disruption.
But in all measures and all acts supported
By JOE the Jacobin! They were my words.
And yet, and yet,—well, "Mild Returns" at present
I put into my pipe and smoke. Anon
"Cut Cavendish" may have its charm—who knows?
Follow my Leader is a pretty game
To wile away slack hours. Ask RANDOLPH CHURCHILL.
Yet not until the Daring Duckling turns
Gregarious Goose, or clout-led Turkey-cock,
Shall second fiddle wholly satisfy
Brummagem's pride; but while I meditated
A thought arose and rushed upon my mind,
And shook the doubtful "Ifs" and dubious "Buts"
Of my wild speech together: and a Voice
Went with it, "Follow, follow—thou shalt lead!"

A NEW NAME FOR AN OLD PARTY.—The Separatists are now called "Gladicles."

THE LOST LETTER-BAG.

("Litera scripta manet.")

XXIX.

(Addressed to the Editor of a Journal—name lost.)

SIR,—A Scotch Tourist has been writing to a daily paper, complaining bitterly of the unpunctuality of the three great Companies daily running their trains to the North, the latter reaching their destination sometimes fully two hours after the advertised time, and on the particular occasion to which he refers depositing him at 2.30 P.M. on the Perth platform, where he had apparently to pass the night in what he characterises as a scene of indescribable confusion "of men, women, and children, sportsmen with dogs, servants, all rushing about inquiring eagerly about the next train, and with only one result, that they would have to pass the remainder of the night in cold waiting-rooms." Surely the remedy for this state of things is in the Scotch Tourist's own hands. He has only to provide against the contingency by taking with him a three-foot-six flock mattress, a bolster and feather pillow, two blankets, a "moderator," small circulating library, and Model Victorian Cooking-Stove, and he will find himself quite prepared to pass the night comfortably on Perth platform, or anywhere else. If so inclined, he may also throw in the bagpipes; that will enable him, if he can perform creditably on the instrument, to enliven the small hours of the morning.

While the unusual pressure on the traffic continues, I can only recommend everybody making for the Highland line to follow the example of

Yours circumspcctly,

EXPERTO CREDE.

XXX.

DEAR CHANCELLOR,

WHY does he mean to drop his engaging correspondence with twenty thousand attached friends? Why, do you not see the meanness of the man? It is all to spite you. The only prosperous item in the last Budget was the Post-Office, swollen by his enormous correspondence. He withdraws his correspondence. Bang go twenty thousand stamps *per diem*! You are left with a deficit, and in he comes, and rigs the market again by throwing in his stamps and post-cards. I always admitted he had a genius for Finance, but what want of principle!

Yours very truly,

ANDREW FAIRTRADE.

XXXI.

(This appears to be a lithographed Circular.)

SIR,

Cromwell Road, August 5.
MAY I ask you, as a neighbour, to respect the repose of others while, with such creditable energy, you are bustling through your holidays out of town? I prefer to be peaceful in town, but I cannot enjoy my natural rest while the workmen on your premises begin banging and hammering at 7 A.M. every morning. Could you not request them to defer their labours till 11 A.M., when I usually get up? Do you mind my killing your cat, which makes night hideous ever since you left it on board-wages. If these arrangements can be made, life in Kensington will be more endurable to

Yours obediently,

THOMAS IDLE.

XXXII.

To Thomas Quills, Esq., The Heraeum, Fleet Street, E.C.

DEAR QUILLS,

I KNOW you intend it kindly, and many people would like it, but I do wish you would now and then get out a copy of the *Heraeum*, without mentioning my name in the *Literary Notes*.

"Mr. ARTHUR HACKSON is one of the competitors for the Chair of the Mandingo Language, in Abergele College, North Wales."

"Mr. ARTHUR HACKSON has undertaken to write an important article on 'Old Boots,' for the *Liberal Union Gazette*."

"We hear that Mr. HACKSON intends to take his holiday in Central Thibet, with a view to writing a Romance called *Lama or Lamplighter*? for *Our Little Girls*."

"Mr. ARTHUR HACKSON's Commentary on the *Chrestomachia* of PROCLUS is in the hands of the Clarendon Press."

None of these statements, my dear QUILLS, have a particle of truth in them, and, though you don't mean it in the least, they rather get on the nerves of

Yours very truly,

A. H.

XXXIII.

SIR,—Though personally a stranger to the Author of *Topsy-Turvy*, the pleasure with which I laid down your latest effort in what you would doubtless describe as fiction, impels me to inform you of the concentrated disgust and unqualified contempt with which its perusal has inspired me for its writer.

I infer from the title-page that this is by no means your first infiction upon a long-suffering public, but, as one of them, I may



LAW V. MUSIC.

The site once intended for the New Opera House, on the Victoria Embankment, is to be utilised for the Central Metropolitan Police Offices.—*Daily Paper*.

Policeman X. "WHAT ARE YOU A-DOING A-LOTTERING 'ERE? THE PUBLIC DON'T WANT YER, AND I WANT THIS 'ERE GROUND MYSELF! So come, move on!"

perhaps be allowed to hope that it may be long before you favour us with another sample of your imbecility and incompetence. Short as the time was which I permitted myself to waste over your book, it was rendered somewhat more protracted by the pauses occupied in pencilling the comment "rot" upon, speaking roughly, every alternate page, for without some such an expression of my opinion I could not reconcile it to my conscience to return it to the Library which it temporarily disgraces. In future, let me assure you I shall sedulously avoid any book which may bear even the remotest resemblance to your name upon its back; and I should recommend you,

ere it is too late, to select some other field—say chimney-sweeping—for such abilities as you presumably possess. All I can say is, I trust that even the most ignorant publisher (and Heaven knows they are ignorant enough!) has more judgment than to publish you without previously requiring a heavy indemnity. Not desiring the honour of your autograph, or, indeed, any correspondence with you on such a matter of taste, I do not think proper to append my name or address, thereby sparing myself the ebullition of vulgar malignancy which I should otherwise expect to emanate from your pen in answer to this moderate but plain-spoken protest.

A WATER COURSE.

(Being some Account of a Visit to Royat—How it came about—Who advised it—Who agreed to it—Who went—Who didn't go.)

EVERYBODY—that is everybody to whose friendly judgment I submit my intention of going to Royat—les-Bains—says, “What on earth are you going to Royat for?” Which question only proves how little they know of me, physiologically, and of Royat, medicinally.



I could write a philosophical treatise on this inquiry of my friends. When they say, “What on earth do you go to Royat for?” Does it mean that they will provide me with something better if I don't go? Does it mean that they are going to stop in town, and are so anxious for my society, that they can't spare me? A hundred similar queries suggest themselves to be summed up in one very simple one, which is, “Do they mean anything at all?” and, “Do they care one snap of the finger and thumb,” (to put it classically)

“where I go to, as long as I don't bother them?” Friendship has its limits, and its seasons.

The foregoing is merely a hint as to what variations I could play on such a theme.

My immediate answer to my friends is that, “I am ordered to go there.” This sounds better than “recommended,” as implying that my departure for Royat is a matter of vital importance to myself and also to my friends. So I speak as if I were a soldier, “ordered off at a moment's notice, to take the field,”—a phrase which is more suggestive of the betting man than the soldier—and I expect my friends to accept this as sufficiently explaining why I choose Royat in preference to Vichy, Aix-les-Bains, La Bourboule, Mont-Doré, Homburg, Luchon, or any other watering-place. They have, all of them, the air of resenting my choice of Royat as a personal affront to them individually and collectively; or if not exactly as a personal affront, at least as showing on my part a want of consideration for their feelings. If they do not mean this, why does my old friend HOLBURN, lunching at his table by the Club window, exclaim with an appearance of surprise, and in an injured tone, “Why Royat?” and turn away to look out of the window, as if my conduct, was too painful for him to trust himself even to regard me one moment longer without weeping.

Why does TOM UNDERLEAP, whom I only see to speak to for a few minutes on Tuesdays and Wednesdays, when he is waiting furtively in the Club hall to waylay the new number of the *World* or *Truth*, and, so to speak, get the first cut at it before it has become as stale as the *caviare* which was opened for some one a fortnight ago; why, I ask, does TOM UNDERLEAP, to whom it can matter nothing where I go or what I do, suddenly take upon himself to look up from his *Truth* or *World*, and growl in a discontented manner, “Why do you go to Royat?” as though he had already made up his mind to go there himself, and was afraid there wouldn't be room for both of us? That those of my medical acquaintance who are interested in other health-resorts, should strongly advise their particular fancies, was to be expected; but that my familiar friends should be hurt by the announcement of my resolution of visiting Royat, seems to call for some preliminary explanation of my apparently, to them, strange conduct; for they look askance at me as if, when I am out of the room, they will tap their foreheads significantly, muttering, “Poor chap! something wrong in this quarter” (meaning my head)—“going to Royat! Must be off his nut!” and so on. Well, this is my explanation:—

Happening one day to be having a scientific chat with my friend, DR. PUTTENY—HAMMOND PUTTENY, M.D., the well-known author of that brochure which created such a sensation in society about three years ago, entitled *How to get Fat in Two Minutes*, and even more celebrated in the medical and scientific world through his learned treatises on *The Unnecessary Fabrication of Vital Tissue* (25th Thousand), *On the Treatment of Vehicular Disease on the Lower Lignosis* (50th Thousand), *On Vicarious Phiningitis of the Assimilated Cuticles* (with Diagrams in Colours—8th Edition, Revised and Corrected by the Author), and, I should add, famed in the French, German, and Italian Schools of Medicine, for his brilliant discovery of the *Clignotic Movement of the Nervous Tegocular Membrane*,

which has already revolutionised the treatment of this mysterious mechanism in the human frame, which is now known among the Faculty as “PUTTENY'S Membrane”—happening to be chatting with DR. PUTTENY about his own state of health, which was puzzling him considerably, and, incidentally, about my own, he suddenly looked up, and said with an air of the deepest conviction, “There's only one place for you,—Royat!”

When DR. HAMMOND PUTTENY, sitting easily on a garden-chair,—that is, as easily as it is possible to sit on a garden-chair,—enjoying a big cigar, suddenly brings his knees sharply together, jerks his body bolt upright, adjusts his spectacles with his left hand, while in his



right he takes his cigar (which he thenceforth uses as if it were a piece of chalk, and he were a lecturer drawing a diagram on an invisible black-board, and emphasizing his discourse with it), he is immediately transformed from a round-visaged jolly looking person, a compromise between a young English Squire and a superior German Student (after a series of soap-and-water baths) who was wearing his Professor's gold-rimmed spectacles for a lark, to the respectable English scientific, professional practitioner of several years standing,—and, I am bound to say, the metamorphosis is as astounding as it is complete and entire.

His manner is earnest, his action energetic, and his speech determined, a combination which would give a tone of severity to any other man, but not to DR. PUTTENY, whose hair, what there is of it, is very light and thin, and whose features guiltless of any sign of moustache, beard, or whiskers, more nearly resemble those of the conventional cherub, than any other variety of the human physiognomy with which I am acquainted.

There was “once upon a time,” a learned person, a Doctor, not of medicine, but of divinity, who was distinguished as “The Angelic Doctor.” I feel inclined to borrow a hint from this title, and christen DR. PUTTENY “The Cherubic Doctor.” I would not wish it to be thought that I adopt all the consequences of this simile, as Cherubs are usually represented on tombstones as blowing trumpets, presumably their own; and I am bound to say that this is a sort of thing DR. HAMMOND PUTTENY never does. If he blows trumpets at all, they are not his own instruments, but those of his friends, and these he blows loudly. To-day,—the day this dialogue takes place,—he sounds the Royat trumpet, and plays upon it a marvellously fascinating tune; so much so indeed, that my Cousin JANE at once agrees with him, that Royat is the place for me, DR. PUTTENY having long ago settled that she, as his patient, was to go there before the London season was over.

“You must go,” cries Mrs. DINDERLIN, enthusiastically. She is also under DR. PUTTENY'S orders. “It has done me such a lot of good every year.” She is a pale diaphanous lady with a rather high-pitched voice, and quick incisive manner of speaking that will not brook contradiction.

“It does everyone good,” cuts in DR. PUTTENY, authoritatively, evidently not wishing to go into such useless details as to the nature of the ailments from which his various patients, for whom he has prescribed, or is prescribing, Royat, are suffering. “It does every one good, and,” turning to me, “it'll do you good especially—and so you'll go—and I'll get your rooms, and see you all through your treatment, and you'll start with your cousin, who is off next Saturday, and I leave to-morrow. So that's settled;” and, dropping the character of the Cherubic Doctor, he proceeds to throw himself back in his chair, kicks up his legs on to another chair, lights a fresh cigar, and with his face wreathed in smiles, he is once more transformed into the hearty boyish young English Squire, who has been spending a year among the German Students, and is wearing, always for a lark, his Professor's gold-rimmed spectacles.

I have one short interview on our way home from the Richmond Club; it is in that garden the memorable conversation takes place which decides me. To Royat I go. And so I sing with Cousin JANE the duet from *Manon*, which I adapt to the occasion—

"À Royat,
Nous irons,
Tous les deux, tous les deux!"

The second line is, curiously enough, very suggestive of the waters of Royat, if "irons" were pronounced as in English. There is plenty of "irons," not "in the fire," but in the water of Royat. For the rest of the week we have "Waters on the brain," and we cannot quote the line as applicable to our case (mine and JANE'S)—"*Eaux!* no, we never mention them!" for we are perpetually talking about them. Either Cousin JANE is calling on me, or I on JANE. Her husband can't go with her, but he holds out some hopes of his just looking in, that is if, as I understand him, he finds Royat is on his way to Scotland, where he has to go on particular business, not unconnected (I fancy, though, I wouldn't make mischief for the world) with a fishing-rod and gun. But no matter. I am to take care of JANE, (who, between ourselves is of an age to be perfectly able to take care of herself) and her husband has only to see her off at the Station, confide her to my care, (why can't he come himself? he had said he would and then changed his mind) and that of Dr. PUTTENY as medical attendant at Royat, and pay the bills. So Dr. PUTTENY precedes us with some other patients including the diaphanous Mrs. DINDERLIN, giving himself a week's start in order (it is very kind of him) to have everything ready for our reception.

TRYING IT ON IN TIREE.

(A Conversation overheard in a Bothy.)



In-waded.

First Braw Scot. Eh, SANDY? The gunboat season's gude this simmer?

Second Braw Scot (chuckling). Haud yer whist, ye fule! Ye'll let the cat out o' the bag. (*In a whisper.*) Gude, mon? It's just sublime! *Three ships of war*, wi' all the sodjer laddies—there was ne'er sic prosperity in Tirie before.

First B. S. Ah, sair times they used to be; when na a single Tourist body cam, and the taters so bad, and the feeshin', and the wee bit grass for the puir beastie ta'en awa'—

Second B. S. And the whusky—ye'se forgettin' the whusky! Ah, (*with a sigh*) there were weeks and weeks, simmers lang syne, when I was ne'er mair than just a wee bit merry wi' it, and now (*exultingly*) iverly night I'm altogether unable to discern the kirk from the tavern, ye ken!

First B. S. Ha, ha, ho! To think the Government

should be sic fules as to send three hundred men to coairce the puir peaceable bodies of crofters in Tirie!

Second B. S. Ah, we've drawn a gude prize this time, and no mistek. The sodjers are just swarmin' aboot, and payin' in gude English gold—none o' your dirty pun notes—and sic a time for the Flesher, and the Grocer, and for sellin' our beasties' and our milk, and our fegitibles, as was ne'er seen!

First B. S. 'Twas a rare trick, spreadin' the report about the "desprit resistance,"—eh, SANDY?—that would be met wi'—

Second B. S. And the deforcin' that puir sheriff body. Well, they'll likely mak ain or twa o' us pay for *that*; but I'll no mind a month in an Edinbro' gaol, and it's a sma' price for having the sodjers in Tirie; and I've ne'er set een on Edinbro' in a' my life, and I'll be gay and glad to gang there.

First B. S. (contemplatively). Perhaps next simmer, SANDY, they'll send a decent Hielan' regiment, wi' the boys and the bagpipes; and then our cup would be just full! But there's the Marines patrollin'—we'd better saiperate—but who'll say the Scot does na understond a joke the noo?

[*Exeunt the Canny Crofters, merrily.*]

OUR EXCHANGE AND MART.

SPECULATIVE AND EXPERIMENTAL.—A gentleman of refined and cultivated tastes, who has devoted many years of life and the bulk of a large fortune to the perfecting of a machine, of which he is the proprietary inventor, for the cutting and curling of hair by machinery, is anxious to dispose of the entire apparatus (which is guaranteed as in effective operative condition, though not quite in perfect and reliable working order), together with all the patent rights attaching thereto. Would be found serviceable in a Lunatic Asylum or other kindred Institution, where thorough and vigorous head-shaving happened to be an object, or might be utilised at a cheap Restaurant for peeling pumpkins. Can be seen, and its operation personally experienced, by any intending purchaser, who should come provided with his own sticking-plaster, at any hour daily, at the present residence of the Proprietor, 370, New Cut.

MARINE INVESTMENT.—A COAL BARGE to be disposed of. A Country Clergyman who has, under the will of a distant relative, recently come into possession of one of these useful and effective river carriers, but having failed in his effort to have it transported inland, and utilised in the only way possible to him, namely, to serve, inverted, as a roof to the chancel of his new church, is anxious to meet with a member of the yachting fraternity, or some enterprising person of nautical proclivities, willing to take it off his hands. Clipper-rigged, and supplied with a slight plank-deck, it would afford a capital and roomy pleasure-boat to an indefatigable amateur who wished to take a few friends on a slow, but safe, holiday cruise among the reaches of the upper Thames; while, if papered neatly, with a window knocked in its side, it might, in its present position, high and dry on a mud-flat at Barking, furnish an excellent substitute for a house-boat to any eccentric recluse to whom change of scene and situation on the river was no immediate object. Could, with certain alterations, be started as a Sunday excursion-steamer, or serve as a target for marine artillery practice. No reasonable offer refused. — Address, the Rev. —, Shoalam Vicarage, Mudwater.

TO INVALID SPORTSMEN. EXTRAORDINARY OPPORTUNITY.—The Laird of a small portion of a Highland Glen, who is leaving it for domestic reasons, is willing to let it forthwith to a careful tenant together with all the deer-stalking and salmon-fishing to be found upon the estate. Owing to the recent dryness of the weather, there is at present no water in the stream, but twenty miles further down the Glen, a fine 3lb. salmon trout was seen last year, and it is reasonably calculated that if there is a steady down-pour in any season, he will be likely to mount and possibly show some sport higher up. Though the deer in the Glen is represented at present by an ancient stag who is lame and blind of one eye, it is confidently expected that if suddenly frightened by the blowing of a post-horn or other device, he might turn tail and allow himself to be properly "stalked." The place, however, offers peculiar advantages to an invalid, who though confined to his bath-chair, and too feeble to handle a gun or a rod, wishes to indulge in the temporary excitement of meeting the Monarch of the Glen quite amicably, or of waiting for a week or two to witness a rise at a salmon-ladder. By letter to the MACSHABIE, Glen Frollich, Perthshire, N.B.

TO CRICKETERS AND OTHERS.—A Yorkshire Baronet, who takes a great interest in the development of the national game, having conceived and carried out the idea of collecting a Cannibal Eleven for the purpose of pitting them in the field against celebrated English and County teams, but only having partially succeeded in initiating them in the rules usually observed in a regulation match, is desirous of meeting with an experienced wild-beast tamer, who will be prepared to act as Captain, and take them in hand. Though, on the whole, fairly behaved in public, as when, on the "in" side, they can only be restrained from all going in at once by the free and frequent use of a leaded horsewhip, and, when taking the field, invariably attempt to scalp the Umpire, and eat the wicket-keeping gloves, it will be seen that any one applying for the post must be not only thoroughly well up in the laws of the game, but prepared to act with promptitude and vigour when they are in the least degree called in question. As, in their first appearance in the field last week against "All Uffingham," they burst into a war-whoop in the course of the first innings, drove the rival Eleven to seek a hasty refuge up the various trees in the ground, and, finally making a bonfire of the wickets, lunched off the scoring-paper, their patron is anxious that, in their second and forthcoming engagement with "Eleven Gentlemen of Yorkshire," they should conduct themselves rather more in accordance with the established usages of Cricket. He, therefore, will be glad to receive an early reply to the above Advertisement, and will undertake to supply thongs, strait-waistcoats, tiger-pincers, manacles, leg-chains, and all other apparatus that may be deemed necessary to turning them out a respectable team, who will play fairly well together.—Apply, stating terms, to Baronet, Catcham Court, Yorkshire.



"THOSE YELLOW SANDS!"

THE BROWNS DEPART FOR THE SEA-SIDE, TO THE WISTFUL ADMIRATION OF THEIR LESS FORTUNATE NEIGHBOURS.

"YOUTH ON THE PROW AND PLEASURE AT THE HELM."

"FAIR laughs the Morn, and soft the Zephyr blows,
While proudly rising o'er the azure realm
In gallant trim the gilded Vessel goes,
Youth on the prow and Pleasure at the helm:
Regardless of the sweeping Whirlwind's sway,
That, hushed in grim repose, expects his evening prey."

Prophetic GRAY! Thy proud Pindaric lyre
In true Cassandra spirit thou didst handle,
"And with a Master's hand and Prophet's fire,"
Held to posterity a seer-like candle,
Which casts a curious illumination
Upon the present puzzling Party situation.

The morn laughs fair, and at the painted prow
Triumphant Youth is cutting happy capers;
No clouds of forethought darken that bold brow;
Has he not "chucked" the croakers and red-tapers?
And, after such a launch and such a rally,
Shall he admit the ominous Raven to this galley?

The azure realm affords a jolly "swim,"
There's nothing to impede, or check, or shackle.
The gilded Vessel is in gallant trim,
And isn't his bold grasp upon the tackle?
The Vessel slides—Yeo-ho, lads! Pulley-hauly!—
As smoothly as a lay by lyrical MACAULAY.

Vogue la galère! He always felt that he—
Although a Captain scarce beyond the boy age—
Was from his birth intended for the sea,
And now he's bent upon a prosperous voyage.
He fears not rock or reef, or blast or thunder,
And holds that only gangs of used up buffers blunder.

As for the helmsman,—well, he too *looks* gay,
Lounging beside his tiller as at leisure,

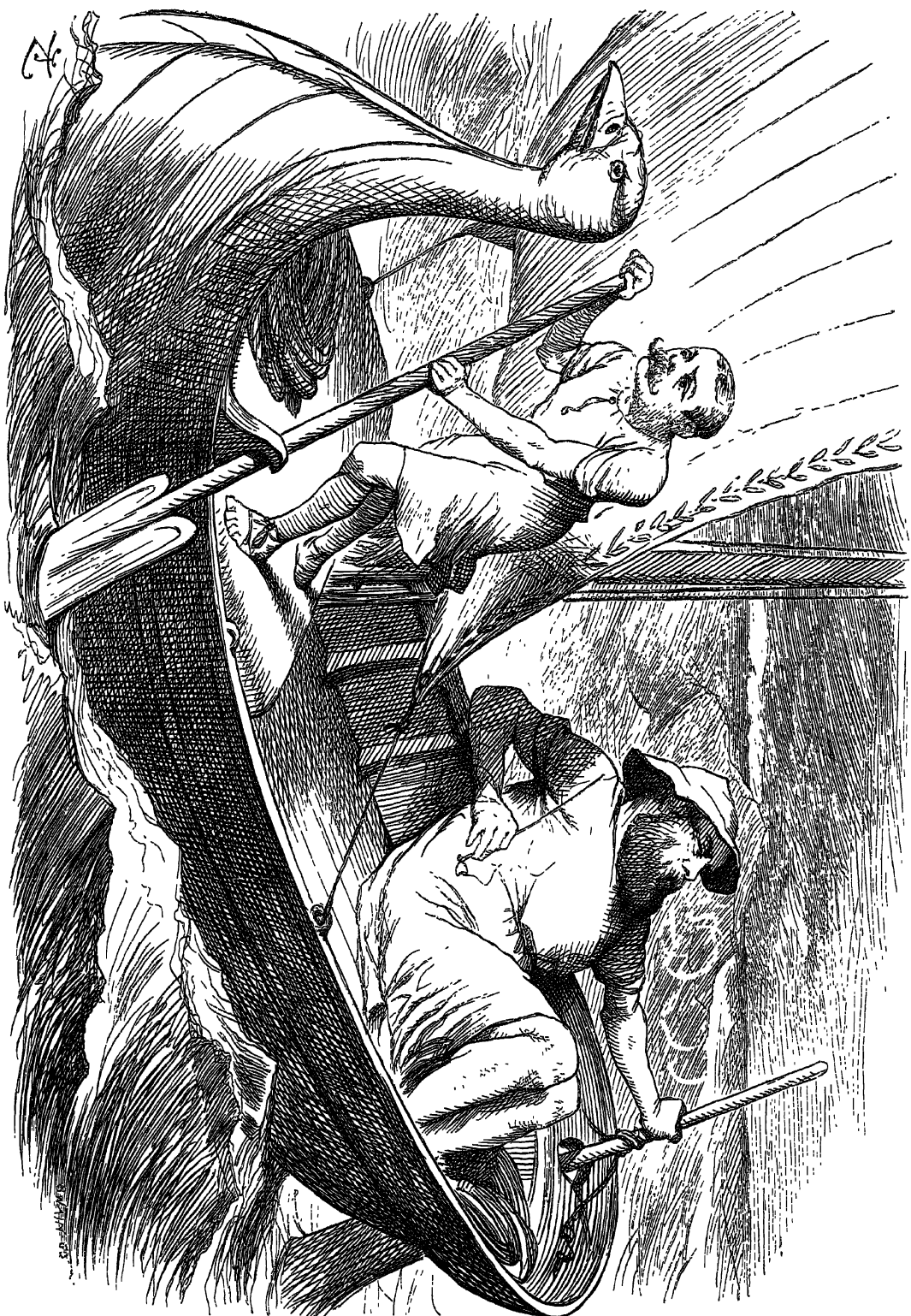
Yet it, perchance, were premature to say
He *quite* fulfils the poet's type of Pleasure.
He knows a bit about the Whirlwind's force,
And is not quite so coolly cocksure of his cours'.

Youth at the prow has not the slightest doubt,
He looks as cockawhoop as a Cheap Tripper.
"Bless you!" winks he, "I know what I'm about.
I only wish that I, not he, were skipper.
But whilst I trim the sails and watch the compass,
He cannot go far wrong, so I'll not raise a rumpus."

He at the helm had better keep his eye
Upon that Whirlwind "hushed in grim repose"
On the horizon now, but ever nigh;
And when it next may thunder forth who knows?
"Sufficient for the day its ill however"
The helmsman thinks, "And, after all, the Urchin's clever!"

BRITANNIA REDIVIVA.

NAVAL affairs appear to be looking up at last. The launching of the fast cruiser, *Orlando*, from a private yard on the Tyne, aptly reminds the British tax-payer that the Authorities have taken a step in the right direction, inasmuch as building to the extent of three and a half millions has been similarly placed out, and is at this moment actively in hand. Then the present Government, however they may manage the ship of State, look very like doing good business with the Navy. If Lord GEORGE HAMILTON, who began well last year, wants to spend his money judiciously, let him get a Royal Commission to help him, for, with "CHARLEY" BERESFORD as his colleague, whose energetic presence at the Board is enough to wake up "my Lords," and set them all vigorously dancing the Hornpipe, he is not likely to come to a standstill for want either of spirit or enterprise. Then there is the Secretary, Mr. FORWOOD, who, whether he is practically for wood or for steel in construction, is admitted to be very much to the fore from a business point of view, and likely to prove an important factor in the general efficiency of the department. On the whole, the prospect is encouraging.



“YOUTH ON THE PROW AND PLEASURE AT THE HELM!”

SEE THE C. C. C.!



LAW! Yes, and the Dignity of Justice! A Prison and a Court House! The centre of the Universe! Well may it be called the Old Bailey—a name which seems to be synonymous with familiarity—nay contempt! When is it to end? How long must *Mr. Punch* tolerate one of the worst scandals of the day?

Who is that unfortunate creature hustled by a rough and foul-mouthed mob, insulted by a barbarous constabulary, fined by a relentless official? Why, a person who an hour later (if he gets into the hall of Justice) will be addressed with the greatest courtesy by a Judge amongst the Minnows (or say a Triton amongst the Aldermen) as a "Gentleman of the Jury!" A pleasant way of treating a man of birth and breeding! A delightful introduction to grave judicial duties! Perhaps the Gentleman may be going to decide a question literally of life and death. It is possible that within the hour the existence of a fellow-creature may depend upon his fiat. Laughed at on every side, the Juryman will push his way to the box of judgment, and unnerved by much abuse, and dazed with hard crushing, will be called upon for the Verdict. A nice frame of mind in which to ponder the dread answer, "Guilty!" or "Not Guilty!" Why, after all the ill-usage he will have undergone, he will be better fitted for the curative treatment of that happy refuge for the mentally afflicted, the Flower House, Catford, than a seat in the Jury Box at the Old Bailey! But what does that matter? Twelve good men and true will have been gathered together and brought up smiling and scowling (as their case may be) to listen to the arguments of the counsel, the evidence of the witnesses, and the judge's summing-up! There they are, "Ready, aye ready," and what



does it matter what "discipline" they may have undergone in the crowded and dirty passages of the wretched Court, so long as they appear when wanted?

So much for the Jury, the Gentlemen of the Jury, the Martyrs of the Jury! After all, they are men, and "can behave as such." But when it comes to the

Ladies! Then the anger of *Mr. Punch* rises to fever-heat, and, had he his way, he would take his broom, and, assisted by artistic *Toby*, holding the lantern of experience, make a clean sweep of it! Talk of City improvements! What improvement can there be when the heart of the City is cantered to the core? Fine streets, handsome buildings, and a Court-House a disgrace to civilisation!

If the Juryman has cause for complaint, what must be the grievance of the unfortunate lady bound to give hostile evidence relative to a burglar or a street-thief? Forced into a room where the friends and relatives of the prisoner surround her, knowing her mission, kept waiting amidst jeers and, perchance, even threats, for hours without redress! She appeals to a constable, and she is met with a laugh; she seeks to escape, and is sternly ordered back! And seated in the same building, clothed in the meaningless finery of scarlet robes and golden chains, are the Fathers of the City calmly doing nothing until the time arrives for them to indulge in a heavy lunch or a sleepy drive home to the suburbs!

What more can *Mr. Punch* say? What more can he do? Pen and pencil to the attack! Will the combined forces wake the consciences of the City King and his colleagues? It is to be doubted! Years ago *Mr. Punch* suggested that a Director should be seated in front of the engine to every excursion-train, as a preventive to railway accidents. Why not cause every Alderman to serve, *incognito*, on the Jury, and every Alderman's wife to run, unknown, the gauntlet of the Witnesses' Room? Were this done, perhaps reform might follow. But no; turtle at the Mansion House is better than inquiry, and balls at the Guildhall more amusing than redress!

Fancy BUMBLE Master of the situation! BUMBLE the representative of Justice, the outcome of the City's wealth! And the stronghold of BUMBLE is called the C. C. C.! Mysterious initials. What do they really mean? Crass and Contemptible Cruelty? Certainly. Corrupt and Callous Carelessness? Again certainly—why not? So *Mr. Punch* once more wields his broom, and demands, with the utmost severity, his rights, and the rights of the people. Licence has had its day, it's time for law! Law, Gentlemen of the House of Commons! Law, Peers in "the other place." Law, Your MAJESTY! Law!

Colourable.

BRAVO, MR. SPEAKER! How proud you must feel.
The Buff and the Blue
Seem contented with you;
Nor does Protestant Orange protest against PEEL!

"IN MEMORIAM."—Why this heading, prefixed, at the foot of a newspaper Obituary, to an intimation which first appeared a year, or several years ago? For some good reason, doubtless—never mind what. A corresponding announcement, for the perusal of those whom it may concern, might be appended to a list of "Marriages." As:—"On this day twelvemonth (or a date still earlier), at the parish church, Dunmow, by the Reverend B. BUCKLE, FELIX LOVIBOND, of Dovedale Cottage, to AMY, youngest daughter of ERASMUS BILLICO. In celebration of the Anniversary and testimony to continued enjoyment of conjugal felicity." This Advertisement would be agreeable reading to everybody. No doubt it would be dropped after a year or two!



"THE BILLS OF MORTALITY."

Kirk Elder (after a look at his Morning Paper). "POOR MCSTAGGER DEID! ET'S VERA SAD TO THINK O' THE GREAT NUMBER O' DESTENGWESHD MEN THAT'S LATELY BEEN TA'EN! 'DEED—I NO FEEL VERA WEL—MYSEL!"

CASH AND CREDIT.

A PROPOS of "The Last Shopkeeper. A Tale of the Dim and Distant Future," which lately appeared in his pages (No. 2350, p. 45). Mr. Punch has received the following, among many other letters:—

DEAR MR. PUNCH,

WHEN I read your very pathetic account of "The Last Shopkeeper," I was moved almost to tears, and felt as though I had lost, or at least was within measurable distance of losing, an old and dear friend. The Retail Shopkeeper has indeed been to me, intermittently perhaps, but very really, what the poet calls "a pleasant boon." To him, on those not rare occasions when I have expended all my ready cash with the Co-operative Stores attached to the branch of the Public Service which I grace, to him, I say, it has been my habit to resort for commodities, and—well in point of fact for credit. The motto of the Stores you see is that of *Mrs. Gamp*, "I gives no trust myself." It is their only drawback, but a somewhat serious one nevertheless, when funds are low and pay-day is still remote. On such occasions I call and see my old and tried—very much tried—friend the Shopkeeper, whom I find a real good fellow in such emergencies. Our friendship, like our other relations, is of long-standing, and the very thought of losing him for good and all, in the dismal but definite fashion shadowed forth in your touching story, is terrible to me.

Ah, Sir, let us comfort the Shopkeeper with our sympathy, let us encourage him with our occasional custom, let us even aid him now and again with a modest payment on account, rather than risk the incalculably uncomfortable consequences—to us as well as to him—of his incurring the wretched fate of the doomed JOHN JORKER.

Yours very truly,

TALBOT A. TENTERFORE.

P.S.—Disgusting!!! Mr. Punch, will you believe it? I have

ANTICIPATIONS OF IMMORTALITY.

Ode to the Incorporate Society of Authors.

[MR. WALTER BESANT, at a meeting of the Incorporate Society of Authors, said that, with regard to the lectures which were to be held in the autumn, the Committee had secured the services of Mr. EDMUND GOSSE and Mr. COMYNS CARR for "The Profession of Author" and "The Drama," respectively. Mr. EDMUND GOSSE and others spoke.]

"ON English Letters," carping critics said,
"Light shines not, save reflected from the dead:
Now none can move in prose, or charm in rhymes,
And all is blank, save Science and the *Times*!"
When nowhere could the cuckoo-cry be stilled,
Incorporate wrath the penmen's bosoms' filled;
"To prove the worth an envious age denies,
From genius' grave new genius must rise;"
Whence shall the full illumination come?
GOSSE shone electric forth, and Spite was dumb!
Immortal Bard! So by thyself proclaimed
To all whose ignorance ne'er heard thee named,
Who yet to Poet Dobson's muse canst yield
A quiet acre in Elysium's field,
Serenely claiming from the Gods on high,
The meed which grosser mortals still deny,
How blest indeed the favoured few that see
The Incorporate corporate alone for thee!
Though lesser speakers play a lesser part,
Plead for the poor, or for the player's art,—
The Authors' Race, in one harmonious tone,
Shall proudly speak through Poet GOSSE alone!
Autumnal lessons from his lips shall fall
On hearers keen such wisdom to recall;
And authors, grateful for their champion's fame,
Shall thank the Incorporate that no other came
By lesser lights the brilliant page to read,
Or stand between the Immortal and his meed.
Ne'er be it said, Incorporates could speak
But as the mouthpiece of a foolish clique!
EDMUND the Greater! brace thee to thy work,
Illustrious namechild of less famous BURKE!
While meek Incorporates hail the new Sublime,
And send him to the Gods before his time.

WHERE THE DISSIDENT LIBERALS REALLY WISH TO SIT.—On Mr. GLADSTONE.

AN UNIONIST VIEW OF IRISHMEN.—Give them an inch and they'll take a—League!

No SMALL BEER.—Lord BURTON.

just received the most *impertinent* letter from a miserable pettifogging Shopkeeper, who has the audacity to tell me, one of Her Majesty's trusted—save by him—Servants, and that in no measured language, that my account with him, a paltry hundred pounds, has been running for three years, that he must and will have it settled, and that *he will not supply me with any more goods until it is paid!!!* And I must pocket that insult from a low, soulless, white-aproned *épicier*, because—well, in point of fact because at the moment I have nothing else to pocket. I am stumped; all our fellows are more or less cleared out, and pay-day is still three weeks ahead. Can you conceive a man, even a Shopkeeper, taking so mean an advantage of a fellow-creature? What am I to do? I have no cash for the Stores, and no credit with the Shops! *Where, then, is the use of the latter?* Sir, I perceive that your Story had a significance I did not at first fathom. May it prove prophetic. May the vile race of counter-jumping Vampires die out, indeed, and that speedily. They are losing their only *raison d'être*, and are no longer fit to live.

Yours indignantly,

T. A. T.

Shakspeare for the Stage.

Blow, blow, thou winter wind;
Thou art not so unkind!
As "Benefits" forgot.

TOO MUCH LICENSED GROCERS.—Certain Grocers, at the Stratford Petty Sessions, escaped conviction under the Sale of Food Act, for selling under the name of Coffee, a mixture of that article with quantities of Chicory and other matter. Some of the samples contained Coffee in proportion to Chicory of 50 per cent. Coffee may commonly be considered a Temperance beverage, but at Stratford a great deal of it is undeniably half-and-half!



SENSE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM

THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

Thursday, August 5.—Another new Parliament, and another Election of SPEAKER. The second within seven months. Fortunately, the old process brings out the same result. Three times in twenty months, and always the same PEEL. No Repeal here.

House getting used to ceremony now, but quite new Members sit and stare at SPEAKER that is to be, who reclines on a back bench without wig or gown, just like ordinary Member. First of all, Black Rod dropped in, and invited everybody to adjourn to House of Lords. When procession returned, PALGRAVE, successor in the Clerk's Chair to our old friend, ERSKINE MAY, poked his finger in the direction of BIRKBECK. B., rising in response to this dumb-show, moved the re-election of PEEL. GLADSTONE seconded it. No one said nay, and then, for fear PEEL didn't know the way, GLADSTONE and BIRKBECK led him to Chair.

This was business of day. Much livelier before it came on. Members began to flock down at noon. By half-past one House filled with laughing, gesticulating, chatting crowd. Through the groups passed familiar figure. If you shut your eyes you could follow him by the resounding thumps he bestowed on acquaintances.

"Hullo, old friend PETER!" I said as soon as I recovered my breath after his salutation, "thought you had gone to the bad."

"Not at all," he said, making a dig at my ribs, which I with difficulty avoided. "I've come to the good," and with a delicate burst of laughter he passed on, laying about him like a flail. In wonderful spirits, and really a good fellow.

GLADSTONE came in at half-past one. Gazed with surprise at two hats at end of Front Opposition Bench, one white the other black, "Belong to some of my young men, I suppose," he said, though there was an uneasy look in his eye. Presently CHAMBERLAIN came in, and taking up the black hat, put it on his head and sat down. Later HENEGE claimed the white hat, and sat on Front Bench. HARTINGTON coming in a little late, appropriated third seat.

"Delighted to see you, my Lord and Gentlemen," said GLADSTONE, shaking hands heartily with them. "Glad to have you back again in the fold. Nothing like a united family. Some talk about your going to sit below the Gangway, or among the Tories. But here you are, under the old umbrella once more. Very nice of you."

HARTINGTON evidently wanted to say something in reply. CHAMBERLAIN hastily prepared a few remarks; but GLADSTONE, turning aside, began talking to HENRY FOWLER, leaving them no opportunity.

Business done.—MR. PEEL re-elected Speaker.

Friday.—Swearing like anything going on in both Houses. Colonel ASHMEAD BARTLETT (Militia) says our army in Flanders was nothing to it. Even the Archbishop of CANTERBURY yielded to the wild passion of the moment, and swore with the loudest of them.

The Commons trotting to and from the House of Lords to hear Commission read, and so on. The SPEAKER, as yet, only in Chrysalis state, wearing no gown, and crowned with a shilling wig (a bob-wig they call it, but I never indulge in slang.) During visit to the Lords the SPEAKER behaved in generous fashion.

"With regard to myself," he said, in broken voice, "I pray that if any error shall be committed, it may be imputed to myself, and not to Her Majesty's Commons."

Scarcely a dry eye in the Assembly.

Pretty to see BRADLAUGH amid the throng, waiting to swear. A most dolorous countenance—sighing like a furnace, and scarcely ever taking his eyes off the Sergeant-at-Arms. "The good old times!" he murmured, "when I used to waltz up and down with the Sergeant, the centre of an admiring throng, which subsequently pitched me down-stairs, tore my coat, and broke my stylographic pen. Ah, the good old times will never come back to me!" When BRADLAUGH's chance came to be sworn in, he planted himself at the elbow of the Sergeant-at-Arms' chair. "La-la-la, la-la-la," he hummed to slow music of the waltz, fixing his eye on the Sergeant, and slightly swaying his body. The Sergeant slew him with astonishment. Evidently didn't know what all this meant. So BRADLAUGH, throwing up his hands with despairing gesture, walked up to the table, and took the oath in ordinary way.

Business done.—Swearing in.





CIRCUMSTANCES OVER WHICH HE HAS NO CONTROL OBLIGE THE PATER TO CELEBRATE THE GLORIOUS TWELFTH IN TOWN THIS YEAR. WITH THE HELP OF THE POULTEER, AND THE BOYS (AT HOME FOR THE HOLIDAYS), HE ENJOYS SUCH EXCELLENT SPORT, THAT HE SAYS "NEVER NO MOOR" WILL HE LAVISH HUNDREDS OF POUNDS ON WHAT HE CAN GET FOR NEXT TO NOTHING AT HOME.

MISUNDERSTOOD ;

OR, "HOW IT STRIKES A STRANGER."

THE nation of Nullibia was much behind the age ; It had never seen an Actor, and it did not boast a Stage ! An unsophisticated race, ingenuous and simple, Whose mirth was as spontaneous as old Ocean's sunny dimple. They basked in Nature's beauty, though they'd never had a RUSKIN, And they found life most amusing, though ungraced by sock and buskin.

They looked on it without a thought of histrionic moeking ; A state of abject ignorance exceptionally shocking.

One morning in Nullibia a pallid man appeared, With abnormal length of tresses and deficiency of beard. Nullibia had never seen a man so closely shaven, In gait so like an ostrich, or in guise so like a raven ; And they cried, "O ghastly Stranger, stop ! Nullibia quite secure is. Why stride you like Orestes ? Are you hunted by the Furies ?" Then the Stranger stopped instanter, with the funniest of jerks, As though something had gone wrong upon a sudden with his works. And with curious blub and gurgle, like Geneva from a bottle, Words which no man comprehended flowed from forth his spectral throttle.

And they cried, "O pallid Stranger, why these painful gug-gug- Are they signs of suffocation, or severe internal struggles ?" Then his vertebrae they patted where they angularly hollowed, As a nurse does with an infant who a crumb of bread hath swallowed.

But instead of showing symptoms of appreciative gratitude, He appeared about to strike them,—but he only struck an attitude. He crooked his spectral fingers, and he hunched his bony shoulders, In a way that nearly petrified the wondering beholders. And one cried, "O pallid Stranger, I would be your benefactor, But oh, what the dickens are you ?" He responded, "I'm an Actor ! ! !"

And his optics flamed like torches. It was simply Artist's vanity, But they quite misunderstood it—they mistook it for insanity. And one whispered to another, "Ah, poor soul ! don't raise a racket, But just try and keep him quiet while I run for a strait-jacket." Then one asked, "What is an Actor ?" Though he spake in accents gentle,

They appeared to cause the Stranger torments physical and mental ; For he shrieked in shrill falsetto, and he tore his garments madly, And the people sadly murmured, "He has got them *very* badly." "Gracious powers !" groaned the Stranger, "this is worse than Yokohama.

Do you really mean to tell me that you haven't got a Drama ?" Now the people of Nullibia of fine courtesy were models, So they only looked compassionate and gravely shook their noddles. Then the Stranger grovelled low, and inarticulately gurgled, Like a man whose wife has bolted, or whose mansion has been burgled :

So they said "If you're an Actor"—and they only spoke to humour him—

"Pray act, and let us see it." Then there came a tragic gloom o'er He tossed his mane of tresses like an epileptic lion [him, (Whilst the stalwart local Constables his action kept an eye on), And he straddled like a land-crab with a shambling sideway action,

(Whilst the ladies of Nullibia looked on in stupefaction), And his voice sunk to his midriff in a ventriloquial fashion (Till the matrons of Nullibia were melted to compassion), And he clutched his crumpled shirt-front with a visage black and scowling,

And ejaculated fiercely with a high hysteric howling, And he hissed and groaned, and gurgled, and he mopped, and mowed, and muttered,

But they could not catch the meaning of a single word he uttered. And they cried, "Oh, is *this* acting ?" He replied, "It is, for certain ;

And you'll now just please imagine that I'm called before the Curtain."

Then he smirked upon them blandly as a histrionic hero, Just as TACITUS informs us was the habitude of NERO ; And he swore that their affection was the source of all beatitude, And he maundered of his heart-strings, and he gushed about his gratitude.

He lachrymosely ladled out a lot of school-girl drivel, And their loyalty he lauded till he seemed about to snivel. He *must* leave them for a fortnight, he remarked ; the wrench was cruel,

But the fire of their affection should not fail for want of fuel. He would ne'er forget that moment ; let them still keep up their pecker ;

He was happy in his Art, and in the state of his Exchequer. And a further opportunity their souls should shortly flatter Of worshipping the former, and replenishing the latter. He loved them, oh, he *loved* them, every Man and Miss and Madam, Though ninety-five per cent. of them he did not know from Adam. But the Artist's heart's capacious, as capacious as his pocket.— Here his eye began revolving, like a beacon, in its socket, And he yelled, "Where are the bouquets, and why *don't* you rise and bellow ?

Will no curses *à la Claudian*, will no apings of *Othello*, Will no posturings like *Clito's*, will no facial twists infernal, Will no blend of Ancient *Miller* and the modern *London Journal*, Move your frigid souls to frenzy ? Gug-gug-gug—" But here they stopped him,

And in a padded chamber they incontinently popped him.

An occasional want of animation may be excused in a Clergyman, who reflects that he is only addressing Lay figures.

MOTTO FOR THE EX-PREMIER.—"Cut, and Coombe again."

ROBERT AT MARLOW.

WEATHER it was brot on by the wunderfool kindness and horsepitalerty of my Colonial and Injean frends at the Colinderies, witch was as continual and as agreeabel as their jollity and good temper, or weather it was from my good nature in trying my werry best to like their Austraylion wines, as the best way to show my grattitood, I don't of course know, but, not feeling werry well, I consulted my Fammerly Feesician, at the Free Horsepital, and being reckomended by him perfect rest, and change of hair, and change of seen, and plane living, for a rayther sharp attack of what us City Waiters calls the Livery complaint, as so many of the Masters and Wardens of Livery Companys suffers from it, I did not hezzitate for a minnit, but decided at wunco to rewisit gentlemenly "Great Marlow," the same as I did lartst year, so "Here we are agane!" as the Clown says, in the most nicest and the most cleanest and the most charm-ingest place in all the River Tems, filled as it is almost to the werry brim, with the most butifullest and most fairey-like ladies as ewer pulled a pare of skulls, "without making no Fowls or catching no Krabs," as the Poet says, and drest in such xquisset taste as must amost drive the yung fellers mad as rows with 'em.

Great Marlow seems to have made up its mind to be a Greater Marlow than ever, and is a throwing out its wings to the Heast and to the West most wrecklessly, and is achsally a bilding of a new Boat-Ouse dreckly oppeset KING SHAW'S, and, as if to hadd hinsult to hinjury, its bilders has bin and gone and asked the QUEEN to let 'em put up her Majesty's harms, all in gold and wariou cullers, jest over the principel entrance, and to appint them her Majesty's own Boatmen "By speshal apintment," so that wenever she cums to Great Marlow and wants a boat for a nou or 2, she will be compelled to go there for it insted of to KING SHAW'S, as of course she woud hotherwise ha' done.

Weather Lord RONGDOLF CHURCHELL—who, I am told, is a going for to be Prime Minister in the Ouse of Commons—has brot any of his pollytickie influence to bare in this most himportant matter, I nose not, but there is wariou rumours a stirring in the hair of Great Marlow, as gives sum of its principle inhabbytants rayther a ankshus look. If a royal Boatman, why not a royal Baker, or ewen a royal Shoe-maker? and Echo asks, Why not? We've got the same butiful garden liberally throwed open to hewerybody as before, and relidgusly closed to hewerybody on Sundays as before. The Irish servant told me it was becos there woud be such a lot of peeple wanting to enjoy it on that day of rest. Ah, it isn't quite a day of rest for ewerybody tho'. At the Hangler's butiful Otel on the banks of the River, where numbers of the most helegantest ladies and gents sets under the trees a having their dinners, and setterer, there's only two pore perspiring Waiters to wate on 'em all, and ewen they ain't not allowed not to wear no hats!

We're in the same cumferal home as last year, but not the same rooms. More grander praps, but jest a leetel more dusty. Oh, why doesn't Great Marlow water its one great street, and make it the airthly Pairadise it woud then be? And there's one thing as I misses sadly. I've lost my pianny40! and my little boy misses it too. He was a gitting on so well with his musick last year. He coud play "God Save the Queen," second part and all, with one finger capitally, amost as loud as sum peeple with all their ten! and was natrally looking forrard to even himprove upon that this year, but his hopes is blyted, as usual! So he has, I regrets to say, taken to Brandy Balls and Toffy!

We has three heasy chairs and six onheasy ones, and a Sophy, so, wen it rains, we has plenty of means of making ourselves cumferal by all going to sleep cumferal together till it's fine agane.

Great Marlow has its Great Misterry, as I bleeves most places has, but Great Marlow, with a courage and a degree of hopeness as does it honner, does not attempt to hide or conceal its whereabouts, but writes boldly on the house as contains it, M. H., which in course means Mistery House, but it adds as a sort of conumdrum for its numerus wisiters, "No. 5." Many on 'em has dewoted ours to the task why No. 5? but in wain, it still remanes the puzzel it has ever bin. I have gazed sometimes for 5 minits at a time, on the ouse, with all its lower winders bricked up and all its hupper winders painted black, but have never seen nobody enter either of its too sollem black doors. Time may reveal its orful secret to the life of day during the next 10 days, but if not, it will remane to me one of the great misterrys of my waiting xistence. And often, I makes no dowt, wen pawsing in my ofishal dooties while the Gestes eat their favorite coarse, the strange thort will cum across me, "Why No. 5?" I must be on my gard too, or it mite so appen, that wen told to bring a bottel of No. 5, I mite astonish the Gentelman by asking him in a fit of habsence, "Why No. 5?"

If I was a Artist, witch I ayn't at present, and I spose as it's a littel too late to begin, I shood cum to Marlow ewery fine Sunday during the Season, and paint all the Ladies in the Lock, and as it woodn't be quite perfect without their gentlemanly companions, I should paint 'em altogether. And I venture to say,—and arfter my wisit to the Royal Accaddemy the other day, I think I ort to know

sumthink about Hart,—that a good large Pictur of a full Lock, say with 2 Steam Larches and about a dozen row Boats in it, all on 'em filled with sich bootiful Ladies and sitch fine good looking elthy young chaps, as I seed them last Sunday, and all drest in sitch lovely and fairy like costooms as I never seed afore, wood make sitch a pictur both as regards culler and buty as never was seed since Ladys first learnt to dress, and Painters fust learned to paint 'em. If anybody dowts me, let 'em cum nex Sunday and judge for their-selves, and then dowt no more.

ROBERT.

HALF-A-DOZEN OF THE OTHER.

MR. PUNCH,—SIR,

THE correspondence started in the pages of one of your contemporaries as to the requirements for a Continental tour by a gentleman who wrote to ask advice as to what six best books in various departments of literature he ought to take with him, has suggested to me how very many of us bent on the same pleasant experience either modify its pleasure, or spoil it altogether, through want not of books but of other necessary and familiar things that we can ill afford to leave at home behind us. How many of us scarcely care to move if unaccompanied, for instance, by some favourite musical instrument or *objet de vertu*, or article of household furniture indispensable to our comfort. Then, again, how frequently we dislike giving up some accustomed game or separating ourselves from some domestic pet; and last, though not least of all, how nearly all of us leave our medical men behind us with extreme regret. Yet, if we can drag a cumbersome library about with us, why should we not, by slightly increasing the bulk of our requisites, adequately supply these other more pressing and obvious wants and deficiencies of modern travel? Following, therefore, the lead of your contemporary to which I have referred, I have asked some of your readers to send in specimens of what they consider to be the most fitting way of filling up a list of the above six requisites for travelling, comprising, as I have already indicated—

1. A favourite musical instrument.
2. A familiar *objet de vertu*.
3. An indispensable piece of household furniture.
4. A selected game.
5. An ordinary domestic pet.
6. A well-known and reliable medical man.

In reply to this appeal, three Correspondents have already favoured me with the following answers, which serve to show what a wide field for the display of variety in taste in the matter the raising of the question opens out. As they may be useful as a guide to those who contemplate making an essay for themselves in this direction, I subjoin them:—

I.	II.	III.
A Drawing-room Grand Piano.	An American Organ (48 stops).	A pair of Kettle-drums.
Three Cabinets of rare old Dresden China.	Six selected full-length Family Portraits.	Ormolu Louis XIV. Timepiece, with accompanying vases on pedestals, to match.
A Four-post Bedstead, with canopy and hangings complete.	Library Writing Table and Desk, fitted with sixteen drawers and chair.	A massive old oak Dining-room Sideboard.
Apparatus for a Polo match (with ponies complete).	Complete Cricket set, with two-ton roller for preparing ground, and professional umpires.	A full-sized English Billiard-table, together with cue-rack and marker.
A trained Bear (with or without a cage).	A pack of Basset Hounds.	A couple of tame Boa Constrictors.
Sir JAMES PAGET.	Dr. KIDD.	Sir ANDREW CLARK.

It will be seen from the above that the writers, though appearing likely at first sight to be hampered a little in moving from place to place, through the course of a Continental tour, with the articles they propose to take with them, evidently regard the transport as quite feasible. There can at any rate be no doubt as to the success of the enterprise if carried out. Of course the selection of the six particular headings is quite arbitrary, and it is quite possible that some correspondents may be found who would like to take, not one, but six musical instruments, or, for the matter of that, six medical men with them, and if there be any such, I invite their communications. Promising you in the meantime, if I receive any, to furnish you with them.

I beg to subscribe myself as one who does not consider that to travel about, even accompanied by an entire circulating library, comprises the whole art on a holiday tour of,

TAKING IT COMFORTABLY.

SORS VIRGILIANA (FOR THE CHIEF SECRETARY IN ULSTER).—*Tros Tyriusque mihi nullo discrimine agetur.*



ADDING HYPOCRISY TO CRIME.

"GRANDPAPA, DEAR, COULDN'T YOU HIDE THESE RACKETS UNDER YOUR COAT, OR SOMETHING? WE NEEDN'T SHOW EVERYBODY WE ARE GOING TO PLAY LAWN-TENNIS ON SUNDAY AFTERNOON!"

A "FINE" LOOK-OUT FOR ART.

(Being an Epistle from the Elysian Fields.)

"On the 10th March, 1673, there is a minute in the Paynter Stayner Company's books 'That the painter of Joseph and Pottifer's Wife and the Fowre Elements be fined £3 6s. 8d. for such bad work.'—Letter from 'A Paynter Stayner,' in the *Standard* of August 11th.

ADMIRABLE MR. PUNCH,

"SWEET are the uses of Adversity." The fine of £3 6s. 8d., inflicted upon me for the bad work—and I am constrained to admit that it was *very* bad, though not so bad, of course, as much that is now exhibited upon your Academy walls—was, in a manner, the making of me. I gave up Art and took to Hosiery, at which honourable craft I prospered exceedingly. But little did I expect that the record of my disgrace would be revived more than two centuries later, to point a much-needed moral and illustrate a thrice-told, but still terrible, tale. It is a good fortune that that the painter of "Joseph and Pottifer's Wife," had never anticipated.

Good fortune, I say advisedly. For what pleasanter to the old "Paynter Stayner," in the peaceful and unprejudiced retirement of the Shades, than to know that his own evil work lives after in him, not indeed in scamped substantiality on be-smudged canvas—that were too dreadful even for a philosophical shade to contemplate—but in the form of "an awful example," set forth in unwinding words only, that may be the means of initiating the "crusade against bad work," of which my far-off fellow Guildsman speaketh, and of working real reform and amendment in that Art in which I still retain a sympathetic interest.

Owing to special privileges of ours which I am not at liberty to enlarge on, and certain psychical facilities incidental to our state, which in these days of belief in Levitation and Astral Bodies I need not surely explain, I know all about your Art and your Artists. That knowledge is indeed a dreadful burden, but it has to be borne. As often as flesh and blood—or rather as spirit and sentience—will bear it, I visit your Art Exhibitions, particularly the one held at

THE WAIL OF THE WEARY.

[In the Australia v. England Match at the Oval on Aug. 12th, the Notts cricketer, SCOTTON, was at the wickets for sixty-seven minutes without scoring a single run.]

Block, block, block

At the foot of thy wicket, O SCOTTON!
And I would that my tongue could utter
My boredom. You *won't* put the pot on!

Oh, nice for the bowler, my boy,
That each ball, like a barn-door, you play;
Oh, nice for yourself, I suppose,
That you stick at the wickets all day.

And the clock's slow hands go on,
And you still keep up your sticks;
But oh, for the lift of a smiting hand,
And the sound of a swipe for six!

Block, block, block

At the foot of thy wickets, ah, do!
But one hour of GRACE or of WALTER READ
Were worth a week of you.

VERY NATURAL.—The Liberal Unionists have decided on using CAINE as a Whip.

TO THE TWENTY THOUSAND.

(By Gladstone after Tennyson.)

ASK me no more: you won't draw W. G.,
The crowd may pester me in many a shape,
With fold on fold of paper and pink tape,
But, I, too fond, too off have answered ye.

Ask me no more.

ASK me no more: what answer should I give
To twenty thousand querists annually?
In or beyond this country I must fly,
For some repose, if sane and safe I'd live.

Ask me no more.

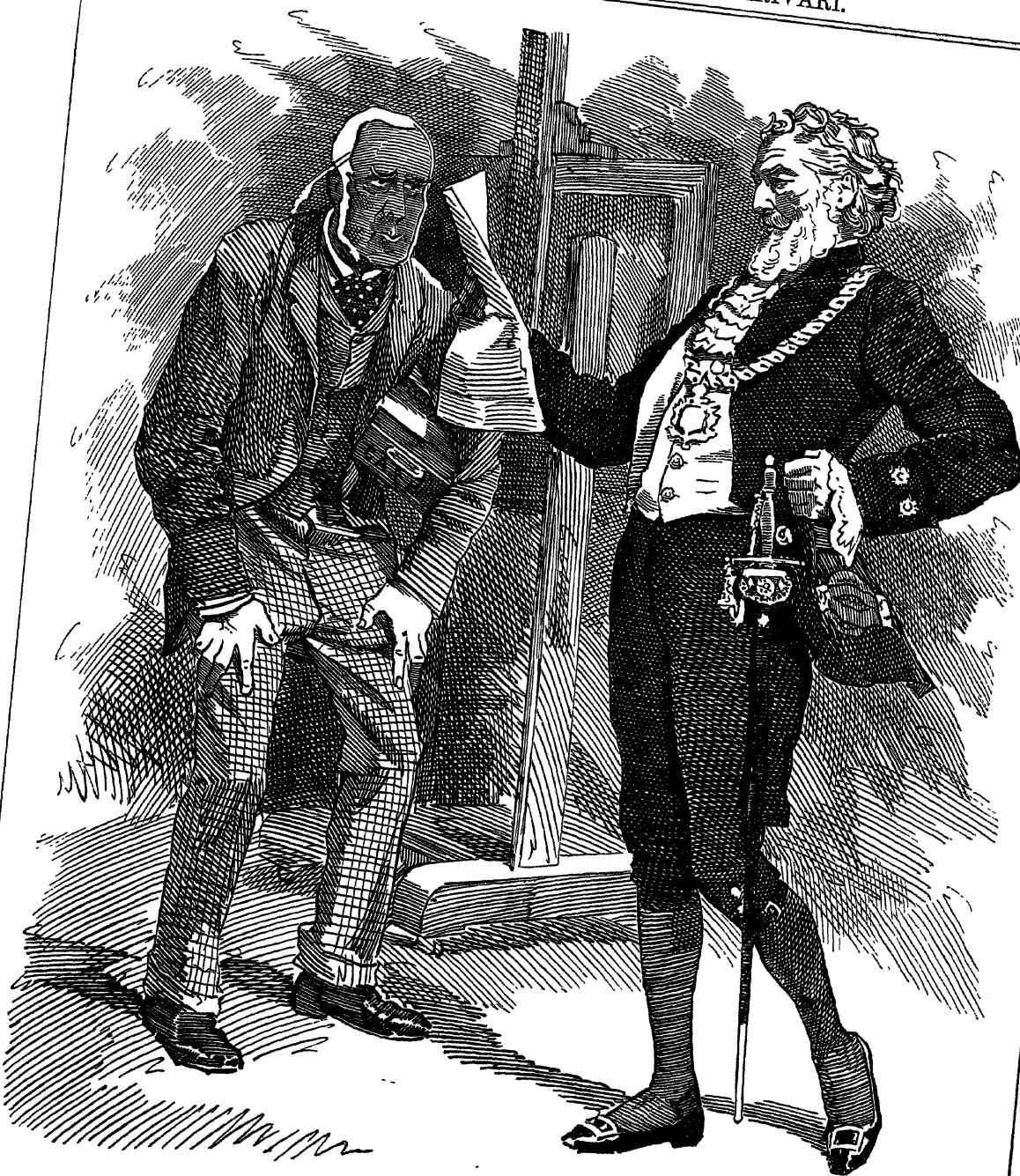
ASK me no more: Postcards or missives sealed
May flow on me in stream; 'twill be in vain;
My eloquence I turn off at the main.
No more replies, I'm firm, I will not yield.

Ask me no more.

Burlington House. I need hardly say that I *do* not, from circumstances entirely beyond my control, contribute to the Danaë shower of shillings whose slackening is now being bewailed in high quarters. But if the lately exhumed record of my own disgrace *should* work the effects I am led to hope for, surely I shall be admitted to have "paid my footing." Besides, Sir, there are my sufferings, as a periodical spectator, to be considered. They are indeed great. It was *not* I who, a season or so ago, wrought certain mysterious mutilations within the Academy walls. But myself and my phantasmal fellow-visitors might surely have been excused if we had adopted some such means of relieving our outraged feelings. Pictures, Sir, are annually honoured with places "on the line," compared with which my soullessly spectacular "Pottifer's Wife," and even my confusedly allegorical "Fowre Seasons," were conscientious masterpieces. When I think of the monetary mulcts which would have been imposed upon the perpetrators of such imbecilities and of such horrors in *my* days, I have visions of a veritable Ophir of fines—a perfect Pactolus of pecuniary penalties.

The extent to which "bad work" brings good pay in your days is positively appalling, Sir. Your official Art system, indeed, seems especially designed to discourage modest merit, and put a premium upon pushing mediocrity. Take away from your annual Art-shows the production of indolent incompetence on the one hand, and coxcombical charlatanism on the other, and what remains? A respectable residuum, doubtless, of true talent, a small remnant of genuine inspiration. But it is swamped, almost lost, in an ocean of—well, of "Pottifer's Wives," and "Fowre Seasons," nay, of "bad work," more pretentious than the former, and more preposterous than the latter. But whilst the bad work gets pay, in *Philistia*, and place, on the line, and praise in the papers, where is the chance of a change for the better?

Sir, you must "fine" it down (even a spectre can pun, you see), this torrent of trash. If every popular and clique-petted producer of pot-boilers is penalised in direct proportion to the intrinsic badness of his work—as I was two hundred years ago—even factitious, fad-ruled market prices will soon cease to pay him, artful



A PROPOSITION.

Sir President. "WHAT, MR. TREASURER! A GREAT FALLING-OFF IN THE SHILLINGS THIS YEAR? CARAMBO—CORPO-DI-BACCO—SAC-À-PAPIER—DONNER-WETTER—MON PAUVRE VIEUX! BUT HAVE YOU READ ABOUT THE PAYNTER STAYNERS?" (*Reads Extract from Letter to Newspapers.*) "'THE WORSHIPFUL COMPANY OF PAYNTER STAYNERS POSSESSED THE IMPORTANT POWER OF FINING AN ARTIST THREE POUNDS SIX AND EIGHTPENCE FOR BAD WORK.' SUPPOSE NEXT YEAR WE FINE FOR THE BAD PICTURES, EH! THAT'LL MAKE UP FOR ANY DEFICIENCY."

Middlemen will be unable to rig the market for him, cliqueism will be impotent to puff him into popularity, impudent charlatan contrivances, and adroit popinjay tricks will no longer avail him, even autocratic officialism and irresponsible routine will fail to hoist him into ill-earned honour, and unjust privilege. And then, Sir, there will be a chance for good work, and genuine inspiration.

Hoping soon to see some good results from the new Crusade, and happy meantime in the thought of being, long posthumously though it be, the unworthy means of initiating it,
I remain, my dear *Mr. Punch*, yours admirably,

THE PAYNTER OF POTTER'S WIFE.
Elysian Fields, August, 1886.

A WATER COURSE.

Private Reasons for going to Royat—Start—What is it?—My Pretty Jane—The Baggage—A fright—No Indicateur—Where?—Greengage—Qualifying for Royat—Paris—Off—No Indicateur—On the Line—Clermont-Ferrand—Arrival—Rejoicings—Drive—On the Roof—In our Rooms—A doubt.

WE start. Cousin JANE's husband sees us off by train, and then leaves her to me and the Doctor who has charge of her health at Royat.

Never in the long water-course of my unhealthy experience have I ever visited a *station thermale* under such favourable circumstances as the present. For to be in company with an English Doctor who has several patients under his care, and who is on the spot to appeal to at any hour of the day, and in your own language too, whatever sudden change may happen to you, is not this to be under the eye, as it were, of a Special Providence? And then Dr. PUTTENEX is a personal friend; he will not look upon me as a strange Doctor would, as a mere body, which means a no-body, but as a somebody. At the present moment I am bound to say that I feel, and look, uncommonly well.

JANE is rather *poitrineuse*-ish and what she calls "rheumatic," but I'm sure that her symptoms are simply gouty. However she'll soon know the truth at Royat. She won't believe me, though I've told her over and over again that she has incipient gout.

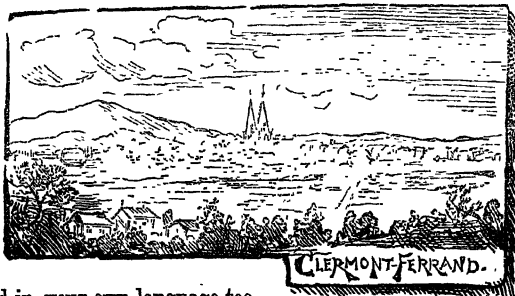
Certainly, as far as I am concerned, there are symptoms—but surely these may be rheumatism or overworkism, but quite impossible that a shooting pain down my foot, and a red-hot twinge in my right toe, can be gout! Absurd!

I admit that, in any other person, such symptoms would be decidedly and unequivocally demonstrative of gout. But in myself—oh dear no—perish the thought! Still I should like to know exactly what it is; only let my doctors thoroughly understand this beforehand, that *whatever it may be, it isn't gout.*

Dr. PUTTENEX has said, "We will find out what it is when we get you to Royat." So to Royat I go on a sort of voyage of discovery.

"We fly by night." Lovely weather. Bad crossing for many people, including JANE, for the sea is decidedly rough, though the Heavens above are clear, and the moon and stars shining brightly. I am well; yet I feel that any injudicious movement on my part, or two extra careless lurches finishing with a going-any-how sort of roll on the part of the steamer, would destroy the balance of comfort and number me among the victims of sea-sickness. The sensation caused by this dubious sort of all-rightness, the reason of which I can't understand, is so peculiar that there are minutes when I almost envy the sufferers.

We arrive at Calais: JANE a mere wreck, myself still in an abnormal state of all-rightness. Not being famished at the moment, we purchase a little refreshment to take with us. I find time hanging rather heavily on my hands; the train is pretty full, but we have secured our seats. Our companions are three grubby-looking Englishmen, who would not be useful as advertisements for any soap. I wonder (to JANE) why we do not start. JANE wonders too: but being sleepy, she is indifferent to all that is going on, and to all that is not going on, including our train. A bell rings: "*En voiture—pour Paris—en voiture!*" JANE from her dim and distant corner faintly inquires, "I suppose our luggage is all right?" That is her fixed idea: that in travelling abroad, your luggage must go wrong. I reply of course it's all right, and am explaining that "when once it is registered *through*, you need not trouble yourself about it till you reach your destination"—when it suddenly flashes across me that I had been strictly charged, on starting, to remember that *all luggage for Royat would be examined at Calais, and not at Paris.* Heavens! there are two minutes! As if struck by an electric shock, I jump up, safely accomplish the difficult feat of letting myself down from the carriage—which is as if I were escaping from an attic-window—(why are all these French compartments such a height from the ground?) rush across the line, on to the platform, and excitedly demand the *douane*. In a tone of utter indifference two officials pause in their conversation to ask me what I said, to which, when repeated with an adjuration for pity's sake to stop the train, they reply by pointing out the office "*au bout,—là bas*"—and I



run to the extremity of the station, burst in among the *douaniers* claim our *baggages*, (there are no others) swear by everything I hold sacred that there is nothing contraband in anyone of my pieces, pointing out that if they stop to examine any of them I shall lose my train,—the train that is going to Royat,—that it is not a matter of smuggling, but that it is *ma santé qui est en jeu*, that or them will be the responsibility if . . . when the *chef* (bless him!) accepting my assurances, goodnaturedly passes them, tells off a couple of porters to place them in the train, and grateful beyond expression except in bows which are rapid but profuse,—for never did mar make so many obeisances or do such wonderful things with a hat in one second, as I do on this occasion,—I return the way I came, and forgetting to remunerate the porters, rush back to our carriage—there is no difficulty in finding it as JANE's head and shoulders are leaning out of the door, and her looks are as distracted as *Sister Anne's* must have been when she didn't see anyone coming—scale the dizzy height, not without injury to my trousers, and once more take my seat, telling her that it is all right.

Scarcely are the words out of my mouth, when up come two guards and address me brusquely, as if obeying such a word of command as "Up, Guards, and at 'em!" "What do they say?" asks JANE. "*That we are not in the right carriage for Royat!*" No, I know we are not; but we intend, I inform them with the air of a traveller who knows his way about, and has done this sort of thing before, to drive across Paris, and not go by the *Centure*; and so, Masters, you see we are in the right carriage for that anyhow. "Guards," baffled, retire. Then suddenly JANE produces a paper-bag full of greengages. She has bought them at the station, because it was better than getting anything to drink. Well, it's not a bad idea.

Fruit is always wholesome. I try one. Only one is possible: all the others are as hard as their own stones, and have to be thrown away scarcely indented. Indented!—Ah that greengage . . . I bit it. I partially ate it . . . it was sweetish . . . it was sourish . . . it was bitter . . . and "this indurture witnesseth" . . . But never again, a greengage ripe or unripe, when travelling. The next thing, (which I do not attribute to the greengage) is that I sneeze three times, and find that I have caught cold. Already I am qualifying for Royat.

Whenever I go abroad again (I made this *Mem. mentally* some time ago) I will on arrival buy an *Indicateur des Chemins de Fer*, which is the French *Bradshaw*, and most useful not only for the time one is away, but also, as they do not alter the hours of their trains very much, whenever one wants to sit down comfortably at home and map out a trip from place to place in France.

At Calais there is no bookstall open. Cannot procure the *Indicateur*. Perhaps at Boulogne. Boulogne no stopp—re to speak of. All very dark. No sign of bookstall. Consequently no *Indicateur*. Can procure one somewhere along the line. Bookstall at Amiens; no *Indicateur*. Nevermind; sure to get one at the Nord or at the Paris-Lyon Station.

Journey as usual. Alternately sleepy and wakeful. The Three Dirty Men fast asleep, breathing heavily, but not snoring. Two of them become quite disoriented, and tumble up against each other like badly-packed bags. I envy their deep sleep. Whenever I wake up and look at them they seem each time to have become hotter and dirtier, but faster asleep than ever.

At Paris, my trusty friend, GEORGE LAYZO, has sent the invaluable Commissionnaire DAVID, in full uniform, at 5:50 A.M., to take charge of us, see us across Paris, secure rooms where we can get "a wash and brush-up," then breakfast, when DAVID produces to-day's *Matin*, and gives me all the latest, or earliest, news of Paris. With nearly another hour to spare, we saunter about, buying books and papers, while DAVID secures for us a *coupé à réculons*, in which we place our small *impedimenta*, and then we see the carriages, which have taken all this time getting round Paris by the *Centure* line from the Nord station to that of the Paris-Lyon, where we are now, coming in slowly, and being joined on to our part of the train.

Just as we are leaving I remember that I haven't bought an *Indicateur*. We are actually moving. Through the noise of bells and steam-whistles I call out to DAVID, "*Indicateur—il me faut un Indicateur. Vite vite!*" DAVID nods amiably towards me, smiles, takes off his cap, salutes me, and evidently hasn't an idea of what I have been shrieking out to him. Never mind. Somewhere along the line I can get one. Certainly at Nevers. Nevers for Ever! Not a bit. Owing to a break-down on the part of the engine—very volatile conduct of an engine doing "a break-down," but perhaps it is its way of letting off a little of the superfluous steam—our stoppages at the stations are so uncertain, that it is very risky to leave our carriage at all. In some places, where an official tells us we are to stop two minutes, we remain very nearly ten, though it is impossible to foresee this, and as far as appearances go,—Guards in their places, doors shut, man ready with flag, telegraph bell ceased—we are ready to start at any moment (and here is the danger to the unfortunate *voyageur*), and at the shortest possible notice. At other stations, where they profess to stay ten minutes, they give us scarcely two, and I am actually on my way to a bookstall to purchase an *Indicateur*, when

I hear, "*En voiture, s'il vous plaît!*" and I hurry back again just in time to climb up into the carriage, grazing my knees in the effort, and to throw myself at the feet of Cousin JANE, who is almost in a state of collapse at the idea of my being left behind with the tickets, and the luggage ticket too, in my pocket.

So I give up my search for an *Indicateur* until I shall arrive at Clermont-Ferrand.

Cousin JANE's anxiety is still about the luggage. She does not believe that it can get on by itself, but is of opinion that it ought to be somewhere within reach of the eye, at least. This disturbs her equanimity,—what disturbs mine is that early greengage. As the time goes on, and as we go on along that apparently interminable journey, I am becoming more and more the invalid at every station, until we arrive at Clermont-Ferrand, when I am prostrate. What I feel fit for is to be carried to a dark room, to be laid on a sofa, to be covered up, and to moan and groan till I'm better. At all events, to suffer alone, and keep my misery to myself.

As it happens I am compelled to keep my misery to myself, for here, on the platform, is Dr. PUTTENEX, looking the picture of health, and more jovially cherubic than ever, lifting his white hat on a stick with one hand, and waving a white and yellow handkerchief furiously with the other, as if he were a bookmaker on a race-course anxious to indicate the precise spot where he is to be found. It really expresses his delight at our safe arrival. Near him is Mrs. DINDERLIN, telegraphing to us with her sun-shade, while a stoutish, elderly



The Colonel.

gentleman, of decidedly foreign appearance, in straw hat, coloured shirt, big white tie, knee-breeches, and riding-boots, and carrying under one arm a very small toy Skye-terrier, is moving towards me (I say "me," for I have lost sight of Cousin JANE in the crowd), gesticulating with a whip, his face (which I seem to recognise, but without being able to associate it with a name or a place), beaming with smiles as he cries,—*"Allo! Allo! Here they are! Kom tis way—I show you. Here—ter Arnspektur, he will take your teekets,"*—and before I have time to ask anything, or to explain quietly how unwell I feel, to Dr. PUTTENEX, who will insist on still continuing a kind of savage war-dance while waving his hat and stick—much to the astonishment of the natives, who set him down as an eccentric Englishman, but of course haven't a notion that he is a medical man—fortunately his practice is in London and not here, or such conduct would ruin his chances—I say before I have time or opportunity to say a word to Dr. PUTTENEX privately, the excited foreign gentleman in sporting costume has snatched the tickets out of my hand, handed them to the collector, and is lugging me through the crowd, saying, *"Eet is all-right. Tis man here, the Commissionnaire, will see to all your baggage."*

It is booked for Royat, I say, and this station is Clermont-Ferrand. *"Ca ne fait rien,—même chose. You go by road—drive more quick as the train, and we will be at ter Otel before the baggage. Allons!"*

We have come at such a pace, by the force of my foreign friend's energy, through the station and out into the road, that I have been unable to look round. Now I see before me a landau with two horses, and a driver in a blouse (this reminds me of La Bourboule), and in the carriage is seated Cousin JANE (how on earth did she get there?), Mrs. DINDERLIN (who, a minute ago, was on the platform), and another lady, *petite*, handsome, dark, with very bright eyes and a lovely complexion, while Dr. HAMMOND PUTTENEX, white hat in hand, and still in the highest possible spirits, is holding the door open for me to step up, and addressing me with great glee as *"Altesse."* He says, *"Montez, Altesse!"* in the hearing of the crowd of porters and omnibus-conductors, travellers, idlers, and railway officials. The Commissionnaire of the Hotel grins from ear to ear. He knows that it isn't an *Altesse*; and even the idlers in the crowd are too busy to trouble their heads about anyone's affairs but their own. So Dr. PUTTENEX's joke falls a little flat except as regards himself, with whom it is a great success and "goes" enormously.

The bright-eyed lady is Madame LEVERRIEZ, to whom I am at once introduced by Mrs. DINDERLIN, and I am preparing a few casual observations in my best French, when, addressing Cousin JANE and myself, our new acquaintance says, in excellent English, "You must be very tired after your journey, but really you both look quite fresh."

It is disappointing, when you expect French, to be addressed in English. For a moment my command over my own native tongue seems to have left me, so completely had I made up my mind to reply in a foreign tongue.

Colonel LEVERRIEZ puts the very small dog which he has been carrying on his wife's lap, and says, "My dear, take Lili back wit you. She will be lost in ter crowd, and tere are so many leetel

dogs and poppies about. Ter Docteur and myself, we will go witter baggage; it is registered for Royat, and we will be at ter Otel as soon as you. *Allons! Docteur!"*

The Cherubic Doctor has been standing by, gaily beaming on everything and everybody through his gold-rimmed spectacles, with the air of a man who has done his duty with the happiest possible results. He is awoke from his ecstatic day-dream by a smack on the back from Colonel LEVERRIEZ, who, in spite of his slightly grey moustache, has more the air of a big boy out for a holiday than of a dignified warrior. However, as everything seems for the best in this best of all possible watering-places, the Cherubic Doctor only utters a gentle remonstrance, expressed in the words, "Oh come, I say," when the Colonel, taking him quite affectionately by the elbow, and bending his head over him as if he were imparting to him some amusing information of a strictly private and personal character, walks him off, and they disappear in the crowd which is still swarming about the station.

Through Clermont-Ferrand. Even at a first visit, and coming from the train as we are, tired and dirty, and more inclined to shut our eyes than open them, it strikes me as a very remarkable old town. As we leave it, I see the beautiful towers of the Cathedral, which, like the Crystal Palace, are visible from everywhere; and they have certain advantages over their lofty rival the Puy-de-Dôme, which is some ten miles or so higher up in the air, perpendicularly, inasmuch as they can be seen in pretty nearly all weathers, while the Puy is frequently in difficulties, that is, "under a cloud;" they can also be mounted by the curious traveller in search of a view for considerably less than it costs to ascend the competing mountain; and the city, being situated in a plain, the Cathedral towers are, so to speak, within everybody's reach. I look forward to revisiting Clermont-Ferrand, where there are, the ladies inform Cousin JANE, excellent shops, and a really very good dress-maker (only away twenty-one days for a water-cure, and they can't do without a dress-maker!) and I see at once that Royat, which is to Clermont-Ferrand what Kensington is to London, is far superior in the resources of civilisation to my old friend La Bourboule.

When we are well on our way to Royat I suddenly give a start—I can't help it—and Mrs. DINDERLIN anxiously asks me if there's anything the matter.

"I've quite forgot—" I say.

"The luggage!" cries JANE. "I knew it! I felt certain—" "No, no," I hasten to reassure her. "The luggage is all right. You'll see it at Royat. But—I've quite forgotten the *Indicateur!*"

"Oh, well," says JANE, who always likes to offer consolation, "you can easily get one here, or on our road back."

Yes; I will. I must get one here, in case we want to return by some other route. But it is curious that during so many hundred miles from London to Clermont-Ferrand, I have not been able to purchase an *Indicateur des Chemins de Fer*. So strongly am I bent on procuring an *Indicateur*, that for the moment all other considerations of health seem to have been put aside, and my one object in coming to Royat appears to have been (unconsciously to myself up till now) the purchase of a French Railway Guide, price seventy-five centimes.

Up-hill all the way, under a viaduct, past some gardens and a stand of *voitures* on our left, past hotels, ships, and booths, post-office, more hotels, round a corner, up-hill again, and into a sort of tea-garden, where there are tables and seats under the trees, which is the court-yard of our hotel, the Hotel Continental. This courtyard adjoins a terrace, which I ascertain by walking to the balustrade at the edge and looking over, is actually the leads of the Premier and Splendid Hotels, commanding one of the finest views in Royat of the park below and of the distant country. In point of fact we have driven upstairs, and alighted on the roof of the hotel where we are going to stop. This is astonishing, but true. A sharp-eyed, pleasant-faced young man steps forward. This, says Madame LEVERRIEZ, is Monsieur BAEHL the Manager. Once more I am preparing my best, or second-best, French for Monsieur BAEHL, and once more I am disappointed.

"Your rooms are ready, Madam," he says politely to Cousin JANE, in English which scarcely betrays the accent of any nationality. "You would like to see them? This way, I will show you." And so he bows us pleasantly off the roof, and we find that we have only one short flight of stairs to descend in order to reach our rooms on the top floor of the hotel below. And so here we are at Royat! Charming rooms!

"And the luggage?" exclaims JANE, looking blankly at me.

"It must have arrived," says M. BAEHL, reassuringly, and so he conducts us back again to the court-yard on the roof.

WHAT will not be the new Barrel of Burton's motto, "All hops abandon ye"? Perhaps "One good Tun deserves another," and "All Ale!" (*Macbeth*) will receive favourable consideration. It is reported that the new Peer is about to produce a work on the composition of Pale Ale, which will be entitled "*Burton's Anatomy.*"



MRS. BOREHAM AT HOME.

AMATEUR THEATRICALS.

Sir Pompey Bedell. "ALLOW ME TO CONGRATULATE YOU, MRS. BOREHAM, ON A MOST SUCCESSFUL ENTERTAINMENT! I HAVE NEVER SET FOOT INSIDE A THEATRE MYSELF, I AM PROUD TO SAY, NOR ATTENDED EVEN *PRIVATE* THEATRICALS BEFORE—SUCH THINGS ARE NOT IN MY LINE! BUT I CAN HONESTLY ASSURE YOU THAT I HAVE RARELY SEEN HISTRIONIC ABILITY MORE CONSUMMATE, OR A DRAMATIC PERFORMANCE MORE EXCEPTIONALLY COMPLETE IN EVERY RESPECT, THAN THAT WHICH IT HAS BEEN OUR TRULY ENVIABLE PRIVILEGE TO WITNESS THIS EVENING!"

DRESSING THE WINDOW.

SCENE—*The Conservative Supply Stores at early morn.*
Present, Manager and Sharp Shopboy.

Manager (musingly). Humph! The Season will be such a short one, that really it seems waste of time To put many goods in the window.

Shopboy. I see, Sir. Not many, but "Prime," "First-Class," and "Good Value," of course, Sir.

Manager. Why, certainly. What do you think? We can fill up with tickets and dummies.

Shopboy. Oh, yessir. And I wouldn't shrink From pitching it strong. We've a splendid assortment of both, which I mean The dummies and tickets, Sir.

Manager. Good! But some stock, I suppose, must be seen. It's a pity to take down the shutters before the Spring Season, at all.

Great bore to be really obliged to. Not much to be done in the Fall.

Shopboy. Ah, GLADSTONE & Co. didn't think so. Before their own fall they'd an eye To a fine Autumn Season.

Manager. Oh, yes, but it isn't a line I shall try. Not after their smash, Master RANDOLPH. The fashions have changed, don't you see, And they just missed their market and muffed it.

Shopboy (aside). Ah! no thanks, of course not, to Me! Thinks he run them all off of the road, with his patterns and patter. Oh, yes!

But my little trot down to Belfast spoilt old G.'s Irish market, I guess.

Only wish I was boss of these Stores, and my own window-dresser. Oh, my!

I'd make some of the old 'uns sit up. I've a nice little "line" in my eye,

Which I think I could push, though with GLADSTONE it fell so tremendously flat, [his hat]

Thanks mainly to me. But that Bagman is not worth the price of Who cannot blow hot and blow cold as times alter and fashions come round.

There are some of the old firm's bad remnants which I could clear out, I'll be bound,

Give me time and tongue-tether.

Manager. "Supply" is our point. Better write it up big, And then say, "Our Spring Price Lists will distance all rivalry."

Yes, that's the rig.

Blow details at present!

Shopboy (shouldering bale of Irish stuff). All right, Sir! But, how about this? Awful lot

On our hands, and it blocks up the Shop. [Shall we show it in front?

Manager (meditatively). Better not.

Shopboy. Think so, Sir? 'Twill have to be cleared out some time.

Manager. Humph! Perhaps,—but not now.

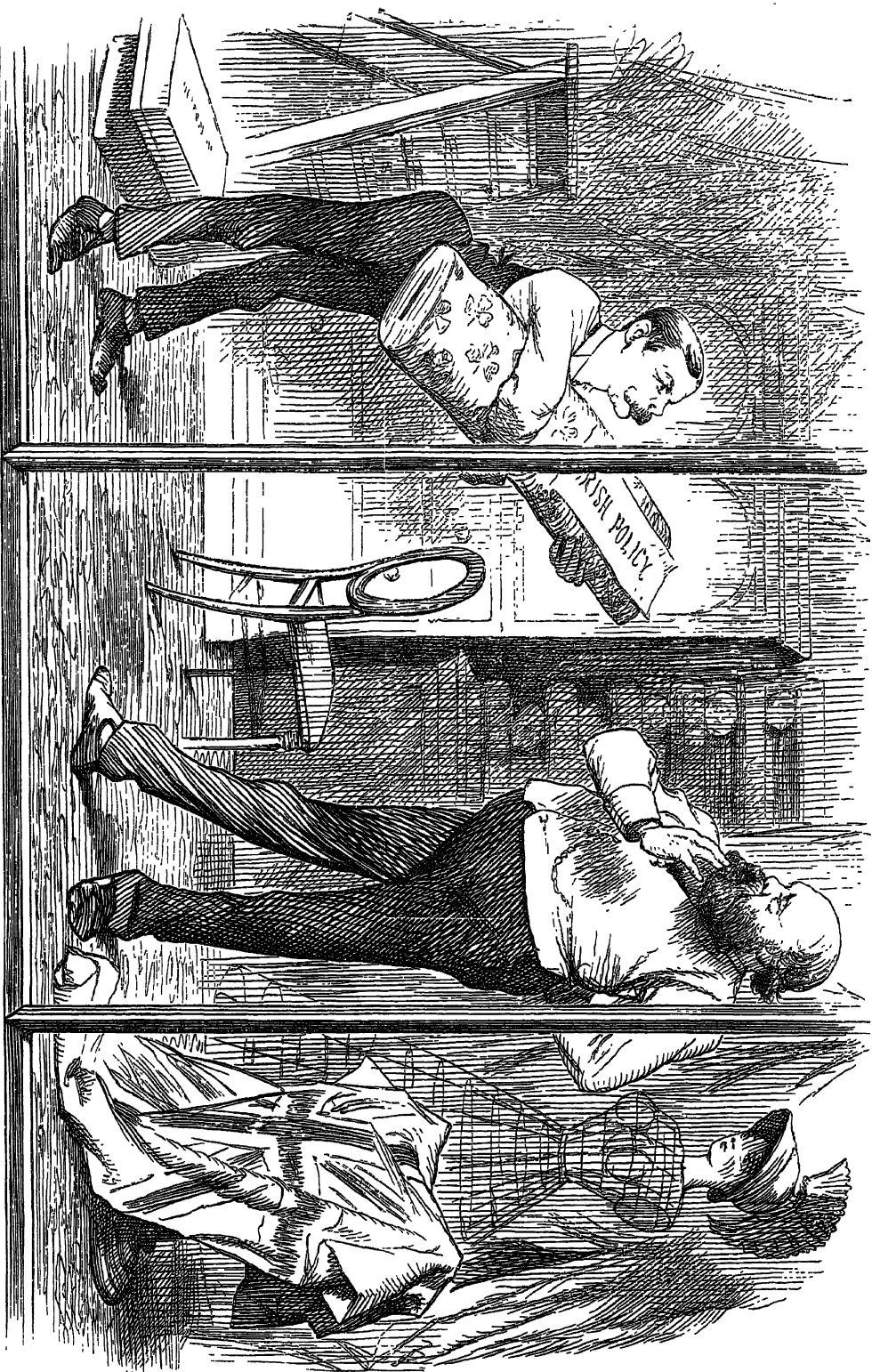
Shopboy (aside). Ah! Guv'nor means keeping things quiet. That game always leads to a row.

Well, well, let him put the lot back then, and—leave it to me!

Manager. No great call For Irish goods, just at the moment. I shan't push the trade in the Fall,

Whatever the others may do,—and, of course, I cannot answer for G.—

Leave it over until our Spring Season, my RANDOLPH, and then—we shall see!



CONSERVATIVE SUPPLY ASSOCIATION.

DRESSING THE WINDOW.

SHOP MANAGER. "EH P—WELL—I DON'T THINK THERE'S MUCH DEMAND FOR 'IRISH GOODS' JUST NOW—WE'D BETTER KEEP 'EM OVER FOR THE SPRING SEASON."

REPORTS FROM THE GUNS.

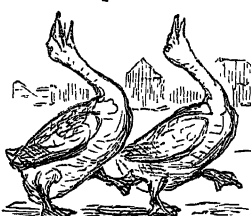
(By D. CRAMBO, JUNIOR.)

In the Absence of Cover,
Birds were Wild.Standing Corn interfered
with Shooting.An abundance of Stubble favoured
Operations.Preserves show a Falling
Off.Second Brew'ds are Small
and Weak.

A Wide Stretch of Mower.



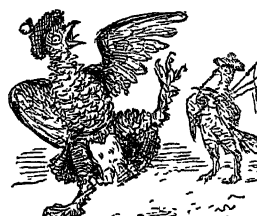
A Deer Run.



Some Birds are rather Backward.



A Strong Covey.



Caper-Cailzie.

GODWIN'S GUILLE;

A STORY OF THE FOOL'S REVENGE.

DEAR MR. NIBBS,

As you have asked me to report upon the recent doings at the Opéra Comique, I obey your commands. You must know, then, that some little while ago this theatre was opened, with rather a flourish of trumpets, under the management of Mr. E. W. GODWIN, the great authority upon Art and Costume. The campaign did not commence with a new piece, but reliance was placed upon *The Fool's Revenge*, a clever adaptation of *Le Roi's Amuse*, by the late TOM TAYLOR, in which—so rumour said—a well-known "professional Beauty" and her sister had made their first appearance. The opening night was, I am given to understand, a perfect triumph. Every place in the house, I believe, was taken, and I am under the impression that even Royalty was present. From the fact that the bill had to be strengthened shortly afterwards, I feared that perhaps the "good business" of the initial performance might have been transitory. My apprehensions were soon verified, as, upon visiting the theatre about a week or ten days ago, I found the numbers of those then present insufficient (to put it mildly) to warrant a display of a placard bearing the legend of "House quite full—standing room only." It is unnecessary to say that no such misleading announcement was made either in the lobby, which looked dull, or the entrance-hall, which had the appearance of not being much frequented. However, the two Plays (the Tragedy already mentioned was supplemented with *Dr. Davy*) were interesting, and fairly acted. The mounting of *The Fool's Revenge* was magnificent—dresses admirable, and scenery splendid. The "interiors" of the Ducal Palace, and the house of the "Old Condottiere" in this clever piece, quite realised Italian life at the end of, I think, the fifteenth century. The two "professional Beauties" were very beautiful, and both of them knew their parts. It would perhaps be difficult to find a better "Fool" than Mr. HERMANN VEZIN, and Mr. HERBERT played another variation of the character with nearly equal success. The piece ended with rather a feeble tag from one of the "Beauties," to the effect that she (the Beauty) was ready to answer for some deed or other (I think it was poisoning her husband, or something equally excusable) when called upon so to do. I have a foolish fancy that this was not the last line in Mr. TAYLOR's adaptation, but I may be wrong. Of *Dr. Davy* I can say little, as the attendant who furnished me with a playbill rightly informed me that it did not contain a cast of that piece. However, Mr. VEZIN I distinctly recognised in the hero, and to the best of my belief spotted one of the "Beauties" in the part originally filled by poor NELLIE MOORE at the Haymarket. Mr. VEZIN of course was Mr. VEZIN, and the Beauty was better than she had been in the *Fool's Revenge*. Altogether, the Orchestra and myself, and the rest of the audience had a very pleasant evening.

A few nights ago I repeated my visit, on the occasion of the production of a comedy called *Bachelors*. As Mr. BUCHANAN was associated in the authorship, I was sure that the play would be "true to life," and felt comfortable about the appropriateness of the scenery, thanks to the fact that the theatre was under the management of Mr. E. W. GODWIN. The curtain rose upon one of the most magnificent rooms I had ever seen, although it appeared strangely familiar to me, which, however, had a decidedly foreign

appearance. I soon discovered that it was not intended to be foreign, being merely an apartment in Bachelors' Hall. This thoroughly English dwelling-place was tenanted by three Bachelors—a Q.C., a Doctor of Medicine (who, I fancy, must have been intended to be hiding away from the police, as he was not very well disguised in a very false moustache), a Professor of Music, and also by a Housekeeper, her daughter, and a would-be comic Butler.

I soon ascertained that the Housekeeper was anxious to marry her daughter to the Professor of Music, as the richest of her three employers, from which I fancy the practice of the Q.C. (who, apparently, was a leader in the Probate, Divorce, and Admiralty Division) and the Doctor (whose patients, seemingly, received his professional visits at eight in the morning) could not have been very considerable. Later on, I found that the Q.C. had a nephew who somehow or other had to marry a widow, to fulfil a legal necessity to secure a fortune; and who, consequently, did not wish to contract the marriage. With the traditional shrewdness of one called within the Bar, the Q.C. strongly recommended his relative to refuse to contract the match, his sole reason for giving this sage advice being that bachelorhood was better than marriage. Then the wealthy Professor of Music (who had, I believe, amassed his large fortune by giving lessons on the piano in a provincial town) somehow or other became engaged to the widow, a friend of hers, and the Housekeeper's daughter all at once. Then everything was explained, and the Q.C. (shrewd to the last) married the landlady.

This charming story of simple English life was illustrated (as I have already hinted), with the most magnificent scenery. I have said that the view of a dining-room in Bachelors' Hall, was magnificent, but words fail to express the splendours of the boudoir of the widow—gorgeous colouring, beautiful decorations, even the sky seen without was of pure Italian blue—Italian blue! "Italian blue!" As I write a light grows in upon me. Where had I seen that beautiful apartment in Bachelors' Hall before? Where had I gazed upon the familiar magnificence of the widow's boudoir in more melancholy days? Answer to both questions—in the *Fool's Revenge*! As the Hall in the Ducal Palace? As the room in the "Old Condottiere's" house? I am afraid it was indeed the case! I can write no more! I did think; yes, I did think, that with a theatre under the management of Mr. E. W. GODWIN that we should be certain of appropriate scenery. To mount a quiet domestic Comedy of simple (very simple) English life like *Bachelors* with "interiors" belonging to Italy at the end of the fifteenth century was too much for

CHARLES—YOUR FRIEND.

A PIOUS HISTRIAN.—To judge from the report of the finish of Mr. WILSON BARRETT's speech at his farewell theatrical banquet, when he invoked such a blessing on the company there assembled as might benefit them during his temporary absence in America, should an under-study be at any time wanted to occupy the Rev. STEWART HEADLAM's pulpit, the Bishop of LONDON need only send to the Princess's Theatre. If Mr. BARRETT were a trifle stouter, he might make up for an Anglican dignitary, though there is something in his face perhaps a little too Roman. We hope his American trip will be successful, although (*adieu omen!*) the voice of the WARNER was heard from the chair on the occasion of this gushing farewell. Why "farewell"? Surely it is *au revoir*?



ACCOMMODATING.

Absent-minded Philanthropist. "PENNY? 'PO'M'WORD I'M 'FRAID I—'NLESS YOU CAN GI' ME CHANGE FOR A SHILL—"

Beggar (off his guard too). "THANKY, S'. 'THINK I CAN 'BLIGE YER, SIR. 'MAY 'AVE A ODD COPPER OR TWO—"

[Business done!]

NEW RULES FOR MEDICAL STUDENTS.

DEAR PUNCH,—The following is a specimen of the admirable regulations prescribed for the Medical Students of Excelesior College:—

Every Student is expected to reside in the Collegiate Establishment, and, unless detained by evening lecture, to return home at latest by 7.14, and, after perusal of his notes, succeeded by a light supper, if necessary, of dry toast and tea, or gruel, or arrow-root, with, if preferred, a small tumbler of lemon-squash, to retire to bed, tucked up for the night's repose, at 8.30.

To rise not later than six, winter and summer, and take an hour's exercise in one of the tennis-courts before breakfast, which should consist of a limited mess of porridge, and a cup of tea, coffee, or chocolate, not too strong. At the most convenient interval of attendance at lectures, clinical studies, and dissections, to adjourn from the Hospital to the adjacent refectory, for dinner, consisting usually of a small mutton-chop, bread, potatoes, and an apple-dumpling, with toast-and-water, or soda-water simple, *ad libitum*. On no account whatever to take his meals at a tavern.

Daily, at an hour appointed by the Sub-Dean, Dr. FORCERS, Professor of Anatomy, to report himself to that officer, and undergo a dissection of his pursuits and recreations out of school-hours the day before, for the information and satisfaction of his parents and friends.

The Medical Faculty of Excelesior College, though desirous to retain all the Students under thorough supervision, by no means propose to treat them as boys. On the contrary, they strictly forbid them to play at marbles, whipping-top, or peg-top, or to trundle hoops in the College-quadrangle; and any detected in a game of pitch-and-toss will be severely reprimanded. Every Student discovered to have been present at a Music Hall, will have his fees returned to him, and be expelled.

As a Student under the old régime, I may be allowed to contrast the foregoing regulations with an extract from my own diary of other days:—

"Up at eight with a splitting headache (oysters and porter overnight), breakfast on devilled kidneys and strong coffee, topped up with a nip of 'Old Tom.' At nine to demonstration in the anatomical theatre—rummy stories told by the demonstrator, Mr. GORR—don't remember much else. Then to lecture on Chemistry and Materia Medica; next, went the round of the wards with Dr. SLOGO. After that, dissection of a lower extremity, stout and biscuits in the rooms, and a spar between the son of the Head-Surgeon and Old NICK, the resurrection-man. Then up Holborn, smoking a cigar. Purchased a portrait of the Tipton Slasher, and PAULINE, the Pet of the Ballet. At half-past four to dine at the 'Stilton Cheese,' rump-steak and onions, stewed cheese, a pint of ale, and three 'goes' of punch. Back to the Hospital, where surgical lecture, at which I saw the lecturer double. Off to the play—sucked an orange in the pit. Performance over at eleven, then to the 'Shades,' where supper, poached eggs, a pot of half-and-half, go of whiskey and water hot, and two cigars. A lot of glees and comic songs, several of a spivvy nature. Herr VON SAMUEL sang a German song, 'Madel, doo bist miney Friday,' and NATHAN, the improvisatore, an extempore, in which he made a verse on me, and I tried to punch his head. There was a row, and I got turned out. Home at three in the morning through Long Acre, where a snob asked me how I was off for soap, and I floored him. To bed at four, and found next morning I had lost my 'ticker.'"

Candour, Sir, however, compels me to say that a reasonable supervision is highly necessary for Medical Students, young men in London whose future career would certainly be rather imperilled by the somewhat lax habits for which they were certainly a little too notorious in the early days of your ancient friend,

ROBERT SAWYER.

"Matthews at Home"—Rule.

MR. MATTHEWS's eloquent mouth they would shut

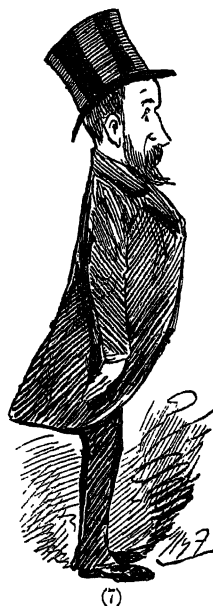
By proving he once was a Home-Ruler stiff. Well, that sort of thing, for the time, he has cut.

[BUTT, His views of it then were dependent on Now they probably hinge upon "If."]

FLOREAT ETONA!—Etonians are pleased at LORD HARRIS having been made Under-Secretary of State for War. As a boy he was brought up in the House of Warre. His Lordship is ready to defend his country's wickets, and his motto is, "*Pro Harris et focis!*"

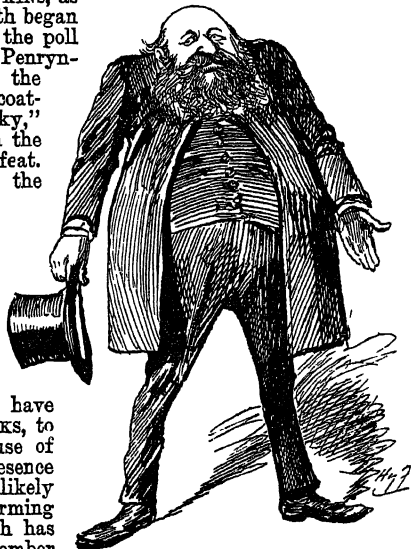
MEMBERS WE SHALL MISS.

SOME more sketches of Members of the last Parliament who have joined the majority. Don't mean the majority against GLADSTONE, but that larger majority of men who have been



(7)

in the House of Commons and are there no more. Here (7) is the portrait of Mr. D. J. JENKINS, as he appeared when the truth began to dawn upon him that the poll was going against him at Penryn and-Falmouth. Observe the resolute appearance of the coat-tail, which is still "cocky," and refuses to believe in the gathering rumours of defeat. But the slight bend in the knee, the limp fall of the arm, and the anxious look in the right eye, betray the situation. JENKINS had a near run last time, beating young CAVENDISH BENTINCK by a little over a hundred. Now CAVENDISH BENTINCK beat him by little under a hundred, and once more we shall have two CAVENDISH BENTINCKS, to the delight of the House of Commons, though the presence of a full-grown son is likely to detract from that charming juvenile appearance which has ever distinguished the Member for Whitehaven.



(8)

"Ain't I like Lord SALISBURY?" said Mr. SPICER (8), presenting himself before the electors of South Islington. They seemed to think he was too much like him for their taste, and accordingly his 3050 became 2208 in his stead. ing to Ham-Mr. WILSON here faith-



(9)

ive, though it could not get over the Wednesday electors in July. Mr. LLOYD has made room for PHILLIP STANHOPE, whose appearance in the House will be welcomed by his brother, who sits on the Treasury Bench. PHILLIP, on the contrary, will sit with the Radicals below the Gangway opposite. The new House will thus have a repetition of something like the appalling spectacle, nightly familiar, when Colonel HARCOURT, in the stronghold of Conservatism, used to sit



(10)

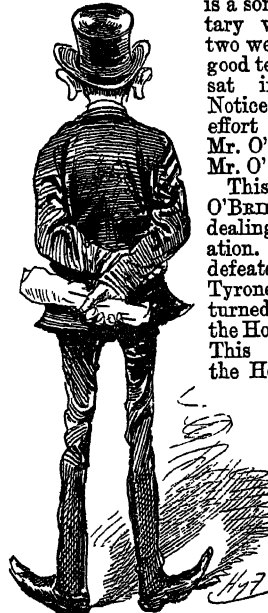
vis-à-vis with his brother, a colleague of Mr. GLADSTONE's. Mr. HIBBERT (10) is out again. Oldham has played fast and loose with him for nearly thirty years, and now it has again rejected him. It's very strange, Mr. HIBBERT thinks. But he's not the man to complain. He will doubtless stand again on the next opportunity; meanwhile he sits in a corner and looks on.

This couple (11) represents one of those happy combinations of circumstances which only Ireland could supply, and which even Ireland has failed in the new Parliament to reproduce. The gentleman with the large



(11)

spectacles is Mr. O'HEA. His companion is Mr. O'SHEA. The joke was too good to be repeated, and accordingly at the last election Mr. O'SHEA lost his seat, and Mr. O'HEA is a sort of Parliamentary widower. The two were not on very good terms whilst they sat in Parliament. Notice the desperate effort being made by Mr. O'HEA not to see Mr. O'SHEA.



(12)

This (12) is Mr. W. O'BRIEN's way of dealing with the situation. He was not defeated in South Tyrone, he simply turned his back upon the House of Commons. This is an attitude the House as a whole will not too bitterly regret. Things are likely to be quieter with Mr. W. O'BRIEN outside. Sir PAT of that Clan wanted to get him there on the memorable occasion when across the floor of the House he challenged him to mortal combat. Mr. O'BRIEN kept his seat then. He has lost it now.

A RIFT IN THE CONSANGUINITY CLOSED.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,

FROM my youth upwards I have now and again found myself lost in labyrinthine speculation as to who I should have been had my father or mother, or both, married some one other than they did. Should I have been, under certain unknown conditions, Mr. LEICESTER, Lord SALISBURY, Mrs. BESANT, &c.? In my attempts to solve the insoluble, I have seen Colney Hatch in the dim perspective, but, thanks to Dr. WITHERS-MOORE's address to the British Medical Association at Brighton, I see a ray of hope, for he asks, "What if Goethe's Mother had not married? Would he have written 'Faust'?" Hooray! Eureka! No padded room, no warder kneeling on my well-packed chest! I know the man, and

I will find the hour. I'm off to Delphos by the half-a-crown boat on Saturday.

Yours in ecstasy,

THE WANDERING HEIR.

P.S.—Another grand idea! Supposing all our fathers and mothers had been other people's fathers and mothers, who should *We* have been in this "so-called Nineteenth Century"?

Song of the Shooting Member.

To crush in August to the House

Is just a plague to a';

We'll have more luck amongst the Grouse

When our Grand Old Man's awa'.

THE LOST LETTER-BAG.

("Litera scripta manet.")

XXXIV.

Office of the (Name blotted), Aug. 13.

DEAR JOBSON,

AH! you are something like a leader-writer. How long it is since I saw, in an article on any sport, what I find in your essay to-day on Australian cricket. "The Battle of Waterloo was won—it was the Duke of WELLINGTON who said so—on the playing-fields of Eton." I had begun to think that the good old tag had perished; but you, my boy, are the Pancirollus of that lost art. Go on writing like this: this is what our people like; nothing new or puzzling, but the familiar constitutional statements, and the Duke of WELLINGTON! I am looking forward with delight to your article on the First of September, its partridges, you know; pointers, Mr. Winkle, and all that.

Yours always,

THOMAS BUTTON (Editor).

XXXV.

Cornhill, Aug. 13.

MY DEAR ARMSTRONG,

WHAT follows you are in Belfast! What do you do it for? Your workmen take the Roman poet's advice, *sparge, marite, nuces*, but the nuts they scatter are all iron nuts. To be flippant, you Protestant shipbuilders seem quite nuts on your neighbours. And they are pretty handy with their flints, remembering, as SCOTT says, that "flints are rent." Still, I don't see why your hands and the other hands do it. If you broke each other's heads for a month, nobody interfering, how would they be the better in the long run? They can't seriously hope to exterminate each other on both sides, and yet what other ideal, in Belfast, would be worth attaining? Can't you speak to your hands like a father, and get them to see this? We all see it over here.

Ever yours,

To Johnston Jardine Armstrong, Esq.,
Belfast.

JOHN SMITH.

XXXVI.

The Dove-cot, Bullocksmithy.

DARLING ANNIE,

I ALWAYS promised to let you hear, *first of all!* He is, oh, so delightful, and *unusual*. He has not exactly *spoken* yet, but every day I expect him. He is so handsome, very fair, and so clever, and *intellectual*, and *advanced*. He has lent me the most delightful books, French and English, on Socialism, and Spiritualism, and Art. I don't quite understand the *French* books, but I know he finds in me a kindred soul. He says I *understand* him. I hope I do. Mamma is afraid I don't; but you will be *ready*, won't you, dear, to congratulate your loving

ATALANTA GIRTON.

P.S.—He is away, lecturing to the Proletariat, in Staleybridge, for the New Buddhist Society.

XXXVII.

(The Address of the following is illegible.)

MY DEAR SIR,

THE sincere sympathy with which I have followed your brilliant career as a dramatist, prompts me to seek your collaboration in a new comedy, the idea for which has recently occurred to me.

I have the vanity to believe that my plot is absolutely *new and original*, as you will see it affords admirable opportunities for the exercise of your peculiar ingenuity of treatment, though space obliges me to give but the barest outline of both *donnée* and *motif*.

My notion is (shortly) this: A., a wealthy rag-and-bottle-merchant in the City, is secretly engaged to a Roumanian (or Bulgarian) lady ventriloquist. (You can make plenty of fun out of this!) But A. has a nephew, on the *wife's side*, who is enamoured of the daughter of an Archbishop—there has never been an Archbishop in *modern* comedy—and who is also largely interested in a project for making jam out of ship's barnacles. Complications, which you will readily imagine, but which I have not as yet had leisure to elaborate, arise from this, and are connected by a *ficelle* (which I will leave to your well-known fertility of invention) with the matrimonial adventures of a maiden lady of over middle age, who imagines herself attractive, and is desperately anxious to *secure a husband*. Here again you have a character *new to the Stage*, and, with your talent, you should be able to devise situations for more fully developing the peculiarities I have but sketched.

The consequences of the imbroglio we can best work out in consultation, and I must ask you to make an appointment for this purpose as soon as possible, as I am occupied in *other pursuits*. I may add that I have suffered so much from dramatists of supposed reputation, who, nevertheless, have not scrupled to rob me of ideas I have submitted to them in *all confidence*, that though I trust to your honour not to make any unprincipled use of the dramatic material I hereby entrust for your consideration only, I shall, in the event of your proving yourself a pirate like the rest, enforce my rights by every means in my power.

I am yours faithfully,

(Signature undecipherable).

XXXVIII.

MY DEAREST AUNT,

Craven Street, Strand.

You have frequently expressed a wish to see me happily united in wedlock to a young lady you could respect and esteem, and it now becomes my pleasant task to inform you that your desire is about to be more than realised.

If you have perused some of the lighter theatrical periodicals, you can hardly fail to have remarked the name of a Miss POPPILY FOL-JAMBE, and will also have noted that she is invariably mentioned in a tone of cordial and unqualified commendation.

Seeking relaxation from the course of strict and arduous study upon which I have, at your suggestion, entered in order to fit myself for the noble profession of the Law, I have casually encountered this "gem of purest ray serene" in the various caves of harmony which exist in our great Metropolis, and, after long and persevering efforts, at length succeeded in being admitted to the privilege of her acquaintance.

She is indeed a being whom it is only necessary to know to love! and is, moreover, universally acknowledged to be the quickest lightning-change artist in the Profession.

She is not perhaps what you would call highly educated, but she has a mind of striking range and cultivation, and, without being in anyway a *blue*, takes a warm interest in topics of the day. She is one of Nature's own gentlewomen, and her patter and step-dancing bear the stamp of true genius. I long to bring her to see you at dear old Clapham, and shall hope for an early opportunity of introducing her to your tea-table some Sunday afternoon.

Her birth and parentage are not unworthy of her. Her father has long occupied the prominent and responsible position of Chairman of the Accordion Music Hall, and is a gentleman of distinguished manner, though affable and accessible to all who approach him in the right spirit. Her mother is a lady in whose simple dignity it would be difficult to detect the whilom "Female Jester" whose wit and wisdom have brightened so many a provincial Circus, and her brother (now abroad for the benefit of his health) but lately retired from the turf, where he is greatly missed, with a considerable sum as the reward of his industry and foresight. Her sister is perhaps the leading lady-banjoist in Europe, and was lately presented with the silver belt of Championship, while her uncle's name, SAM KICKST, will doubtless be familiar to you in connection with slab and spade dancing. So that you have no cause to blush for the new relatives with whom I hope to present you.

But why enlarge on all this when you can see my pearl with your own eyes? If you *still* have any doubts whether I have decided upon my present step without due circumspection, and the maturest deliberation, come, my dear Aunt, and resolve them for yourself! Mention my name any evening, about Eleven, at the doors of the Accordion, and you will be passed in at once, and, when my beloved comes on for her usual turn, you will be enabled to form some faint idea of the heights to which she is capable of rising.

Awaiting your blessing, by return of post, I am, my dear Aunt, always your affectionate Nephew,

THEOPHILUS BOUNDER.

P.S.—I find the expenses of life as a London student have been very much under-estimated, and shall be glad of a cheque to accompany blessing as above.

A BROKEN-HEARTED BALLADE.

NAY! but talk not to me of the rush to the North,
Every station and platform at present pouring forth—
Of the wild Southron hordes every day pouring forth
And in shoals all our sweet heather moorland invading.
For I've let all I own to three Manchester men,
And I picture their heads consequentially wagging
As they stalk, perhaps kilted, to seize on my glen,
Where I know that my grouse they'll be constantly bagging.
Ah, to know that a stranger your property's looting,
It's that hits you hardest in letting your shooting.
Shall I stay? nay, I'll off to some far southern shore,
And I'll leave far behind me my own Scottish weather,
And beneath bluer heavens I'll ponder no more
On the mists that are drenching my loved native heather!
And it may be to me p'raps will come home the thought,
From these Manchester men that my keep I've been earning—
And I'll solace myself with this comforting thought
Till the last bird being killed sees me once more returning!
But it's aye for old ties and old feelings uprooting,
There's nothing can touch one like letting the shooting!

A BODKIN'S POINT.—"Under proper control" means properly muzzled or led by substantial person using chain, cord, leather, or something sufficiently strong. Mr. Punch confirms the contention of Mr. BODKIN, who naturally is a very sharp lawyer. *Ros acu tacta est*,—i.e., the matter has been dealt with by BODKIN.

HOODLUM.

From Citizen JULES GUEULARD, French Working Men's Delegate, London, to Citizen HOODLUM P. CRANK at Mrs. BULLDOSE's Boarding House, Hyde Park, Chicago Ill. U.S.A.

FREN AND BROZERRE,

HERE is more zan eight day I restin dis mud-fog-dust-smoke city, annoying myself sometime, amusing myself too, by time. Your



"Delegate Ground" at the Colinderies.

letter from Chicago, he come yesterday. He very pretty, special when it is of blood you speak. I am well ease to hear from my good fren vid vich I work more than one year in the carpet factory of those German pigs, SCHWEINHUND an RAUSCHINKEN. Fraternal salutation to all French comrade in factory. Embrace of solidarity to BLA-GUEFORT dit TAPE-DUR, EMILE SAVATE, PIERRE CHASSEPOIL an ALPHONSE GRIN-CHEUX, dit BOULE DE SUIF. I hope you all strike often, an shoot at rich fabricant an banker, ven de heart tell you of it. Here we are living as Delegates, like cock in paste. Every day he come feast. At Quadrant dining-room of the Exposition at Sow Kensington, I fin a charming ouaisterre name ROBERT. Robert toi que j'aime! He is Remembrancerre and Ouaterre Bailiffs Young Man to the Lor Maire, but zat tyrant is in vacanoies, an ROBERT he wait at Quadrant. Afterre long talk to me ROBERT he said, "I am going away, Mossoo." I say "Go, my fren," Zen he murmur somethin about "arfacrown." Vat is arfacrown? I know francs an centimes, dollare an cents, but no arfacrown. ROBERT tells me he is journalist. He introduce me to Sir CUNLIFFE, MILOR TRENDLELL, General SOMERVINE, all journalists. Ve Delegate af dine vid ze Tyrants Entrails Club and vid de Tom Paine Club, and sop vid ze Ancient Order of Ragamoffin, ze Liberty an Property Abolition League. Tomorrow a gingrog of honour at the hall of the Society for the Destruction of Modern Buildings. Zay talk too of making us Nites of ze Raw Onion League, a Society instituted in honour of ze memory of ODGERRE, a patriot proletaire who loved raw onion to folly. Already we enjoy dere Spartan fare. Bread, cheese of Holland, onion an porterrebeer. Zen gin grog. Zen pipe, zen fite. A Dame of League, charming but red head, propose to decorate me vid onion in button-hole. I endeavour to florate her lips. She say, "two bob and benderre." Vot is two bob an benderre? Zen she say, "rhino," "tin," "stump up," "money," I comprehend. I say "no." Zen she push me in ze eye, vich is now black as heart of millionaire.

Adieu for ze moment, my fren. I go now to opening of Chambers at Vestminsterre, In ze Senate I am to hear Lord WILFRID LAWSON's discourse in élogé of rum-grog. He will be oppose by another peer of same name, Lor HARRY LAWSON, one of ze chief of ze Sanpancratio, or Igh Tory party. Sir PARNELL I have not yet erd. Last Sunday BIBI LA GRILLADE, JAMBONARD dit COCO, and FÉLIX GAVROCHEUR dit GÂTEMOUCHARD. I've spend day vid Citizen LABOUCHERE, at the Villa of POPP, Tweekenam. POPP was poet, well poet and well strong in Greek. OMERA, an Irish banker, rich, a monster of crime, and vain, pay POPP to translate Virgil from ze Greek, and pass it off as is own; but ze Critics find out ze fraud, an ze book always known now as *Popp's Omera*. Hate cigarette. Like brandy-grog. Citizen LABOUCHERE very tall, fineman. Large mind. He is Journalist for ze foreign politiq of ze *Daily News Telegraph*, an evening Journal, of vich ze weekly edition is called, *Ze World an Truce*—zat is Citizen LABOUCHERE's devise. Vat noble vords—*Ze World an Truce*! Citizen LABOUCHERE has a son called EDMOND. He loves him with passion.

Adieu, my friend. *A biento!* Death to tyrants! *Abas les propriétaires!* *Viv nous autres!* *A bas les autres!*

JULES GUEULARD.

From the same O Sitoien JEAN JACQUES DESVERRES-GONDAY *Konseliez Munisipalle a Lotel Devil, Paris.*

MON VIEU,

Tu a toutjour zeté un bon zig pour moi eh lé jourre de la grand pay can je navet palle sou couvant tu ma refleuré le tain avec

trois ou quatre vers de schnik et dez boks inombrabe. Say pour sa que je te phlanque une laitre pour te dir de mez nouvel et te raconté mes zavanture parmis ses gredain de mangeur de rosbif et buveur de porterre. Sachet mon bon que l'angleterre est un pay tray canail. Londre ait une vil eksesivement salope. Nyapa de Hal Sentral l'seul marchai quai ses zimbessil ait un mauvé troux quille zapel "Mod Salade Markett" ainci nomay par un fichue drolle de journal *Le Ponche*. "Mod Salade Markett" veux dir Marchay Bouense Sait dune puantheure infect. Onnyvent que des laitgum dais phrui ez quelque fleur. On vous fay payé une dmi killogram de raysin cinq shellin—fichtre! La journey dun om!—et toute sept pouriture apartien eaux Duc de GOTOUTBEDFORT dont le fissé ehmay ait Marqui de Mod Salade. On diray du vo. Jeuneu ti diré rien dafer public. Tout sa tu trouvera dan lez laitre quand ma calitais de deleguez jenvoi a notte journal bienehmai *Le Voyou*. Onmoffe dez comme phabuleuze pour le croy de rayimprimez ses laitres. Adieux mon vieu. Ses shamô de cokney de savent pas un brain de se quai la vié libbertay com nous lentendent a Paris. Salu tay Fraternitez.

Ton ami JULES GUEULARD.

GOING NORTH!

THE following condensed extract from a contemplated edition of *Bradshaw*, specially annotated and revised for the purpose, is recommended to all thinking of journeying beyond the Tweed:—

LONDON—10 A.M.—This train crammed with tourists, sportsmen, dogs, babies, servants and general passengers, made up to double its ordinary length, is at last started thirteen minutes late and leaves the station at a slow crawl.

GRANTHAM—2.17 P.M.—Arrives here one hour and fifteen minutes behind time. Passengers can alight here and ask guard what it all means, but will get no information.

YORK—4.59.—Fresh influx of tourists, sportsmen, dogs, guns, and babies here. Train stops eighty-seven minutes for dinner. Passengers wishing to be in time for the Highland train from Perth, can here threaten the Directors, write to the *Times*, or go back to London by the next train and give it up.

NEWCASTLE—9.29.—Train two hours and twenty-seven minutes behind time. Third-class passengers who wish to protest, can get out here, and, tearing their hair, bathe their heads in cold tea in the refreshment-room, in presence of the local porters. Wait of twenty-seven minutes about nothing in particular.

EDINBURGH—12.—It being past midnight, all passengers alight here off their heads, and after chasing the Station-Master all over the building, join in a general Scotch reel on the down platform, from which they are finally with difficulty hustled back again into the train by the authorities, aided by the police, and are at last started en route for Perth, a hundred and seventy minutes behind time, singing "*Scots wha hae*" in unison.

PERTH—3.13 A.M.—Reached three hours and thirty-five minutes after time, the last Highland train having started North two hours and a quarter previously. Passengers, on hearing this announcement made to them, and being informed they must finish the night on the platform, alight here in wild hysterics, and proceed to wreck the Pullman sleeping-car, and make a bonfire with the *débris*, the Traffic Manager, who endeavours to interfere, only escaping being lynched on the spot by climbing up aloft, and hiding in the iron rafters. The Refreshment-room is also broken into soon after daylight here, when a wild orgy on cold coffee and uncooked salmon outlets ensues, and is continued till tickets being inspected under the supervision of the local Military, the morning traffic is resumed, and the tourists, sportsmen, dogs, servants, babies, and general passengers, are gradually despatched northwards, in diminishing, but irritable and discontented batches, and the ordinary business of the day is once more proceeded with as usual.

N.B.—The information furnished in the pages devoted both to the Midland and North-Western routes is equally explicit and satisfactory.

A Policy of Inquiry.

"We have determined to appoint a small Commission."

LORD RANDOLPH CHURCHILL.

OLD Digby Grant in the *Two Roses* found

A way of settling old accounts completely;

He simply gave "a little cheque" all round,

And thought that finished up the business neatly.

Of that prig's precedent does RANDOLPH reckon?

Well, he has slightly altered the position,

Digby squared all things with "a little cheque,"

CHURCHILL would square them with "a small Commission."

A PLAY, that was omitted from the German celebration of the Centenary of FREDERICK THE GREAT last week was, *L'Ami Fritz*.

'ARRY AT STONEHENGE.



DEAR CHARLIE,

I've 'ad a prime 'oliday, barrin' the botherin' rain,
And the pick o' the basket, old man, was our picknik to Solsbury
Plain.
So twigging some stuff in the *Times*, pile o' rot about rabbits and me,
I'll jest give yer *my* views on the pint, as will settle the case, dont-
cher see.

Stonehenge is a fraud, my dear CHARLIE! Some old Arkylogical
bloke,
As caught me and BOB arter luncheon, a-doing a doss and a smoke,
Pitched up a rare yarn about Wandals, wotever *they* are, and made
out,

As the stones was "a precious' possession!" Big bee in' 'is bonnet
no doubt.

"A precious old graveyard gone wrong!" sez Yours Truly. He
shuddered, dear pal,
And pattered a proper old barney to me and BOB JONES, and his gal,
About Druids, and sickles, and mizzletoe, Slortering Stones and sech
stuff.
Till I asked 'im if tuppence 'ud stash 'im; as sent 'im away in a 'uff.
Arter that we 'ad larks and no error; played kiss-in-the-ring round
the stones;
It's a proper old spot for that fun, and that crumby young caution,
POLL JONES,



ADVANTAGES OF A CLASSICAL EDUCATION.

Mr. Mould. "LET IT REMAIN HERE, AND I'LL COME BACK FOR IT!"

Chef de Gare. "JE N'COMPRENDS PAS, M'SIEUR!"

Mrs. Mould. "TRY HIM IN LATIN, MY LOVE."

Mr. Mould. "ALL RIGHT. LOOK HERE, MOSSOO—*REQUIESCAT IN PACE—RESURGAM!*"

Chef de Gare. "AH! PARFAITEMENT! QUE ÇA RESTE ICI, ET PUIS VOUS REVIENDREZ!"

Said the Druids no doubt 'ad done ditto, of course on the strictest Q.T.

"And that's wy they went in for mizzletoe, isn't it, 'ARRY?" sez she.

We done pooty well though, without it, did POLLY and me, mate, you bet. Then we went in for akrybat capers, and arter a blow and a wet, I cut my name and POLLY's, with a knife and a big nubblly stone I'd chipped off. On a block called the Friar's Heel, CHARLIE. At carving you know I'm a Toff.

Then we lighted a fire and made tea; and the heat split one stone all to bits, With a bust as set POLLY a-shrieking, and sent brother BOB into fits. 'Owsomever I soon smoothed her down with a smack and a harm round her waist,

And I brewed 'er a dose of 'ot lotion as seemed pooty much to 'er taste.

Now whether 'twas that or the 'eat, CHARLIE, blowed if I know, but I guess, As we both forty-winked it together, my 'ed upon POLLY's pink dress. And next thing I found myself prowling on Solsbury Plain all alone, 'Cept a bloomin' old bloke in a bedgown as perched on the top of a stone.

His hair wanted cutting tremenjus, he'd mizzletoe wropped round 'is nut, And the way as he goggled at me, mate, was something *too* awfully but. He sez, "Ruin seize thee, thou ruthless one," adding some bosh about banners, And crimson-winged conquest. "Dry up, you old Josses," sez I—"Where's yer manners?"

Sez he, "I'm 'a Druid!" "Oh, are yer?" sez I—"then I shan't jine your lot—"

A Forester now, or Odd Fellow, looks smart, but it's all tommy rot Knocking round in a nightgown in this way, with greens on your head, and a sickle,

Just like a dashed reaper gone dotty. You are in a bloomin' fine pickle."

Sez he, "Sacrilegious young Cad, I should like to cremate you in wicker, As once I would do with the heathen." "O scissors!" sez I, "here's a lick." Did you and your gang build these ruins? If so, you abusive old muff, They could teach you down Tottenham Court Road 'ow to make better use of the stuff."

"You cut your Cad's name on my cromlechs, you tread all my trilithons smooth?"

Yells he. "Yes," sings I, "you old cross between GUY FAUX and General BOOTH."

"Why, you're wus than those mischievous rodents the rabbits," sez he. "Oh, all right!

Cuss away till you're tired, my old Mivvy," I arnsers, and jest took a sight.

That give him the needle I tell yer, he 'eaved up his 'and for a stroke, And, dodging his bloomin' old 'ook, I rolled over on POLLY and woke.

It was coming on dusk, so we cockshied the stones with our bottles, and then

We chortled away o'er the Plain, and got 'ome by a quarter to ten.

We'd a rorty old time, and no kid. But Stonehenge, as I say, is a fizzle, And now 'ere's them Wilts Arkyologist Mugs on the grump and the grizzle Concernin' the mischief as me and the rabbits have done, and the *Times* Drops down on me, jest like that Druid, and treats my amusements as crimes.

They're hard on me, CHARLIE; they're 'ard on me, dash 'em! Stonehenge, they declare, Will be "vulgarised out of its venerable charms" by Yours Truly. Well, there! A bloomin' old stone-yard like that! Talk of running a ha-ha all round. Ha! ha! POLLY's larf at my 'ot 'uns 'ud beat 'em to bits, I'll be bound.

There won't be no larks left at all if old LUBBOCK 'as all 'is own way, No picknicks, no cockshies, no name-cutting! Life ain't wuth living, I say, If all barneys like these must be boshed. No; as long as a knife I can carry, I mean 'anding down to the 'centries the name of yours, larkily, 'ARRY.

MORE "CHICKEN AND CHAMPAGNE!"

WE thank thee, Mr. MOWBRAY MORRIS for having taught us this phrase. We have received at our office a card, of which the following is an exact copy:—

Empire Theatre, 18th August, 1886.

"MR. D. NICOLS having now undertaken the direction of the above Theatre, and wishing to be personally acquainted with the gentlemen of the Press, will be pleased to see them at the Café Royal on Saturday next, the 21st inst., at 6 P.M."

This expresses a most amiable intention on the part of Mr. D. NICOLS, of which perhaps "the Gentlemen of the Press," may have by this time shown their full appreciation. We should be inclined, however, to think that the Gentlemen of the Press, will have shown their self-respect by not accepting Mr. D. NICOL's kind invitation, and that those irresponsible journalists who may have availed themselves of the Director of the Empire Theatre's disinterested and genial hospitality will not be precisely the Gentlemen of the Press.

Is Mr. D. NICOLS also the proprietor of the Café Royal? the name is similar, and if he be, we can thoroughly compliment him on his *cuisine* and his cellar, and upon the general management of his restoration. Why can't he be content with his success there, instead of seeking for a new Empire, the possession of which has not been an un-mixed blessing to its former Directors. However, as he has gone in for a new venture, let it stand on its own merits; but Mr. NICOLS will, we fancy, find himself mistaken, if he thinks that the gush of such "Gentlemen of the Press," as he has feasted and fêted at the Café Royal, will be of the slightest service towards establishing the success of his new speculation in Leicester Square.

PLUCKY CREATURES.—"Is Ostrich-Farming Cruel?" Rather, perhaps, when the poor birds are plucked. In that case they would affect the sympathies of Undergraduates and other students. Only the Ostriches are not condemned to undergo a stiff examination.

A WATER COURSE.

III.

Arrival completed—Remarks on Site—Dinner—Company—Restrictions—Casino—Little Horses—Risks—An Introduction—Retirement—Night—Morning—The First Glass.

THE luggage has arrived. The Cherubic Doctor and the Colonel have been carried up with it by the omnibus, and the whole lot, consisting of the two men and the four boxes, have been safely deposited on to the roof of our hotel.



One of the gracious Nymphs of the Eugénie Fountain.

"To what address shall we have our letters sent?" I ask M. BAEHL.

"Oh," replies our obliging Manager, "it is all the same. We are five hotels, one on the top of another, the Premier, the Splendid, the Continental, the Chabassière, and the Annexe. Address which you like, Sir; the letters are sure to come safe."

"Fairfaintly," says the Colonel. "Tere ees er man who cannot read; he sort all ter letters, and tery are delivered all right. Vonterful!"

And he smiles encouragingly on M. BAEHL, as if he had been bestowing the highest praise on the method adopted.

Three of the abovementioned hotels seem to have been built in the lower part, and the two others are built against the upper part of a rocky mountain-side, an advantageous site, probably the result of a prehistoric volcanic eruption—which could not of itself have thrown up a whole collection of hotels from the depths of its own inner volcanic consciousness—and from the garden-court-yard, where the *salle à manger* is situated, and which therefore is the centre of attraction to all the visitors, are various flights of steps leading down to mysterious-looking door-ways and passages, so that this garden resembles the feeding ground of a human rabbit-warren, and we are the bunnies who at stated times come out of our holes, run up to feed, and, having finished our meal, we pop back into our holes, not to be seen all together again till next feeding-time.

"Now," says Doctor HAMMOND PUTTENEX, "we give you twenty minutes to prepare for dinner. We are already late," and his face actually assumes an air of severity, which is probably not entirely unconnected with an interior appreciation of the emptiness of most human organisations at a certain fixed hour.

None of us require any further hint, the Colonel and Madame LEVERRIER are already disappearing down into a hole on the left of the warren, we catch a glimpse of the last of Mrs. DINDERLIN's skirt as she vanishes into another hole opposite, Mr. BAEHL retires into his bureau hole, the waiters, who have come out to take stock of the new arrivals, are scampering back into their *salle-à-manger* hole. Dr. HAMMOND PUTTENEX runs down an incline, and apparently goes head-first into his own particular hole. The Concierge, in blue and silver livery, appears out of a sort of game-keeper's hut on the premises, (and perhaps it is at the sight of him that all the rabbits have scuttled away frightened), the Chambermaid and Boots belonging to our *étage* appear on the steps leading to our rooms, and following their lead, we also vanish to our holes under the roof—which sounds more like starlings, or mice, than rabbits—and I find myself overlooking a most beautiful view which tempts me away from my sumptuary preparations for dinner. When I emerge and come out into the upper air, there is no one on the garden-roof. The Concierge (who most annoyingly will insist on speaking English, but whom I persist in answering in French,—his nationality being Swiss and his native tongue principally German,) informs me that they have all gone into dinner; and at an oval table, private, and out of reach of the noise and rattle of the *table-d'hôte*, from which we are divided by a temporary screen, I find seated Madame LEVERRIER, Dr. HAMMOND PUTTENEX, the Colonel, Mrs. DINDERLIN, Cousin JANE and next to her a lady with whom Cousin JANE seems already on terms of the closest intimacy, and to whom she immediately presents me. She is a Mrs. TOFFAM, a sparkling-eyed American, speaking with just enough accent to give her remarks a certain piquancy which arrests attention. I have often remarked that a commonplace observation about the weather, a request to pass the salt, or an inquiry as to the state of your health, if given with the least American intonation, will be received by an ordinary English audience with a broad grin; and an obvious repartee, similarly delivered, will be the signal for almost inextinguishable mirth.

Dr. HAMMOND PUTTENEX at meal-times is more cherubic than ever, as, metaphorically of course, he "sits up aloft to keep watch for the life of poor Jack"—poor Jack representing in this case the patients generally, who, while feeding, are under the lynx-eye of Dr. PUTTENEX.

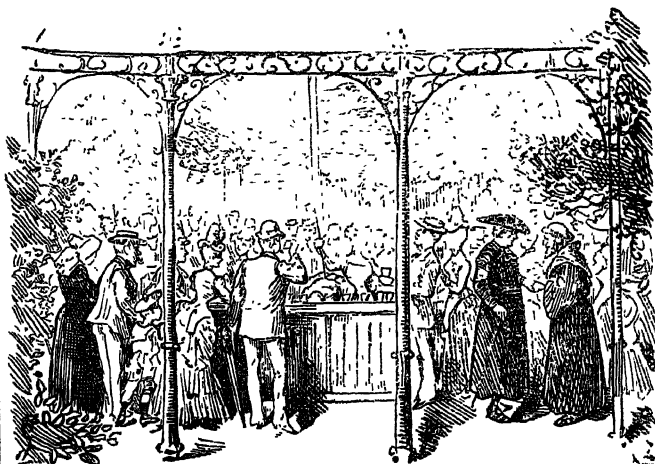
Never have I seen the proverb that what is one man's meat is another's poison, so perfectly illustrated, as in this dining-room, and at our particular table, where Dr. PUTTENEX, with his watchful eye, not only on us, but on the diners at many other tables, partakes heartily of everything, as he is out for a holiday, and "treating himself"—and I must say he treats himself very handsomely. On the table, with the costly wine of the country, of which, as at La Bourboule, the Hotel is so lavish that as much as each person can drink of this rare stuff (thank goodness very rare!) is included in the price of the dinner, and so we call it "the generous,"—a name by which it is henceforth known to the waiter who serves our table,—there are all sorts of the waters of the place, César, St. Mart, and Fonteix, which, as the Irishman said of the whiskey, "take the cruelty out of the water"—only, in this case, it is the water which takes the cruelty out of the wine.

As everyone at our table is taking baths and waters, we have plenty to talk about, the main subject at every repast being our progress, our symptoms, and ourselves generally since we were last together round the festive board.

None of us ever meet without comparing notes of new pains and fresh symptoms. When undergoing a treatment, the knowledge that others are having, or have had, all the pains which have so taken oneself by surprise on their first appearance, is a great solace and encouragement to persevere. It is comforting to be assured that your particular pain in your own particular toe is not the only pain in the world; that others are suffering equally in corresponding toes, and that others have suffered it and have got rid of it—"it may be for years, it may be for ever." And let me add, with all my heart and toe, another quotation, "If for ever, then for ever fare thee well!"

The night is lovely. We take our coffee and cigars—Dr. PUTTENEX permits coffee, cigars, and *liqueurs*, and I hope Dr. REM, to whose care he will resign me to-morrow, will be of the same opinion—out in the garden of the Casino Samie, and once more, after an interval of two years, I see my old friends, the *petits chevaux*, with their *petits jockeys*, going round and round with the same provoking uncertainty; and, as if they, too, were glad to welcome me back again, they allow me to back the winner twice out of three times. Cousin JANE, becoming rash, ventures two francs, and retires discomfited. She says she was not made for a gambler, and thinks that as early hours are to be our rule, the sooner we go to our rooms and "couch ourselves" the better for health.

Just as we are leaving, Dr. REM enters the grounds, and Cousin JANE and myself are introduced to him. Slight, above the middle height, is Dr. REM, with a countenance expressive of the utmost benevolence, and clear bright eyes which regard you straight in the face, as much as to say, "Yes, I am benevolent and kind, but don't you attempt to presume on these qualities, or you'll find yourself considerably out in your calculations, my friend." Dr. REM, like Sir PEN OLIVER, Grand Master of the Knights of the Octave Table, is not only a distinguished physician, but a man of letters, an enthusiast in every department of science, something of an artist (as indeed his name indicates), and as devoted to music as is Sir PEN to etching and painting. He is an Englishman, though his name is foreign, and, if there were another syllable to it, he would have been able to claim descent from one of the greatest of the Old Masters. I am to begin by taking one glass at the Eugénie Spring to-morrow



Performance of "Drink" at Royat. Act First. Early Spring-time at the Fontaine Eugénie.

morning, and then I am to call on the Doctor, when my real serious Water-Course, under his orders and the personal supervision of the Cherubic Doctor, is to commence in earnest.

My window is open all night. I look out on to the park, where the

lights are glittering among the trees, and where the little horses are still playing, *à deux francs* the course, and then I look up at the woods, the vineyards, the near hills and distant mountains. The entire country is volcanic; in ages gone by it has been in a frightful state of eruption; then suddenly the mysterious arsenical, ferruginous, and potassian waters sprang up and cured the eczema on Dame Nature's face. This is my history of Royat. Balmey air; no flies; no mosquitoes, but no sleep—to speak of. Very restless. Up betimes next morning. Air balmier than ever. Room faces nearly due North—perfectly cool. Dr. PUTTENEX, looking even more cherubic than usual, and, finishing a cigar after his first *petit déjeuner*, calls to take me to Dr. REM's room, where we are to hold a consultation, and decide on what is to be done with me. On our way we make a slight *détour* and call at the Eugénie Source, where at the hands of an elderly buxom nymph with a huge pink bow above her cap, I receive my first glass of the Waters of Royat.

Rectification.—Page 89, in some of the earlier copies of last week's "Water Course," Paper No. II., I am made to say, "Up-hill all the way, &c., past hotels, ships, and booths, &c." Aha! fancy "ships" at Royat! Of course a misprint for "shops."

THE LOST LETTER-BAG.

("Litera scripta manet.")

XXXIX.

MY DEAR SIR,

Bedford Park.

You ask me if I can tell you, "in a friendly way," and "shortly," why I am so angry with the Academy. Sir, these things cannot be stated shortly, nor in a friendly way! It began years ago. My first picture was rejected; was thrown on my hands. It represented "Jonah and the Whale." I was obliged by poverty, Sir, to sell it (with alterations) to the keeper of an angling inn, as a sign. It is thus that a country like ours treats original genius.

There is worse to come. You have, indeed, hung me, sometimes, but not always, on the line, and often in the Fifth Gallery. Meanwhile, all the time that the Academy has been keeping me down, out of mere spite and jealousy, they have elected all the young men I started in life with! They are popular painters. My "Siege of Samaria" (painted on the spot, too, as far as it can be ascertained), and representing real Jews, really awfully hungry, has not been bought by the nation. What is the Chantrey Fund good for? And you ask me to be short, and you ask me to be friendly. But wait till I start a really National Exhibition (with me for President). Just you wait.

Yours, more in sorrow than in anger,

The Swamp, Hampstead.

POTBOILERI BROWN.

XL.

DEAR SIR,

You ask me to be one of the Guarantees of a fund for a National Exhibition, in which no Academician or Associate shall be allowed to exhibit, nor anyone who paints from female models. Excuse me for saying that, whether I regard your scheme as a pecuniary investment, or as a mode of encouraging national Art, I cannot hope to find profit in the project.

With sincere regret, believe me yours,

To P. P. Brown, Esq.

DIVES CONSOLS.

XLI.

DEAR JANE,

The Dovecot, Bullocksmithy.

I AM quite unhappy about ALALANTA. She has been so silly about a dreadful young man, a Mr. PRIGSBY, who came here lecturing, and lent her books and things, and talked nonsense about Greece, and Buddhism, and read his own poems. I'm sure he means nothing at all; he is only what I call an educational flirt. He pretends he has a mission to educate women, and it's just another name for the most heartless flirtation. May I send her to you at Scarborough for a month? Don't say anything to her, of course.

Your affectionate Sister, ANNE GIRTON.

To Mrs. Bullock, The Jungle, Scarborough.

P.S.—I found her with this letter to-day, crying:—

(Enclosed.)

DEAR MISS GIRTON,

Hôtel Meurice, Paris.

I CANNOT help writing to say how much I enjoyed the time I spent in lecturing at Bullocksmithy, and especially how much I owe to your kind sympathy and assistance. In future I shall often look back with pleasure to those edifying hours. I hope you will keep up your studies of Omar Khayyam, if only in memory of me. We are not likely ever to meet again, as I am on my way to study Esoteric Lamaism, in Thibet. Whether I become a Mahatma, or only remain as at present, a humble "Chela taking notes," as BURNS says, I shall never forget all the kindness I received at Bullocksmithy. Pray don't take the trouble to return my books; you may present them to the local Mechanics' Institute. With all remembrances to your family.

Believe me, sincerely yours,

ADOLPHUS PRIGSBY.

XLII.

DEAR CARR,

Hôtel Meurice, Paris.

You are on the list to lecture next winter at Bullocksmithy, on "The Renaissance in its Darker Aspects," as usual, I suppose? I don't know if you will find them very appreciative at Bullocksmithy. I've been there, lecturing on "Buddhism made Easy," "The Light of Asia," and all that. They are not very sympathetic, except a dear gushing little thing; ATALANTA GIRTON is her funny name. Please don't tell the GIRTONS you know me, but, if they do find it out, tell them I am studying Lamaism in Thibet. We shall meet at St. Gatien's next term, no doubt; I like to run down and see the old Dons. I'm going to Monte Carlo.

Yours ever,

A. PRIGSBY.

XLIII.

The envelope of the following letter is lost, the date is illegible, and we fail to recognise the signature:—

MY DEAR RANDOLFO,

Now you are a big swell and Leader in the place of Old "Collared Head" as we used to call him, do not forget your humble follower and faithful chum of the good old Fourth Party days. Remember how I backed you up and prompted you when you were a little uncertain of your points. You'll want me near you, I know you will, after a time; there'll be some chance for me in a bye-election probably, and till then you can find me something to do which will not keep me so far away from my old companions-in-arms—we were all parliamentary babies-in-arms together, so to speak—as I am now. I don't like the climate: if I stay out here much longer it may affect my head, and I may do strange things. I should be sorry to embarrass the Government in any way, so the sooner you have me back, and by your side, the better for all. Love to GORST and BALFOUR. You've not done very much for them, but, after all, it was as much as they deserve; and no doubt you are keeping back a real good thing for yours ever most heartily and sincerely,

Cairo, Egypt.

Your own old

DRUMMY.

THE NEXT WAR—ON PAPER.

"Now," said the English General, as he sat in his tent speaking to his Chief of the Staff, "have we got everything ready?"

"Yes, Sir," replied his trusty assistant, "all is arranged according to precedent. You know the enemy have landed?"

"Indeed!" exclaimed the General. "Theoretically, they should have been blown out of the water by the torpedoes of our fleet."

"Theoretically, they have; but actually they are on their way to attack us."

"Well, well," murmured the Commander of the English forces, "I suppose it can't be helped—the Admiralty is responsible, and theoretically, it is nothing to us."

The Chief of the Staff bowed and smiled. His superior continued, "And now, how about the Cavalry—have we six regiments thrown forward as scouts?"

"Not perhaps in the field—but on paper," replied the subordinate.

"Well, that should avoid a surprise. Go on,—what more?"

"We have the right number of troops, the proper amount of transport, and the necessary supply of ammunition, as you will see Sir, by looking at this return."

"It seems all right," replied the General, glancing at the document.

"Have all these statistics been verified?"

"Well, not exactly," returned the Chief of the Staff. "You see, we can only count upon a general average. When we tried the force in the field at Aldershot, we did the same. There we employed substitutes for the real things, boot brushes for rations, soap for ammunition, and it answered very well."

"Has every regiment its own baggage-waggons?"

"Certainly—at least on paper."

"And its proper amount of ball-cartridges?"

"Certainly—on paper."

"Then, after so much careful foresight, we are bound to beat the enemy."

The Chief of the Staff was on the eve of giving an answer, when a disturbance outside the tent caused him hurriedly to quit his senior's presence.

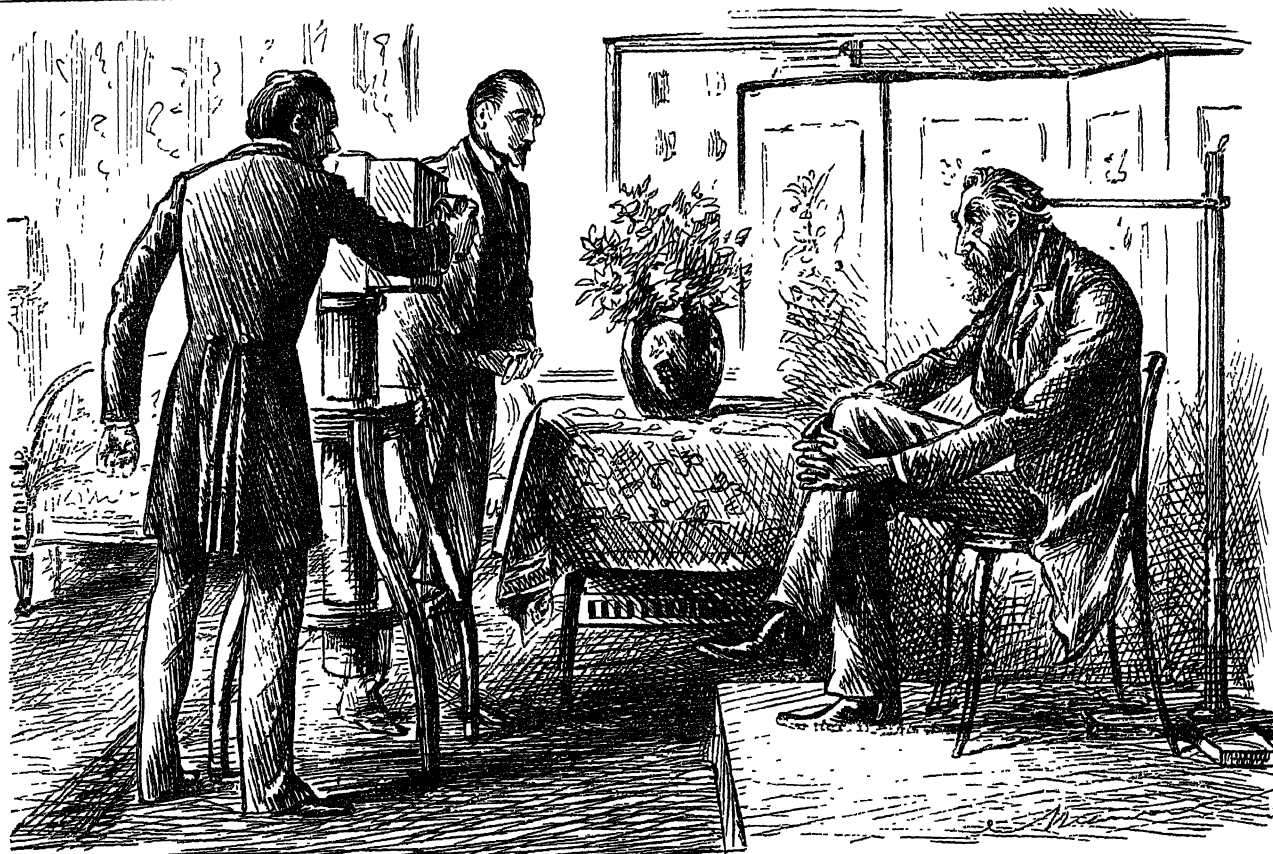
The General waited for a little while, and then, growing impatient, repeated his question peevishly,—

"Then we are bound to beat the enemy?"

"Certainly—on paper," was the reply, spoken in broken English; and, five seconds later, the theoretical vanquished had arrested his theoretical conqueror.

"Hallo! I say! what are you after?" cried the astonished British General, in accents of the greatest wonder. "Don't you know that this defeat of the English Army is utterly impossible?"

"Certainly," replied the Foreigner, as he spiked all the guns he could lay his hands upon, helped himself to the treasure-chest, and hauled down the British Flag—"certainly it is impossible—on paper!"



THE JOYS OF PHOTOGRAPHY.

Photographer (about to make his fourteenth attempt). "COULD YOU MANAGE TO LOOK A LITTLE BIT LESS DREARY, SIR—JUST FOR HALF A SECOND—NOT MORE!"

ON THE PROWL.

"OLD EPHRAIM," as Western hunters call him,

Of all *carnivora* of his bulk and force,
Till lust of prey or chance of fight befall him,
Seems the most innocent—to sight, of course.

That sleepy sniffing and that shambling shrug
Hint little of the horrors of his hug.

That lurching loiterer bloodthirsty? Bless us!
Who would imagine that those pottering paws

Could clasp you closer than the shirt of Nessus?
Or that those pendulous and dribbling jaws
Could close upon you with a ruthless crunch,
And on your lifeless carcase coolly lunch?

Yet trust in EPHRAIM would prove swift ruin
To the unwary wanderer in his way.
And is it other with the Northern Bruin?
That plodding plantigrade in search of prey?
He does not growl, he hardly makes a sound,
He's surely simply taking a look round.

Pleasant old gentleman! Pray let him loiter.
He always was of an inquiring turn.
He loves to ramble and to reconnoitre;
Suspicion is a thing kind hearts should spurn.

Think you he's an *Autolyces* who rifles,
A snapper-up of unconsidered trifles?

Perish the thought! All confidence must perish
If such a simple brute one may not trust.

Faith in one's fellows is a thing to cherish.

And yet how oft in the red trampled dust
That speaks of cruel strife and crafty plot,
Is found sly Bruin's sanguinary slot!

Is it Arcadia or Eldorado

Of which this shaggy saunterer is in search?

How oft the vision of the Lion's shadow
Makes him retreat with slow reluctant lurch!
Beware! The furtive eye, the smothered growl,

Betray the fact that Bruin's on the prowl.

PATTI-CAKE, PATTI-CAKE.—"Home, sweet home" made Patti-cake, value £500, was presented to the Swansea Hospital by Madame PATTI, who sang for the benefit of this institution. Among the artistes who "gave their services," on this occasion were, according to the *Times*' report, "Mr. JOHN THOMAS," of the Welsh Harp, "Signor TITO MATTEI," who sang "O dear, What can the Mattei be?" and played on the Ti-to-tum, and "Mr. AUGUSTUS SPALDING," who also, it is to be presumed, kindly "gave his services." Will this gentleman, hitherto we believe a distinguished amateur histrion, now go on the operatic stage as SIGNOR AUGUSTINO SPALDINI? Finally, Sir HUSSEY VIVIAN, representing the Hospital Committee, presented Madame PATTI with her own portrait by SANT, R.A., as a sort of plea-Sant memorial of the occasion. Very amiable conduct on the part of a Welsh Hussey.

HOUSE OF CALL FOR "BOBBIES."—The Spotted Dog.

THE ORACLE OF ARGYLL.

Written after the Great Duke's speech in the House of Lords, August 19th, 1886.

AIR:—*Mary of Argyll.*

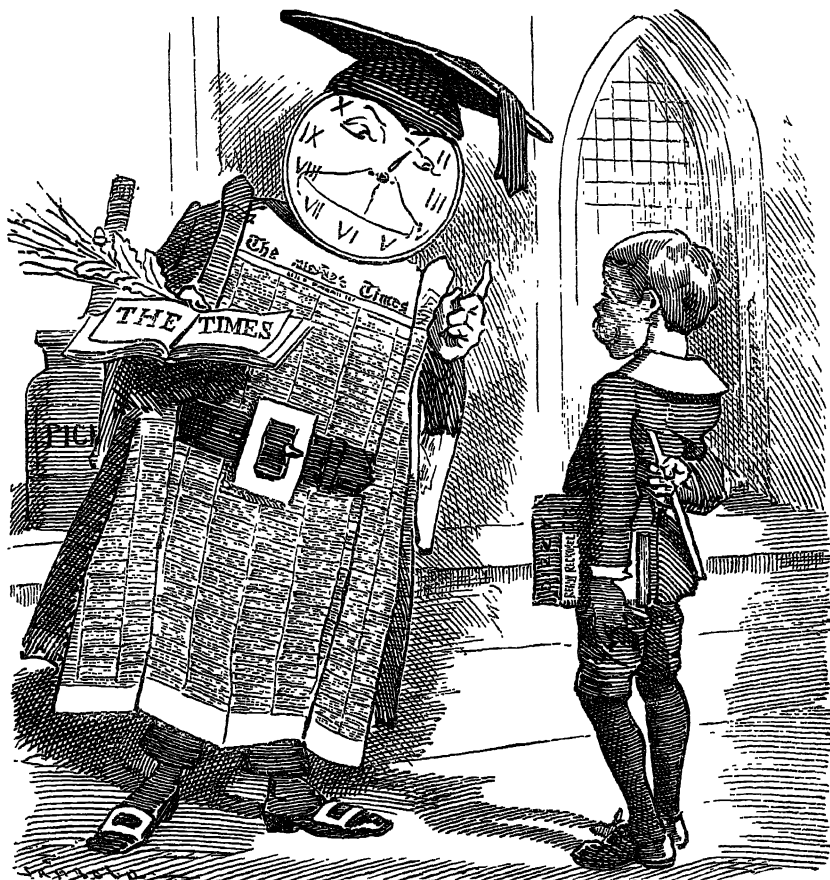
I HAVE heard the bantam flinging,
His challenge to the morn;
I have seen his comb up-springing,
Red as poppy 'midst the corn.
But a louder crow has cheer'd me,
When MACALLUM MORE arose,
I have seen a crest that's ruddier,
And beheld a cockier nose.
'Twas thy voice, my canny CAMPBELL,
And thy high omniscient smile,
That have made the Lords a Delphi,
For the Oracle of Argyll!

Though thy voice hath lost some sweetness,
And thine eye its brighter blue;
Though thy step may lack old fleetness,
And thy hair its flaming hue;
Still to me, thou art a marvel,
'Midst the Peers still peerless known,
I've admired thee for thy modesty,
But not for that alone.
I have watched thy ways, MACALLUM,
And 'tis clear our Saxon isle,
Holds no Crichton half so clever,
As the Oracle of Argyll!

SICILY AND CYCLOPS.—It is proposed to bore a tunnel under the Straits of Messina. Truly, a gigantic undertaking. But Sicily was the land of Polyphemus.

ON THE PROWL.





A TIMES-LY CAUTION.

Dr. Times (with affectionate severity). NOW, MY DEAR MASTER RANDOLPH, REMEMBER THAT THE ERRORS OF YOUR PAST CAREER HAVE BEEN NEITHER FEW NOR SMALL. DO NOT LET ME HEAR OF YOUR REPEATING THEM. BE CAREFUL TO AVOID ANYTHING LIKE LEVITY, ILL-TEMPER, OR ANY FORM OF INDISCRETION; AND I TRUST YOU WILL DO YOUR BEST TO RISE TO THE LEVEL OF YOUR NEW POSITION AS CAPTAIN OF THE LOWER SCHOOL, FROM WHICH I HOPE I SHALL NOT HAVE TO SEND YOU DOWN FOR BAD CONDUCT. NOW, GO!

A DARING DOCTOR.

[Dr. WITHERS-MOORE, recently speaking at the meeting of the British Medical Association at Brighton, deprecated the spread of the higher education of women, as unfitting them for the duties of maternity.]

HERE'S man a strange concocter
Of new rules for female life,
Women, says this daring Doctor,
Should keep clear of mental strife.
'Mid the audience assembled
There on Brighton's famous shore,
Cultured ladies must have trembled
At the words of WITHERS-MOORE.

Women should be wives and mothers,
That's their duty, so he said;
Not competing with their brothers,
Reading with an aching head.
Marriage only should content all
British maidens, high and low;
Cramming them is detrimental,
Quoth our Brighton Medico.

WITHERS-MOORE, your sage address is
Very sensible it seems;
But each lady who professes
Culture will emit shrill screams.
You'll be scorned, denounced and scolded,
But a day may still come, when
Girls will do as girls of old did,
And devote themselves to men!

TERPSICHOEAN.—The Advertiser, who has won in a lottery a damaged STEAM-ROLLER that has been, by misadventure in its delivery, backed into his front area, where it now lies blocking up the approach to his premises, with its boiler burst, is anxious to meet with a light-footed and accomplished Marine-Store-Dealer who will be willing to remove it piecemeal as old iron, furnishing him, in exchange, with a series of finishing Dancing Lessons, that shall be continued till the whole is entirely carted away.—For further particulars apply, by letter, to Saraband, Post-Office, Stepney.

THE DAY'S AMUSEMENTS.

For Members of Parliament in Town at the present Season.

6 to 7 A.M.—Early bath in the Serpentine.
7 to 8.—Visit to Covent Garden, to watch scavengers at work.
8 to 9.—Breakfast, enlivened by the strain of a German band of three performers.
9 to 10.—Constitutional to the Duke of York's Column, for the purpose of counting the number of visitors entering and leaving it within the hour.
10 to 11.—Take a turn in Kensington Gardens, and inspect the blue mud dug up from the bottom of the Round Pond.
11 to 12.—March with the Guards' Band to Wellington Barracks, and then proceed to Victoria, to watch the departure of the cheap fast train for Margate, Ramsgate, and Herne Bay.
12 to 1 P.M.—Attend the opening of a new publichouse in Shaftesbury Avenue.
1 to 2.—By omnibus down the Tottenham Court Road, to lunch at the other end.
2 to 3.—Walk back, taking the Egyptian Department at the British Museum on your way, finally stopping at Piccadilly Circus to take notes of the departure of the traffic for Hammersmith.
3 to 4.—Watch Local Lawn Tennis Championship Match from the roadway in Bloomsbury Square.
4 to 5.—Go down to House of Commons, and wait a quarter of an hour for a Count Out.
5 to 6.—Second constitutional up and down Lambeth Suspension Bridge.
6 to 7.—Witness the departure of the Continental express from Charing Cross.
7 to 8.—Attend successively at Euston Square, St. Pancras, and King's Cross, and see off the respective Limited Mails for the North.

8 to 9.—Dinner off vegetables at the Colinderies, or what is left after a heavy day's work.

9 to 10.—Spent in a free stand-up fight in getting out of the Exhibition, and into a carriage at the Station at South Kensington.

10 to 11.—Stop at St. James's Park, and crawl to the Westminster Hospital to have head, shoulder-blade, elbows and shin, seen to by the House Surgeon.

11 to 12.—Seen home in a four-wheeler by a friendly policeman, and finally deposited safely on your own door-step.

A VERY BAD SCOTCH JOKE.

Who says the North Britons have no sense of humour? At Dumfries a Ladies' Committee, acting on behalf of the poor, appealed to the Local Authority against the shocking state of the dwellings of the lower classes—hovels let out at exorbitant rates, and without water or the means of decency—but without success. Upon this, one of their number—a true Sister of Charity—addressed a formal letter of complaint to that body, of which the following is an extract:—

"Hitherto the efforts of the Committee have been utterly in vain. Up to the present moment nothing has been done. In addition, I may add that in the house in the Coffee Close mentioned as having had sickness in it for two months, ill-health still affects that unfortunate family, the mother having had an illness since, and being in poor health at the present time; further, that the house in English Street, possessed by a Magistrate, and let at £10 per annum, has had its rent (at Whitsunday) increased to £10 10s. per annum, without the introduction of water or any other sanitary convenience."

And how was this piteous tale met? With "laughter!" And so the petty tradesmen and owners of house property at Dumfries constituting the "Local Authority" grin and do nothing while sickness and suffering pave the way to death! Surely these contemptible chucklers cannot be men—they must be laughing hyenas!



1846.

OUR MEDICAL STUDENTS.



1886.

RESCUE FOR RICHMOND.

At least some Vestrymen are not blockheads, or perverse opponents of progress, or reckless wasters of public money. There is salt in the land yet, and the savour of its good sense is shown in the Vestry-Hall at Richmond, Surrey.

What Londoner has not seen, and what foreigner has not heard of, the beauties of the view from Richmond Hill, and its world-famed glorious Terrace? But the speculative builder threatens it with his abominations unless the Local Government Board in its wisdom and paternal power rules otherwise, and permits the plucky Richmond Vestry to purchase the Buccleuch Estate, of nearly twelve acres, as they propose to do, for £30,000. Where are the Open Spaces Committee of the City Corporation? Here is a chance for them to be at once truly Conservative and genuinely Liberal. *Certes*, £30,000 is a respectable sum for a little go-ahead town like Richmond to put down for the purchase of even one of the loveliest spots in England, to be kept green and public for ever for the benefit of the town, but also for the benefit of Londoners. Let Londoners therefore lend a helping hand through the City Corporation, which has preserved Burnham Beeches from the barbarous bricks and mortar.

There may be several Richmonds in the field, but only one Richmond-on-the-Hill; and should the speculative builder triumph, this lovely site in Surrey would indeed be a surry sight.

At Richmond Vestry Hall, next Friday, the Local Government Board Inspector will hear the *pros* and *cons* of the case, including the evidence of the foolish ultra economist, who, to save a sixpence for his own miserable pocket (by way of rate), would barter away the fair fame of Richmond Hill. Speak up while there is time! In the name of all the Maids of Honour, for the sake of the Lass of Richmond Hill, *Mr. Punch* raises the cry of Rescue for Richmond!

Strange!

SIR WILLIAM HARCOURT, after telling CANNING's celebrated story of the painter who could paint nothing but red lions, pointed the moral at Her Majesty's Government and its many Commissions. What is now called the "Government of Red Lions," liked Sir WILLIAM's waggish tale so little, that they would not even "roar" at it. *Bottom* himself would have done better than this.

CHICAGO CONVENTIONALITIES.

THE Fenian Leaguers met in their Irish-American thousands. Worth noting that one Rev. GEORGE PEPPER, a Methodist Minister, not an Irish Roman Catholic Priest, came out very strongly, and took Heaven to witness that, if there were a call from Ireland to their brethren in America to come over and help them, there would be one pulpit—his own, so he might have said one "pepper-box"—vacant in New York. He was quite ready to go over and give the Saxons pepper. A gentleman from New Jersey, who seemed more fitted for an old-fashioned strait-waistcoat than a new Jersey,—one Mr. M'ADOO—was rebuked by the President for making M'ADOO about nothing. Mr. DAVITT professed sentiments of the utmost friendship and esteem for Mr. FINERTY, and then they both had a jolly good row together, in which DAVITT was doughty, and FINERTY was floored.

That the meeting should have been held in the Music Hall was of good augury for the harmony of the proceedings.

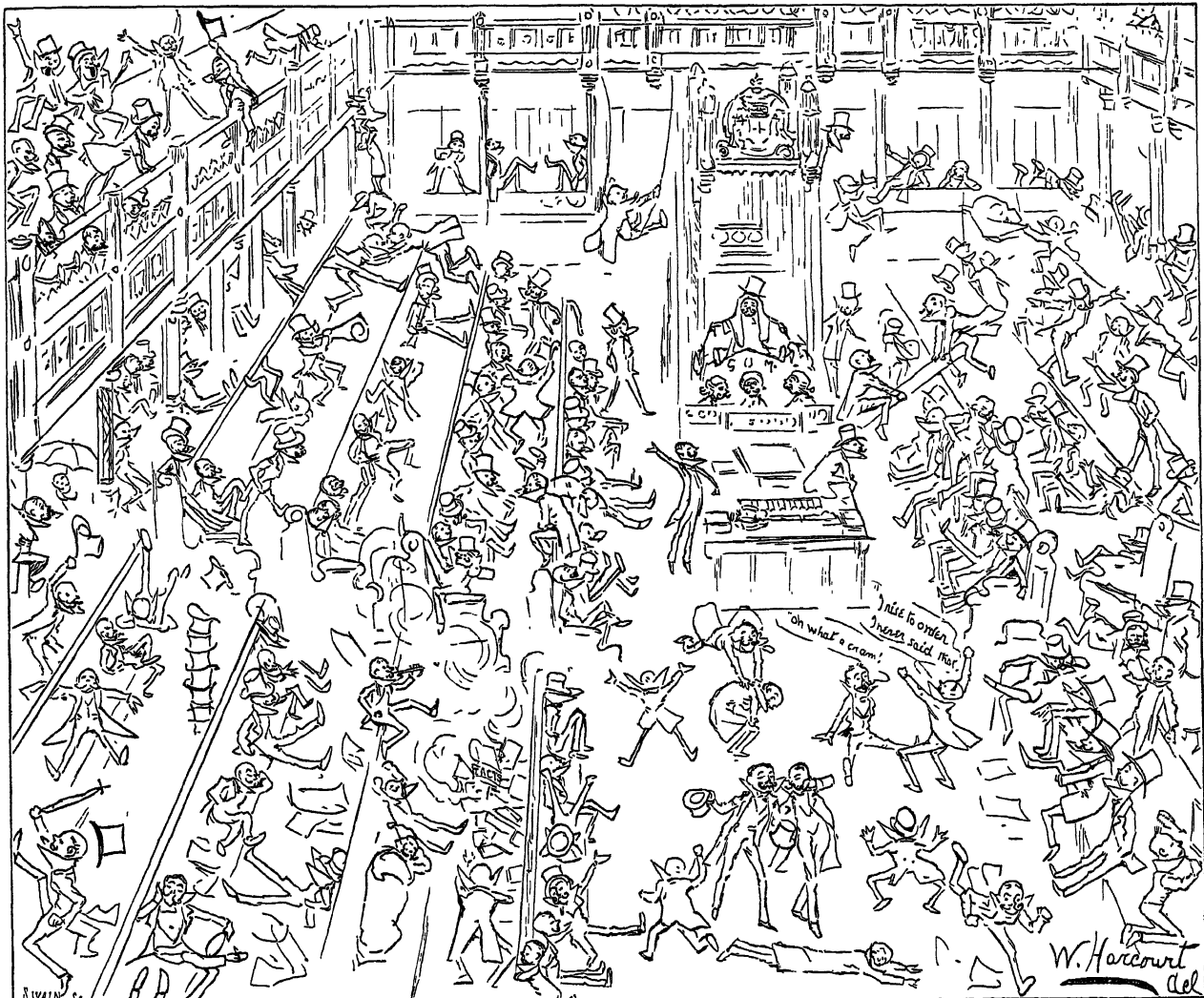
Doing the Impossible.

[Mr. SEXTON has been returned for both the South Division of Sligo and the Western Division of Belfast.]

Of course we've all heard
Of Sir BOYLE ROCHE's bird,
'Tis known to the veriest dunce;
That bird's knocked to bits
By bold SEXTON, who "sits"
In a couple of places at once.

PROSPECTS OF SPORT IN THE FIELDS OF ART.—A few sporting outside artists have joined the Hunt, in the hopes of being in at the death, and getting the brush marked A.R.A. The cubs may show some sport, but the old R. A. foxes are too wary to let themselves be caught whether in or out of the season. They are provided with excellent covert within the groves of the Academy in the grounds of Burlington House.

INTERIORS AND EXTERIORS. No. 39.



CHURCHILLS 'ALL; OR, ALL CHURCHILLS.

(Designed by Sir Wm. H—, after a celebrated Picture in "Punch," October 25, 1884.)

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM

THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Thursday, August 19.—Both Houses met again to-day, avowedly for despatch of business. This greatly furthered by meeting of LORD CHANCELLOR, and four other Peers, disguised, as usual. To them enter SPEAKER, Sergeant-at-Arms with mace, and Chaplain, with heads of a sermon that they never let him deliver.

"Don't know how it is," the Rev. Gentleman says, "but congregation always disperses when they see me put my right hand to my tail-pocket. But I have 'em at prayers."

Had 'em to-day by the hundreds. Everybody on the look-out for seats; at the corner if possible, anywhere else when these were gone. CHAPLIN taken up corner seat below Gangway, the one which RANDOLPH would have appropriated if he hadn't come into his inheritance. Curious to see how, when Ministers took their seats, they glanced askance at CHAPLIN.

"He means mischief, I fancy," HICKS-BEACH tremulously whispered in RANDOLPH'S ear. "Suppose he gets SCLATER-BOOTH and CAVENTISH-BENTINCK to follow him? There's a new Fourth Party made, and we'll have to look out for squalls." RANDOLPH laughed; but the laughter had a hollow sound, and his pensive cheek grew momentarily paler.

Newly-elected Ministers sworn in, RANDOLPH coyly leading off. Sorry to take the *pas* of HICKS-BEACH, but some one must go first. RANDOLPH cheered, but not more than CHARLIE BERRSFORD, and not as much as ASHMEAD-BARTLETT. CHARLIE'S walk down the House

always gives one curious sensation that the floor is heaving like the quarter-deck of ship in breeze. "Come aboard, Sir?" he said to the SPEAKER when he lay-to off the table. "Order! Order!" cried the SPEAKER. "Thank you, Sir, I will," he replied, and sheered off to the refreshment bar. As for ASHMEAD-BARTLETT, House evidently recognises in him prop of the Ministry. Cheers from both sides greeted his advance to the table. RANDOLPH had better look out.

Proceedings on the whole rather dull. House irreverently laughed when SPEAKER calling on "CHANCELLOR of EXCHEQUER," RANDOLPH appeared at the table. But he, with great gravity, declined to see the joke. Addressed House with dignified manner, and sat down without calling anybody a rodent. Depressing effect upon the House. Proceedings only partially relieved by discovery of brown-paper parcel, and this happened too late to be thoroughly effective. House empty; Mr. MILMAN having completed work at table, passing out, saw brown-paper parcel on bench where Irish Members had most thickly clustered. To send for Police matter of half a moment. Police came, and "took it up," under personal supervision of Deputy Sergeant-at-Arms. Parcel carried at arm's-length into Lobby. "It's ticking, I feel it's ticking," said the agitated Policeman. Evidently no time to be lost. The more it ticked the nearer was the moment at which explosion would occur. Brown-paper parcel dropped into bucket of water, and then triumphantly examined. Turned out to contain broken bits of iron. Merely a sample of the kind of argument current in recent Belfast controversy. An Irish Member thought good thing to submit it to the inspection of the House. Quite irate at Policeman who put parcel in bucket. Talks of raising question of privilege.

Business done.—Address moved.

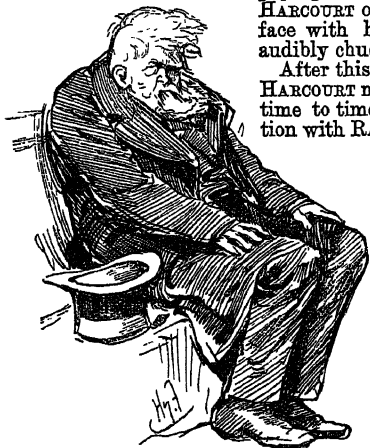
Friday.—JOSEPH GILLIS long known to his friends as subtle humorist. To-night gave taste of his quality to new House. SEXTON been returned for two Irish constituencies. Election petition pending in one. SPEAKER, therefore, a fortnight ago told him he must await decision in Sligo before deciding for which place he shall sit. To-night JOSEY B., with *pince-nez* airily dangling from his forefinger, and document in hand, gives notice for the issue of a writ for Sligo, SEXTON, he says, having decided to sit for Belfast. SPEAKER points out that Motion cannot be made for reasons communicated to SEXTON and familiar to JOSEPH GILLIS. JOSEPH said never a word in reply. But, regarding his expressive countenance, it was clear to read his response.

"Really, now, and was that so? Well, SPEAKER was sure to be right, and if he (JOSEPH) had only known this, nothing would have induced him to trouble SPEAKER to make a public statement on the subject."

Having made this clear—"much after the manner of Mr. Quilp paying deference to Mrs. Jinniwinn," as HARCOURT observed—JOSEPH covered his face with his copy of the Orders, and audibly chuckled.

After this, debate on Address resumed. HARCOURT made lively speech, which from time to time took the form of conversation with RANDOLPH. Leader of House continually bobbing up and down, interposing remarks.

"This won't do," said old Mr. PUGH, regarding young Leader critically. GLADSTONE used to be easy to draw, but he was adamantine rock compared with RANDOLPH, who is more like a parched pea in a frying-pan than the Leader of the House of Commons. I remember how my old friend PAM used to sit and let people rave around him, and so did DIZZY. RANDOLPH, to start with at least, should never take his seat on Treasury



"This won't do!"

Bench without having an eight-pound weight in either trouser-pocket.

Business done.—Adjourned Debate on the Address.

"GETTING ON SWIMMINGLY!"

FROM the *Times*' record of the Royal Humane Society's recent awards—"A bronze medal was bestowed on Mr. HERMANN VEZIN, of the Opéra Comique, for the following gallant act: On the 18th ult. while at St. Margaret's Bay, Dover, Mr. VEZIN saw a man struggling in the sea, and apparently drowning twenty-five feet from the shore. He, at once, only divesting himself of his coat, plunged in, dived, and succeeded in rescuing the man, who, however, subsequently succumbed from the shock."—Bravo, Mr. VEZIN, by far the best part he has ever played! "Tis not in mortals to command success," and though he most thoroughly deserved it, he did not achieve it.

How often have not his unaided efforts gone far to saving a piece from utter shipwreck? And how Mr. WILSON BARRETT must regret that, owing to the unavoidable accident of having to be present somewhere else at the moment, he was not "on the scene" of the great sensation Drama of *All in the Downs, or St. Margaret's Bay*. Bravo, VEZIN! We hope he had some dry goods handy, and that he found his coat when he returned to shore.

The "Bitter" Cry.

SIR WILFRID LAWSON on the Bench says, "Here I will not grant a licence to sell beer." As Magistrate his conduct is not flawless, Let's change his title to "Sir WILFUL LAWLESS."

"Off with his Head!"

We read the following startling announcement in the *Athenæum*:—"Sir JOHN SAVILE LUMLEY has given to the British Museum his fine head and fore-part of a horse from a chariot group which was dug up lately at Civita Lavina (Lanuvium)."

It is certainly a most generous gift. But we cannot help wondering what Sir JOHN will do without his head, and what the Authorities of the British Museum will do with it, now they have it.

MUSICAL PERIPATETICS.

THE Promenade Concerts are designed to suit every shade of musical taste. But on Wednesdays the first part of the programme is exclusively devoted to strains which are termed "classical," that is to say, sufficiently *high-class* to be worthy a place in serious music. Last Wednesday's Concert was very largely attended by many to whom the announcement "classical" was a distinct attraction.



Crowe on "a Classical Night."

BENJAMIN GODARD, though refreshingly delicate and quaint, was, on the other hand, ill-appreciated.

Mr. BARTON MCGUCKIN sang, with orchestral accompaniment, the "Prize Song" from *Die Meistersänger*. He gave the voluptuous music very well, though the instrumentalists sometimes struggled for supremacy with the soloist. He, too, was approvingly yelled at by the enthusiasts in the gallery, and, after holding out till victory seemed in his grasp, weakly surrendered at the last moment, and sang the whole thing over again better than before. But all this wasted time sadly and indefeasibly. If not undesirable on other grounds, the practice of spinning out the first part of a Concert is grossly unfair to the artists appearing in the second. And to say that *encores* cannot always be resisted, is, in the simple language of the East, "bosh."

The Symphony in D, by ANTON DVORAK, concluded the First Part, and its performance, especially that of the first and last movements, reflected equal credit on the patience of Conductor, Orchestra, and the audience. The *Allegro* was played finely; some passages in it recall the "Hallelujah Chorus." The *Adagio* was rather dry work—very long-drawn. The *Finale* closes with a massive sequence of ingenious and striking chords, bringing the Symphony to a not particularly pleasant, though hardly unwelcome conclusion.

After the solid meat come the sweets. And so, early in the Second Part, Mr. CROWE's new Vocal Waltz, "Little Sailors," was heard for the fourth time in public. The principal melody of "Little Sailors" is so like that of "See-Saw," and "Fairie Voices," or rather, so like a combination of the two, that the resemblance can hardly be accidental. Having got a good idea, Mr. CROWE evidently means to develop it. His motto is, doubtless, "When found, make a note of." His "Mine To-day" means a particularly rich mine for the future. But the question becomes a grave one *how many* more of these waltzes is he going to write? Is he merely working on the Three Years' System, or is each succeeding Season to revive the ashes of the past? These are solemn thoughts. It must not be supposed, however, that there is no novelty in the new waltz. On the contrary: the introduction and the last number (No. 4) are not only extremely effective and pretty, but also fairly original. The words are rather queer at times, and the promise—addressed to "Sweethearts and Wives"—

"When we are far away at sea,
We'll drink then to thee;"

seems made rather in the interests of rhyme than of grammar, but "Little Sailors" answers very well on the whole, and the youths and maidens of Mr. STEDMAN'S Choir make a pretty picture in their nautical costumes. Subsequently a new and capable vocalist, Miss M. LUCILLE SAUNDERS, sang an air from *La Favorita*. Owing to the lateness of the hour, a *Saltarello* by GOUNOD was passed over to make way for her. But even thus, thanks to the *encores* in the first part, many were unable to wait till the end of the song, and among those compelled to leave was NIBELUNGLET.

- PERTINENT TO A PEER.—Why did our latest Viscount refuse, angrily, to be called Lord WARRINGTON?—Because he is accustomed to be CROSS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—In no case can Contributions, whether by a Stamped and Directed Envelope or Cover.

MS., Printed Matter, or Drawings, be returned, unless accompanied Copies of MS. should be kept by the Senders.

PLAY OUT OF PLACE.



DEAR MR. PUNCH,—I have discovered a nasty spot in one of the lungs of London—as you are the Doctor to cure all evils, I trust you will take up the case.

I re-visited the neighbourhood of dear old Regent's Park last week. I strolled through the Zoo, to renew the acquaintance of all my friends there, deserted in the "out of Town" Season, and longing in vain, alas! for their day in the country. It was early, the Park was deserted—except by the birds, and here and there laughing children with their nurses. Everything was pleasant, so fresh and green, and free and easy, unlike the West-End "lungs."

I sat myself down on a bench. Shut out from the madding crowd, one could breathe in comfort. I recalled LOCKER's lines in praise of Piccadilly—that

crowded thoroughfare, dusty and noisy, and while trying to fit them in to suit the beautiful scene around me, I nodded, and fell asleep.

Bang! I'm awake!—what's that? A cannon-ball hit me in the back? I'm all of a heap on the grass, my hat one way, my umbrella another—and I nowhere! or, where am I? "Dear me, am I dreaming?—have I been carried by a shot? (Volunteers do practice in the Park.) Was it a Suburban Race Meeting!! Yes, it must be, and one of a low order. And yet this is surely Regent's Park!

"Thank you, Sir!"—"Tha-a-nk y-o-o-u!"—"Tha-a-n-k y-o-o-o-u!"

I pick myself up. Is it the monkey's half-holiday—yes! they are imitating boys playing at cricket. Their cages are close at hand.

Bang! Another blow!! This time I receive the enemy's blow as an Englishman should—in front; it brings me up standing—I see all! The monkeys are boys—the cages are practising nets, and the balls came off the bats! A nurse in charge of five children is under fire—in terror that some of her little ones may be hit and killed—and it is a wonder they are not. I gallantly cover her retreat, for no Park-keeper is to be seen. Then I turned my attention to what I thought—when half dazed, but not altogether wrong—was a corner of a low race-meeting, or gipsy encampment. Here is a sketch, Sir,



made on the spot, it certainly was like both, dirty unfinished tents, casks, rubbish and rags, something boiling, and some people brawling, the grass all worn, and the walk cut up! An eye-sore, a disgrace, Sir!

A somewhat artistically-built kiosk stands a hundred yards, or so, away. If the mass of cricketers want another, by all means let them have it, and drive the unsightly tent-jobbers out of the Park.

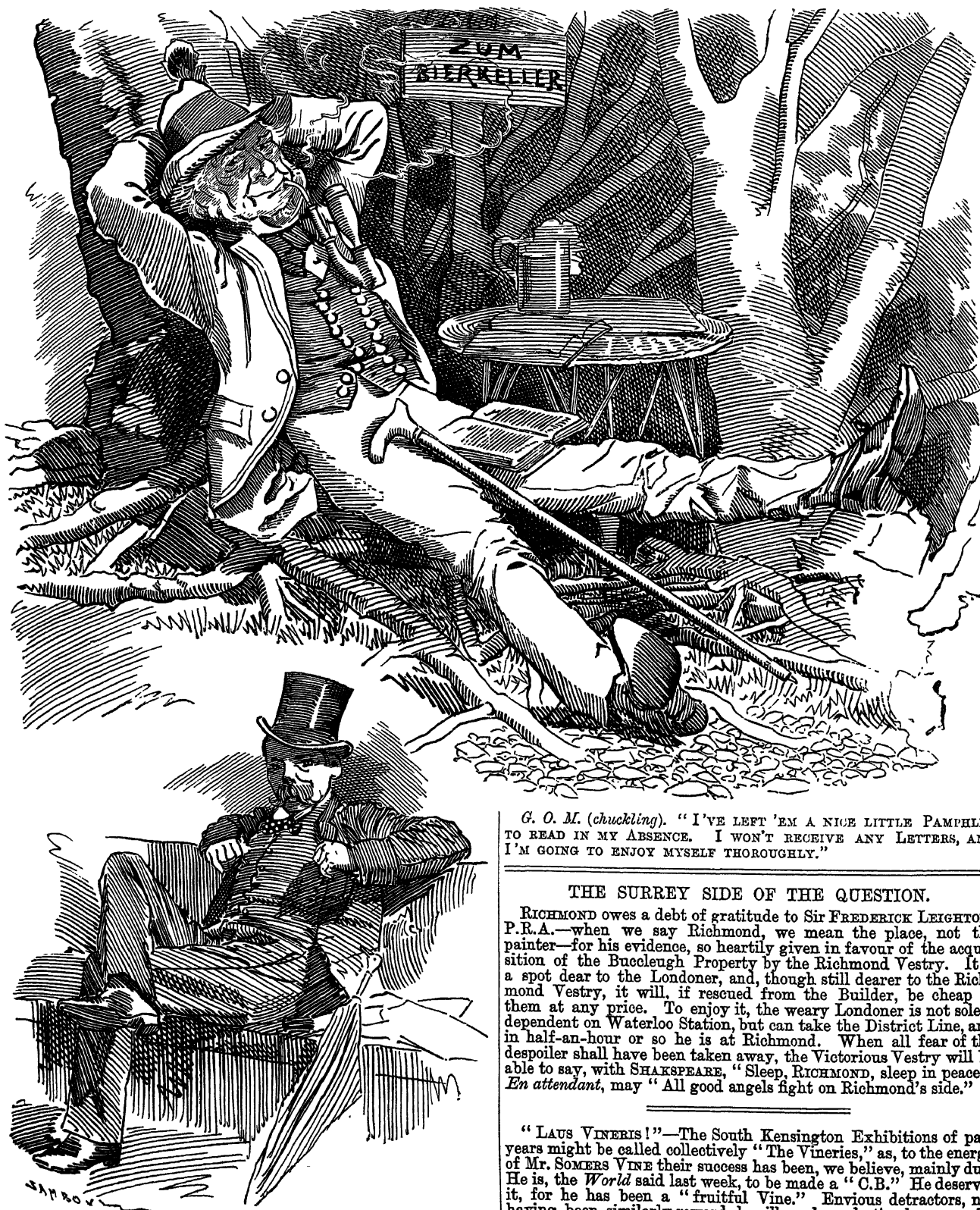
If this sort of thing is allowed by officials in charge, then, Sir, I venture to think the sketch heading this letter, "What it will come to," will be an actual illustration of fact. Yours truly,

STURMIE STUMPS.

A SUGGESTION.—Appoint Mr. CLIFFORD LLOYD Governor of the Islands we've just annexed, and make Mr. POPE HENNESSEY Prince of Bulgaria, on the first opportunity.

"MORE IRISH THAN THE IRISH."—PADDY has always been celebrated for his "bulls," and now BRITANNIA has sent him a BULLER.

A LITTLE HOLIDAY FOR BOTH OF 'EM.



Randolph Churchill of the Exchequer (sings to himself)—

"IT'S REAL LUCK I'M IN THE HOUSE
WHEN GRAND OLD MAN'S AWAY."

G. O. M. (chuckling). "I'VE LEFT 'EM A NICE LITTLE PAMPHLET TO READ IN MY ABSENCE. I WON'T RECEIVE ANY LETTERS, AND I'M GOING TO ENJOY MYSELF THOROUGHLY."

THE SURREY SIDE OF THE QUESTION.

RICHMOND owes a debt of gratitude to Sir FREDERICK LEIGHTON, P.R.A.—when we say Richmond, we mean the place, not the painter—for his evidence, so heartily given in favour of the acquisition of the Buckleugh Property by the Richmond Vestry. It is a spot dear to the Londoner, and, though still dearer to the Richmond Vestry, it will, if rescued from the Builder, be cheap to them at any price. To enjoy it, the weary Londoner is not solely dependent on Waterloo Station, but can take the District Line, and in half-an-hour or so he is at Richmond. When all fear of the despoiler shall have been taken away, the Victorious Vestry will be able to say, with SHAKESPEARE, "Sleep, RICHMOND, sleep in peace." *En attendant*, may "All good angels fight on Richmond's side."

"LAUS VINERIS!"—The South Kensington Exhibitions of past years might be called collectively "The Vineries," as, to the energy of Mr. SOMERS VINE their success has been, we believe, mainly due. He is, the *World* said last week, to be made a "C.B." He deserves it, for he has been a "fruitful Vine." Envious detractors, not having been similarly rewarded, will pooh-pooh the honour. To these it will be a case of "Sour Grapes."

NEW DIRGE (*dedicated to Sir Frederick Leighton.*)—"The Loss of Richmond Hill."

PAPER-KNIFE POEMS.

(By Our Special Book-Marker.)

"DISENCHANTMENT."

MISS ROBINSON, a writer young and fresh,
Here tells a story full of thought and pow'r.
The pen that gave us *Mr. Butler's Ward*
Gains strength and point in this its newest work:
Artistic, earnest, full of sympathy and life—
We welcome with a cheer this Young Recruit,
And feel assured we shall not look in vain
For work e'en better from her skilful hand!

"LIVING PARIS."

'Tis certain while "ALB" knows his Paris by heart,
He's able his knowledge to clearly impart!
He writes of Society, salons, and shops,
Of poets and players, and open-air "hops;"
Of *cafés* and dinners discourseth he well,
Of *restaurant*, theatre, club, and hotel;
Of churches and politics, billiards and chess,
Of manners and monuments, fashion and dress—
A difficult thing 'tis indeed to find out
A subject Parisian he writes not about:
All lovers of Paris should hasten to scan
This Guide on a new and original plan!

"A BOOK OF THE RUNNING BROOK AND OF STILL WATERS."

IN LADY COLIN CAMPBELL'S clever book,
Cheap fish for food she stoutly advocates;
At "fish-rings" runs a tilt, and clearly shows
The undeveloped food-stores of our land:
She *knows* her subject, and with pleasant pen
Indites a volume pleasant to be read!

"CHAPTERS IN EUROPEAN HISTORY."

"*Chapters in European History*," rarely
Have weighty matters handled been more fairly,
Than these by W. S. LILLY. Here
They are discussed, *sans* favour, and *sans* fear.
His object's not sensational and new,
Pictures to paint, but graphic, plain and true.
Such being Mr. LILLY'S work, t' were silly,
For us with over-praise to paint the Lily.



THE DELEGATES.

'Gusse. "P'US Q'ÇA D'LUXE! CRÉNOM! ET POUR DES ANGLAIS, ENCORE!"
'Zidore. "Q'N'Y A PAS SEULEMENT Q'DES ANGLAIS EN ANGLETERRE, BÊTA!
Q'N'Y A AUSSI DES ANGLAISES!"

LOOK OUT! HE IS COMING!!

THE CZAR OF ALL THE RUSSIAS,

WIZARD OF THE NORTH AND EAST,

Having performed with great success in the presence of
ALL THE CROWNED HEADS OF EUROPE

His now celebrated Trick, which has entirely baffled the most knowing
ones, and with which "The Vanishing Lady" cannot compete, entitled

THE INVISIBLE PRINCE,

Is at liberty to accept any engagements (*which will of course be
religiously observed*) for other Entertainments in Town or Country.
He has in preparation (by kind permission of the respective Managers
of the Austrian and German Companies)

A GRAND ORIENTAL EXTRAVAGANZA, ENTITLED

CONSTANTINOPLE; or, THE TROUBLESOME TURK,

With a Sensation Scene that will, he can confidently assert,

TAKE THE TOWN BY STORM,

And in which will be exhibited several

STARTLINGLY NOVEL AND ORIGINAL EFFECTS

Never before witnessed on any European Stage!

The Entertainment will conclude with the Laughable Farce of
INDIAN RUBBER; OR, THE BOUNDARY BROTHERS.

During which the celebrated Contortionist, Mr. JOHN BULL,
will go through his facings.

*. N.B.—Due notice of a change in the latter part of this per-
formance will be given, should the Wizard of the North be unable
to engage Mr. BULL on special terms; but he can assure his Patrons
that no expense will be spared to render this Entertainment

THE MOST COMPLETE THING SEEN FOR YEARS!!!

A superior German Band has been engaged to accompany the Show,
and the Hungarian Orchestra will also perform.

Prices as Usual. Sovereigns in Arms not admitted. Vive le Czar!

A DRAIN-PIPE DITTY.

"The Ancient Company of Plumbers
has established an Office for the registra-
tion of all properly-qualified per-
sons belonging to the trade."—*Daily
Paper*.

SCAMPING Plumber, ere we part
I'll recall your gruesome art!
Still the memory remains
Of your dalliance with the drains.
Hear me state, with rapturous joy,
"Licensed Plumbers I employ!"

By the typhoid you have spread
From those pipes unstopped with
lead!
By your love for leaking taps,
Faulty joints, and bogus "traps"!

Get you trained your trade to
know—

Pass your plumbing Little-Go!

By the cistern (whence we drink),
Forming a connecting link
'Twixt the noisome parish sewer
And the humble household ewer,
Hear me thank the Plumbers' Co.
Branding you a public foe!

Scamping Plumber! you have
wrought

Evil much by being untaught.
'Spite of amateurish ways,
Knowledge is the thing that pays.
If you can't a licence show,
Scamping Plumber, out you go!

At Ripon Cathedral last Thursday, was unveiled the West window
which, said the report in the *T*—no, in "A Morning Paper," "has
been inserted, as a memorial of the recreated Diocese." Certainly
the Diocese was considerably recreated during the highly successful
festival, and that the memorial of such jollifications should have
taken the form of a little extra glass, is natural enough.

MRS. RAMSBOTHAM on foreign affairs, says, "Ah, my dear, the
trouble's coming unpleasantly near, when we hear of a revolution in
Belgravia."

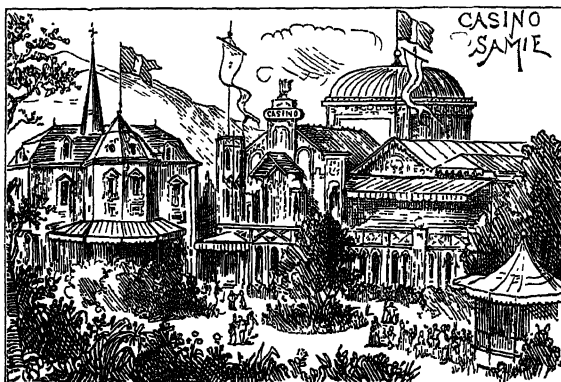
A KENTISH FARMER says, "No, thank goodness, I haven't heard
much o' Miss PHYLLOXERA this year; but if she do come, I'd just
like to be there in time, and catch her on the hop."

A WATER COURSE.

IV.

A Consultation—A Body—The Prisoner—Body again—Anxious moment—Decision—Rehearsal—Launched.

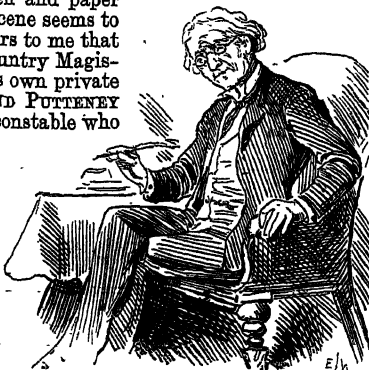
WHENEVER I call upon a Doctor professionally, with a view to consulting him about my own health, I am invariably diverted from what ought to be the all-absorbing subject of my visit by an overpowering interest in *his* health. It seems,—that is, so it strikes me at the moment,—so dreadfully selfish and egotistical when two men are together for one of them to have no other subject of conversation but himself, his history in the past and his manner of life in the present, and so I cannot avoid discarding my own health, putting that topic



aside as one which we can take up at any moment when we've exhausted others of more pressing importance; and the Doctor, specially if he be one whom I am consulting for the first time, becomes at once the object of my sympathetic curiosity. I want to know all about himself, first; and when we've done that, then we will take up myself as a secondary consideration. If the medical man is an old friend, we have so much of common interest between us that it is a long time before we get at the special object of my visit. On this occasion, however, I am taken by the Cherubic Dr. HAMMOND PUTTENY to see Dr. REM of Royat; and as they have to discuss me as a "case," it is for me to listen and, if necessary, answer questions. Once in Dr. REM's professional sanctum, Dr. HAMMOND PUTTENY ceases to be cherubic, puts on his gold spectacles (both Doctors wear gold-rimmed spectacles) in a way that gives him a grave and anxiously scientific air, and seats himself at such a distance from me, as conveys the idea that from this moment until the close of the interview we are no longer on our ordinary equal and friendly footing, and his entire manner gives me clearly to understand that for the time being I must look upon himself and Dr. REM as two superhuman intelligences, and myself as a mere passive body, conscious, but in a state of suspended animation. Then, as Dr. REM seats himself at his desk, with pen and paper and a book before him, the scene seems to undergo a change, and it occurs to me that he looks like a benevolent country Magistrate hearing a charge in his own private room, and that Dr. HAMMOND PUTTENY figures in the scene as the constable who brings the charge, keeping an eye on me, who am, as it were, the prisoner.

"Now!" says Dr. REM, taking up his pen and looking in the direction of Dr. PUTTENY. Whereupon Dr. PUTTENY, in his character of constable, commences his charge against me, giving his evidence "from information he has received," *i.e.*, from myself. I listen calmly, and, as he is stating the case fairly and succinctly, I see no reason for interrupting or contradicting him. Occasionally I nod affirmatively, or put in an adverb intended to qualify, or intensify some of his statements.

His whole testimony he delivers with an air of deference due to the presence of the elder Doctor, and yet with something of the pride of a discoverer. It is in this latter vein that, having finished his evidence, he ceases to appear as the constable, and resuming his original character of scientific Doctor, gives his own opinion on the case, which he announces as something that will take Dr. REM by surprise, and ultimately astonish the faculty generally.



Dr. Rem.

"You examine him yourself," says the Cherubic One, nodding in the direction where I am seated, but not otherwise recognising my existence except as a body; "you'll see he's anæmic."

Dr. REM professes himself sceptical, but at once puts the assertion to the test.

"Well," he exclaims, drawing a long breath, after having satisfied himself by a thorough examination, during which I simply remain a body, offering no resistance, making no remarks. "Well, I own I am astonished. Yes," he adds, emphatically, and yet with a slight indication of unwillingness at being compelled by truth to corroborate Dr. PUTTENY's assertion, "he is anæmic."

They do not talk to me, but of me, and an expression of surprise escaping me, which is an attempt on my part at joining in the consultation, passes as entirely unheeded as does the clock striking the quarter.

Mentally I say to myself, "So I'm *anémique*, am I! I see—no man's *anémie* but my own. Good! What next? Go it, Gentlemen!"

But Dr. PUTTENY having already scored, has nothing more to observe, and waits with a self-satisfied and critical air to hear his senior's verdict.

Dr. REM asks me a few questions, but as my answers only confirm Dr. PUTTENY's previous account of me, they fail to throw any fresh light on the subject, and Dr. REM enters the whole case in his notebook, considers it carefully, closes it, pushes it away as though its presence bothered him, sits back in his chair, and, after an awful silence of at least half a minute, during which I begin to wonder, rather nervously, whether he has hit upon something so fatal in my case as to render any treatment whatever utterly useless, and whether he is only meditating how best to break this unwelcome intelligence to me, he turns to Dr. PUTTENY, and, to my infinite relief, observes that he has every hope of putting me all right—ultimately, and states what his plan is to be. Dr. PUTTENY ventures to suggest some alterations, but as he has had his turn, and played his part, Dr. REM only courteously considers his propositions in order to as courteously dismiss them, preferring his own "*traitement*," the particulars of which he will let me have a little later this morning, when he will introduce me to the Director of the Bath Establishment, and put me *au courant* with everything necessary.

We are on the point of being bowed out, when Dr. PUTTENY, smoothing his hat in a nervous manner, asks diffidently, "Don't you think he may take the *douche nasale*?"

Dr. REM hesitates, and regards me dubiously. This part of the interview reminds me of the time when a relation used to come for me at school and ask the Head Master if, always supposing I had been a good boy, I mightn't have a half-holiday. How anxiously I used to await the master's answer, and how tremblingly I noted his hesitation, as he looked in my face inquiringly, as much as to say, "Shall I recall the fact that you were not a good boy yesterday—that you were punished the day before—that you put jam in another boy's hat last Thursday—and for these courtesies, am I to grant you a half-holiday?"

That I am to take an ordinary bath every day, and to drink so much water regularly, seems to me to be so monotonous an affair that I shall really be glad if the Doctor will vary it with a *douche nasale*. From my former experiences at Aix-les-Bains, Aix-la-Chapelle, and La Bourboule, there is nothing so wearying as the mechanical order of the treatment, and it is therefore quite a little holiday for the patient to be prescribed a *gargarisme*, or a *douche*, or a *vapeur*, or a *massage*. So when Dr. REM's eyes meet mine, I am conscious of a beseeching look in my own, as if imploring him not to condemn me to a terrible unbroken monotony. With joy I recognise a gleam of pity in his glance as, with a benevolent smile, he turns towards Dr. PUTTENY, and says, "Yes, he may take the nasal *douche*."

"And," inquires Dr. PUTTENY, with increasing diffidence, as if he feared the result of his temerity in asking too much all at once, but he'll risk it,—just as my relation coming to fetch me at school having gained a half-holiday, would request the Master to stretch one point more of discipline in my favour, and allow me to return after the hour of "lock-up,"—"Mightn't he take the *pulverisation* later on?"

Dr. REM regards me thoughtfully. He evidently considers we are presuming on his previous concession: besides, if he agrees to this addition to his original prescription, it is no longer his treatment, but his in collaboration with Dr. PUTTENY. He is on the point of refusing (I am sure of it) and the Cherubic Doctor is already beginning to be sensible of having gone a little too far, when a brilliant idea of a compromise strikes Dr. REM, who quite brightens up as he says to the Medical Cherub, "I'll tell you what he shall do! He shall take the *douche nasale* and the *pulverisation* alternately," and thereupon he sits down, triumphantly, and makes a note of this in his book. The Cherubic Doctor beams on me through his spectacles, as much as to say, "There! you wouldn't have got all these luxuries if it hadn't been for me!" I feel immensely relieved and satisfied with the prospect of a pleasing variety in the treatment, and Dr. REM who has several patients waiting in the ante-room, bows us out

so courteously, and says "*Au revoir*" so reassuringly, that I already feel more than half cured of whatever is the matter with me. I differ from him as to the symptoms being at all gouty, but I keep this opinion, being an unprofessional one, and not asked for at the consultation, to myself.

The Cherubic Doctor, who outside Dr. REM's, and away from business, becomes at once the gay young Anglo-German student out



Rehearsing the Douche Nasale.

for a holiday, is in ecstasies of delight at the permission granted me to take a *douche nasale* and a *pulverisation*.

"Do you know how to manage 'em?" he asks.

Yes, I am on friendly terms with "*pulverisation*," but to the *douche nasale* I am a stranger.

"Come along then, I'll show you," he exclaims, joyfully, and, as if we were off for a real good lark, away he hurries me to the *Etablissement*.

We enter a room, the aspect of which is familiar to me, as it is fitted up like the *pulverisation* department at La Bourboule, and he introduces me to the attendant nose-doucher, who fits me with a small glass tube all to myself (I thought he was going to measure my nose for it, but he guesses the size, and has one ready to hand), ties on a waterproof bib, and I take my seat at a tap.

"Can you play on this pipe?" asks the Cherubic Doctor, in the character of *Hamlet*.

"My liege, I can," I reply, rashly presuming on my acquaintance with the *pulverisation* process. In another minute I have doused my eyes, sent the water with four-horse engine power up my sleeve, into my mouth, and everywhere but up my nose, and in

fact made a nice mess of it. The Cherubic Doctor watching me, now steps forward. "This is the way," he says, and guides my hand with the glass tube in it, "and don't forget," he adds, "to keep your left hand on the tap, so as to regulate the force."

For awhile I remember the injunction; I turn it on full; it operates wonderfully, and I feel as if I had filled my head with water, and would have water on the brain in another second, but for its running out as quickly as it has come in.

Dr. PUTTENEY, being near-sighted, has put his head down

over my shoulder to see that I am carrying out his directions exactly, and at this moment, pausing in the operation to tell him my sensations, I remove the pipe, but forgetting to turn the tap, the water goes without the slightest warming with full force right at the Cherubic Doctor's spectacles, and gives him such a startlingly unexpected douche as knocks him back into the arms of the attendant.



There is no harm done, however, and here ends the first lesson on the *douche nasale* pipe.

Coming out on our road to breakfast we meet Dr. REM, who introduces me to a most courteous gentleman, M. CHASSAN, the Acting Director of the place, or Commander of the Bath, who welcomes me to the Baths, and presents me with the freedom of the Casino. Now I am fairly launched on my Water-Course.

PROPOSITIONS AND RIDERS.

FOR the *n*th time *Mr. Punch* appeals to GEORGE RANGER, to the Board of Works, to Public Commissioners of all sorts, to the Police Authorities, and to all concerned in the management and arrangement of the Parks and Kensington Gardens, to take into consideration during this present recess, plans for improving and developing the opportunities for equestrian exercise so advantageously offered by these localities. Why is the rider to be condemned to the everlasting three-quarters of a mile, up and down, or round and round, of Rotten Row, its tributary ride by the Knightsbridge Barracks, the miserable four feet wide tan line, one-third round the Park, and the connecting "bit of soft" between the Powder Magazine and the dreary ride on the Bayswater side? The monotony of this offers little real refreshment to the jaded working-man, whether he come from bench, bar, study, studio, or other closed workshops; while if that useless ditch which divides Kensington Gardens from Hyde Park were filled up or bridged over, equestrians could pass to and fro, the Gardens themselves could be planned out into charming rides under shady trees, going this way and that way, North and South, East and West, and a short means of communication could be at once opened up between the West Kensingtonians and the Bayswaterians, who have now between them a broad walk, barred against all comers on horseback by huge iron gates.

Mr. Punch rather thinks he has heard of certain plans which have been in existence a considerable time, which go into all the details of this scheme, and provide for all its difficulties. Let these plans and maps be brought out of the pigeon-holes, well dusted, and submitted to the H.R.H. the Prince of WALES, who has only to recommend their immediate consideration, and his own approval of the idea, for the matter to be at once taken up and dealt with by "GEORGE RANGER" and the other "Authorities." This would be a popular move for the popular Prince, to whom it is earnestly commended by H.R.H.'s sage privy councillor and loyal well-wisher,

PUNCH.

Improvement in Kensington Gardens, to be called "*Punch's Ride*."



ENTERTAINING ODDS AND ENDS.—Messrs. MASKEYLINE AND COOKE (and their lead has been followed in other places of amusement) have recently introduced a new feature into their Entertainment at the Egyptian Hall in the shape of a "Disappearing Lady." A young person, of prepossessing appearance, and engaging manners, is presented to the audience by Mr. BERTRAM (the well-beloved rival of Monsieur VERBECK), and then invited to seat herself upon a chair, resting upon a spread-out newspaper. Having graciously accepted the proffered courtesy, she is immediately enveloped from head to foot in a black *peignoir*, and, hi! presto! she has disappeared! It is scarcely necessary to explain that this is done by wires, or electricity, or—something. However, it is certainly odd.

Summery suggestion for Mr. HOLLAND, Lessee of the Royal Albert Palace, Battersea, to advertise "How to Spend a Happy Day at the (Batter)—Sea-Side!"

CUM GRANO.—The *Times* of Saturday last published the result of an informal inquiry into the Belfast Riots, instituted by the Irish Loyal and Patriotic Union. "*Pat-ri-ot-ic*" is an appropriate term on this occasion. The "report" was signed by one Mr. PATTON, a Dublin Barrister, whose summing up in certain cases, says the *Times*—and quite rightly—"does not seem to be borne out by the evidence." By the way, as some of this evidence received by Mr. PATTON was "hearsay" inadmissible in a Court of Justice, this Dublin Barrister cannot set up for a model or PATTON Lawyer.

IN THE PRESS.—"*The Editor of the Daily News—A Great Success.*" Sequel to the Novel lately advertised, entitled "*Lucy, a Mistake.*"



TEMPORA MUTANTUR!

'Bus Conductor. "WOULD ANY LADY MIND RIDING INSIDE, TO OBLIGE A GENTLEMAN?"

THE WORD "POLTICS."

SIR,—“THE word Poltics surprises by himself” (to quote the immortal *Smorltork*) more than he ever did. I have turned, politically speaking, a Mug-Wump, under stress of circumstances. Do you know what that means? Of course you do, because it's part of everything, which you do know. But some of your readers don't know everything. So let me observe that a Mug-Wump, in politics, means somebody who doesn't believe anybody on his oath any longer. Simple programme, eh? and reminds one of *RUSKIN*. Pity that so many good men and true should have been driven out of the thing altogether by this last move, you know: but so it is. If it comes to games, you see, we won't play. We like tennis and billiards better. And I guess England and Ireland, and Scotland and Wales too, will be sorry for it before long. They ain't “nations,” you know, any of 'em. But they are four races, which make one nation, or used to. Excuse grammar; but I'm angry, and so are a good many of us. If we don't want to be a nation, I suppose we needn't. And anyhow as England wants Home Rule most of the four, I hope she'll get it out of this business, and out of Sir W. H.'s “strong knees,” which enable him to turn ten somersaults at a go, if wanted, and that's wonderful for his size. Sorry about Scotland and Wales; for, rights and wrongs apart, their vote only means that they love a dig at the big sister England, and won't let the chance go. The Scotch intellect be blowed. If she's so sweet on Ireland, why did she go for *TREVELYAN* last time, when she knew he was dead against *PARNELL* as

well as she knows it now, except that Home Rule hadn't cropped up serious, and she never thought it would?

However, let us drop that. You're fair to everybody and always were. I'd write an answer to the G. O. M. only I know he won't read it, as he says he'll not look at any letters while he's away in Bavaria where the *Wagnerites* are. Perhaps when he comes back like a Giant refreshed with Bavarian Beer he will take a fresh view of things in general. But if his little game is always to have cards up his sleeve, as you, Sir, represented him in a picture just before the beginning of last Session, and if he thinks this the right sort of thing to do, and if other party leaders begin to imitate him, then may I ask on whom, except always on *you*, Sir, is a Mug-Wump to pin his political faith?

Sadly yours, STRATTON STRAWLESS.

TO BEE OR NOT TO BEE.

THE REV. W. J. RICHARDSON, of Great Milton Vicarage, having written to a contemporary, announcing that some of his bees have recently been attempting to extract honey from his study carpet (presumably from the flowers figuring in its pattern), the following supplementary anecdotes of the brute creation are offered for future consideration:—

Intelligent Conduct of a Calf.—Some little while ago, a cow was driven from her offspring, and her milk used for domestic purposes. Shortly afterwards, her calf was found vainly attempting to extract milk from the village pump.

Strange Freak of a Hen.—A toy-shop for

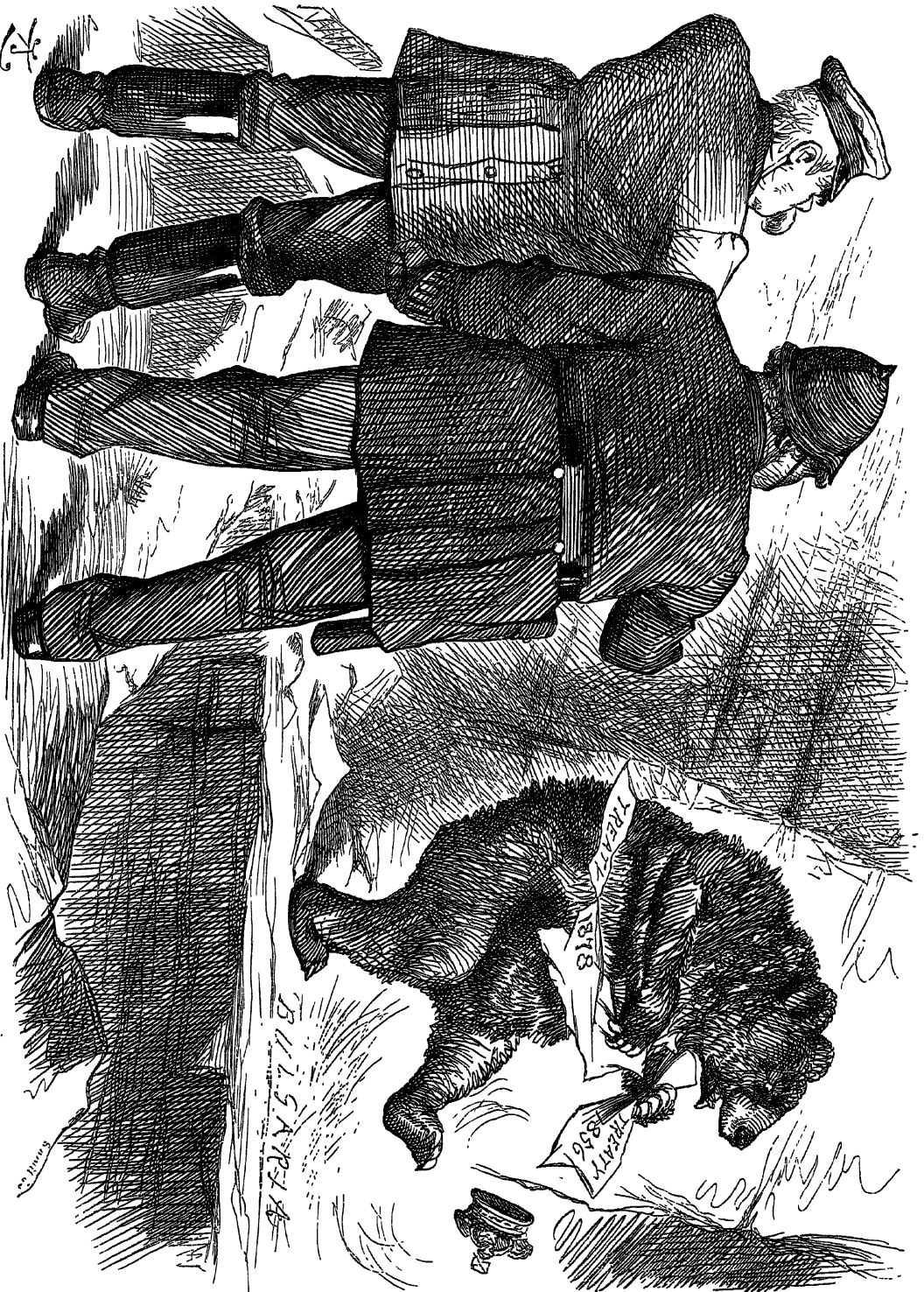
many days was paraded by a Cochin China lately released from sitting on a nest of ducks' eggs. The proprietor of the establishment could not understand her partiality for his emporium until, on stock-taking, he discovered that all the Noah's Arks had been broken open, and their contents partially removed. It was subsequently ascertained that the too-anxious hen had removed all the wooden ducks, and placed them in safety on a high shelf. As a basin of water was in the shop, it is believed that the poor creature was anxious to prevent the effigies from taking to swimming.

Cleverness of an Elephant.—A fellow-creature of *Jumbo* recently injured its most prominent feature while performing in a country circus. After the performances were over, it broke away from the menagerie, and hastening to a portmanteau-seller, attempted to procure a new and undamaged trunk.

Instinct of a Dog in a Man-o'-War.—Shortly before the abolition of flogging in the Navy, a favourite colley, the property of a naval officer appointed to a ship in which discipline was very strict, could not be induced to leave the Captain's cabin. He employed the whole of his time in fighting with the cat-o'-nine-tails.

The Rev. W. J. RICHARDSON after this assistance will perhaps kindly oblige again.

WHEN Prince ALEXANDER was kidnapped, the Government was placed in the hands of a Provisional Committee, at whose head was “*Monseigneur CLEMENT, Bishop of Tirnova.*” Could he have had a more appropriate name! Since then this Turnover Prelate has been overturned.

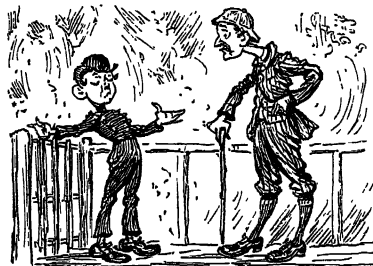


“HIGH JINKS!”

JOHN BULL, A.I. “OUGHTN’T WE TO MUZZLE HIM?”

INSPECTOR BISMARCK. “MUZZLE HIM! WHY I RATHER LIKE IT!”

"OWNER UP" IN THE LAKE DISTRICT.



"Here y'are, Sir! Finest Waterfall in England! Sixpence a head, if you please! Owner don't allow nobody to look at his Waterfall for nothing!"



"Looking at that there Mounting was you, Sir? Then you're a-trespassing! I've orders from the Owner to stop anyone from looking at his Mounting."



"Hi! you Sir! Come off that grass, will you! I'm the Owner of this property, and I'll trouble you to walk in the middle of the road!"



"Here, I say, none of that! Owner's orders is no one's to disturb his Flies. You just leave 'em alone, will ye?"

A MENU À LA RUSSE.

THE following "instructions" apparently emanating from a Russian source, have found their way to 85, Fleet Street. As they strongly resemble certain events not totally unconnected with Bulgaria, they are published in the interests of those they seem to concern:—

1. The Power of England must be broken.
2. The Power of England can only be broken by deposing the LORD MAYOR of London.
3. The LORD MAYOR of London must therefore be deposed.
4. Three men and a boy will visit the Mansion House on the night of the 10th of September, and insist upon the LORD MAYOR signing a decree of abdication.
5. The services of Colonel Sir REGINALD HANSON, Hon. Colonel of the London Militia, will if possible be secured. If this is impracticable the Shoe Black Brigade must be bribed to assist the three men and a boy in securing the person of the LORD MAYOR.
6. After the LORD MAYOR has signed the decree of abdication, he will be quickly removed in an Omnibus to London Bridge, where he will be invited to enter a Penny Steamboat.
7. The Penny Steamboat will immediately leave the Pier on receiving the LORD MAYOR on board, and proceed to the nearest Russian Port.
8. On reaching the nearest Russian Port, the LORD MAYOR will be landed and be informed that he is at perfect liberty to go where he pleases.
9. If the British Empire does not fall to pieces after these occurrences, the general illumination at St. Petersburg will be postponed.
10. Whatever may be the result of the above suggestions, the Russian Government will repudiate all connection with the proceedings.

(Signed.) KNOCKIS HEDZOFF.

SUBJECT TO ARBITRATION.

SIR,—Being much struck with a recent article in the *Times*, entitled "A New Calling," wherein an anonymous Correspondent professed to deal successfully with a pressing social evil, in pointing out to impecunious Peers, how they might deliver themselves from all their difficulties by adopting the profession of "Social Arbitrators," I instantly advertised in a fashionable journal for business of the kind indicated:—

A NOBLEMAN of Experience, with leisure on his hands, will be happy to intervene and arbitrate in any painful and distressing family difficulty or dispute, the settlement of which requires tact, delicacy, and judgment. Terms moderate. Apply by letter to the Earl of B., The Carlton Club, Pall Mall, S.W.

An early post brought me an answer to the above, and I found myself by the end of the week involved in the arrangement of a very serious and complicated family scandal, which I, however, succeeded in bringing ultimately to a triumphant issue, to the great satisfaction, I believed, of all concerned. I thereupon sent in my bill, and following on the advice set by the suggester of "A New Calling," that in such a delicate matter, items would not for a moment be thought of, I merely notified the account thus:—

"To the Earl of Bellowglass for his valuable services in arranging an affair of delicacy and honour—£1000."

Imagine then, Sir, my surprise on receiving from my client, by return of post, a letter expressing astonishment at the amount of my claim, and requesting to be furnished with a "properly made out detailed account," of my expenses. In the face of this indecent rejoinder, I confess I did not feel called upon to mince matters, and though I found some difficulty in adjusting the prices to the items, so as to mount up to the round sum I had named off-hand, as a fair price for my services, I soon managed to get the thing into shape, and without more ado, dispatched the following bill of costs:—

To James John Woodruff-Smith, Esq., of 193, Russell Square, W.C., in account with the Earl of Bellowglass, The Carlton Club, Pall Mall, S.W.

To calling on you and receiving your instructions in this case, to the effect that you, having latterly missed seven thousand pound notes, which you had left loose in the pocket of your great-coat, that usually hung in the hall, as well as a quantity of table silver, together with a valuable Queen Anne tea-urn and cream-jug, had reason to suspect your wife's great-uncle, who had been staying on a lengthy visit which he showed no inclination to finish, of taking them. Secondly, that your suspicions had been aroused against him by his being seen entering a neighbouring pawnbroker's with a bulky portmanteau, and from thence proceeding to the various public-houses

in the vicinity, from which he would return with a bevy of drunken coalheavers whom he had asked to join him at dinner at your table, thereby causing you and your household daily considerable inconvenience and annoyance. Thirdly, that you wished, if possible, to find out the truth gently, not only in consequence of his great age and irritable temper, but on account of offending his distant relatives whom you believed would resent any direct proceedings against him, and that you hoped, if the matter could be brought home to him to hush it up, and get him to reside with a deaf maternal aunt, who was to be kept in ignorance of the affair, and had undertaken to take care of him. To listening to and taking notes of the above. Time and thought . . . £170 0 0

To turning over the above, and advising you thereon, to the effect that it would be desirable to have some evidence against your great-uncle, either by watching his movements or otherwise, and suggesting that you should, for the purpose, give a Fancy Dress Ball, which I would attend in disguise and take observations . . . £100 0 0

To attending same, and closely following about your Great Uncle, the whole evening disguised as a Red Indian, with the result of seeing him purloin a couple of *entrée* dishes, and finally detecting him in the act of endeavouring to conceal a silver soup-ladle and fish-slice up his back, and to forcing him into the back library together with yourself, two waiters bound to silence, a local solicitor and a pretended policeman, and obliging him, after a fight with the fireirons, and listening to bitter and vindictive recriminatory charges against you and your family, to admit that he had not come by them honestly . . . £450 0 0

To interviewing him the next day, with a view to a compromise, by his removal in a railway omnibus to your deaf Maternal Aunt's, seeing him placed in same in a strait-waistcoat, and thus bringing the matter to a satisfactory conclusion . . . £45 0 0

To purchase of fancy dress for business as detailed above . . . £15 15 0

To cabs, postage, sticking-plaster (necessitated by stand-up fight), and to general incidental expenditure . . . £219 5 0

Total . . . £1000 0 0

Now, Sir, will you believe that the only notice my account has received has been the arrival of a beggarly cheque for £5, coupled with an intimation that I ought to think myself "lucky and well paid" to get that, and this spite my threat to publish in all its nakedness the hideous family story submitted to my "arbitration," unless I speedily received the balance, which, as three days have elapsed, and though I have put the matter in the hands of my Solicitors, I have heard nothing further on the subject, I accordingly do. Asking you to give publicity to the above in your widely-read pages, as a warning to others of my order in equally necessitous circumstances, I beg, Sir, to subscribe myself

Yours faithfully, A PEER WHO KNOWS HIS PRICE.



‘SO SELFISH!’

Husband (with pride). “MY LOVE, I’VE BEEN EFFECTING—I’VE INSURED MY LIFE TO-DAY FOR TEN THOUSAND POU—”

Young Wife. “JUST LIKE THE MEN! ALWAYS LOOKING OUT FOR THEMSELVES! I THINK—YOU MIGHT HAVE INSURED MINE WHILE YOU WERE ABOUT IT!!”

BUYING GOODS ABROAD.

THE office of *Mr. Punch* has been inundated with correspondence on this most important topic: the views of his almost innumerable Correspondents being respectively in favour or against Free Trade, Fair Trade, High Trade, Low Trade, Square Trade, Sly Trade, Shy Trade, and Any Trade. One Correspondent with the signature of “JACK” advocates “All Trades.” Several hundred-weight of the overflow of these communications *Mr. Punch* has sent to his esteemed contemporary the *Daily Telegraph*, a few tons more he has reserved for the delectation of his own readers. Here are some samples to begin with:—

SIR,—The Dutch, not content with taking Holland, are by their unfair competition with us, taking the bread out of the mouths of British manufacturers and traders. To whatever side we turn, the confounded Dutchman meets us with his wares. We must, forsooth, toast our kidneys in Dutch ovens; our children play with Dutch dolls; from the windows of countless broughams I see spowling the sable muzzles of Dutch pugs; my servants will eat nothing but Dutch cheese (when they cannot get Gorgonzola); when they feel faint, they swallow Dutch drops; I sent a picture-frame the other day to be regilt, and the villainous frame-marker (of course an Italian) returned the frame covered with Dutch metal. Where is this to end, Sir? Are our boys, when they go to school, to learn nothing but how to spell Double-Dutch backwards on a Sunday? If we feel faint, are we to stimulate our exhausted energies with Dutch courage?

Yours indignantly,

ANTI-VAN-DUNK.

Here is a gentleman even more wrathful:—

SIR,—I boil. I am all over boils. I read nothing but *Boyle's Court Guide*. I am a Soap-boiler, and I love my children, of whom I have eleven. The soap-boiling trade, Sir, is in a depressed state, owing to the immense sums which we have to pay Royal Academicians for designing Cartoons illustrative of the beneficent properties of soap. Under these circumstances I can only allow my eleven children a halfpenny a week each to buy lollipops with. What do they bring back, Sir, from the sweetstuff shop? “Bonaparte's ribs.” Was Bonaparte an Englishman, Sir? Elecampane—evidently *à la campagne*—a French mess—French plums, Caramels, Turkish delight, and Spanish liquorice. Is there not sufficient lickorice to be obtained from the sap of the homely British birch? Could we not get much of the lick-orice which we require from halfpenny canes at the toy-shops? And here is my poor little boy JOHNNIE come home with a fearful stomach-ache through drinking Persian sherbet at an Austrian *café*, and eating penny Neapolitan ices at the street corner. Yours, explosively,

THOMAS BOILOVER.

Aha! the lively Gaul's turn comes now:—

SIR,—The French have done it all. English traders are no longer “in it.” French rolls for breakfast, French horns, played by German bands, French polish for our furniture, French honeysuckles from our florists, French beans for dinner, French-tub at our dyers. My tailor yesterday measured me for a travelling suit of French grey. I asked him whether it was with pipe-clay that he was making diagrams on my arms and legs. He replied, “No, Sir; we use French chalk.”—Your despairing Servant,

C. OLNEY HATCH.

P.S.—My nursemaid took French leave this morning, and left my eighteenth and nineteenth children (twins) howling in a perambulator in the centre of the square. My fifth footman was just in time to rescue the dear innocents from an unmuzzled ferocious-looking French poodle.

But, soft! A more temperate epistle:—

MESSRS. COCKSHY AND CHUCKPARTHING present their compliments to the Editor of *Punch*, and respectfully draw his attention to the disastrous effects of German competition on English trade. They are aware of several instances of English larks, thrushes, and other singing birds being fed exclusively on German paste. They are informed by one of the largest sausage-makers at Cow Cross that native saveloys are no longer able to hold their own in consequence of the disloyal concurrence of “small Germans.” Hundreds of most entertaining variety-shows have had to close their doors in consequence of the popularity of Mr. and Mrs. GERMAN REED'S Entertainment. Messrs. C. & C. have it likewise, on the best authority, that at the Hotel Teutonic, in Jermyn Street, there are none but German waiters (who all play on the German flute): the plate is all German silver, and the colour of the window-curtains is a deep Prussian blue. How long is this state of things to last?

The last word, obviously, should be given to a Lady, *Place aux Dames*!—

SIR,—I have this morning discharged my laundress, in consequence of having discovered that she was in the habit of getting up my fine linen with an Italian iron, and washing my skirts with Castile soap. Yours, &c., A PRIMROSE DAME.



PARLIAMENTARY VIEWS No 9. (HOME RULE FOR WALES.)

(A Suggestion for a Welsh Parliament.)

SENSE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM

THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday Night, August 23.—A big House considering we can almost hear the echoes of the guns on many moors. There is talk of some lively speaking. HARTINGTON, it is said, will show his hand. Certainly the Sage of Queen Anne's Gate has got the first place, and will renew debate. Before it comes on, young LAWSON puts pertinent questions to PLUNKET. It seems the Park ponds are growing thick with fish. Weird stories current in Park lodges of elderly carp being seen in the moonlight, walking arm in arm along the sward, just to stretch their fins and get a little fresh air. Why not thin pond population by granting permission to anglers to take their sport? EDMOND has gone salmon-fishing to the North. Why shouldn't 'ARRY take his pleasure in the Serpentine? PLUNKET will tell us why. 'ARRY it appears, when he had the chance, used to take up the turf in search of the necessary worm. Turf in neighbourhood of ponds spoiled, and so fishing prohibited. House laughs, but possibly neither 'ARRY nor more desirable disciples of ISAAC WALTON will accept explanation as perfectly satisfactory.

The Sage of Queen Anne's Gate in excellent form. Borrowed DILLWIN's seat at corner of Gangway, with HARTINGTON just above and CHAMBERLAIN beyond. On ordinary occasions HENEAGE sits at extreme end of Front Opposition Bench. The Sage had prepared some special playfulness for him. HENEAGE got wind of intention, determined to spoil it by stopping away, and half succeeded. But the Sage had HARTINGTON and CHAMBERLAIN well within range, and with hands on hips, head persuasively bent over right shoulder, and kindly eyes fixed full upon them, proceeded to reason with them. House broke forth into laughter from time to time, and CHAMBERLAIN occasionally contributed a smile to the harmony of the occasion. But HARTINGTON, with hands in pockets and hat tilted over his brows, sat immobile. "He might as well sit at the base of the Needle on the Embankment, and poke fun at the Sphinx," said CAINE, observing the proceedings from a safe quarter behind the SPEAKER's chair. MICHAEL HICKS-BEACH droned along for the space of an hour, after which BRADLAUGH caught the SPEAKER's eye, and the House promptly emptied. "Can't stand two Members from Northampton in one night," said DONALD CURRIE, making for the door. HARTINGTON spoke later, with JOHN MORLEY to follow, making up a good night's debate. "It's magnificent," said HENRY JAMES; "but it isn't grouse."

Business done.—Resumed Debate on the Address.

Tuesday.—Outside, a hot, close August night. Inside, sort of

April weather. Long courses of placid sunshine, then the sky suddenly covered with clouds, and, out of the blue, bolts falling in all directions. PARNELL began the sunshine, placid as the bosom of a lake when all the winds are at siesta. "Ours is the winning cause," he said, and, till the prize was reached, it behoved Irish representatives to be moderate and patient, and to advise patience and moderation at home. HART-DYKE, the first precursor of storms, the earliest bolt from the blue. Interposed hotly before PARNELL had proceeded

a quarter of an hour. SPEAKER, with great promptitude, took up the seething bolt, and, as it were, dropped it in a bucket of water. After this, peace and quietness once more, till PARNELL, always mild, deprecative, submissive, almost angelic, concluded his speech.

Thunderstorms began again, drowning GLADSTONE's speech. G.O.M. making some inconvenient remarks on Government policy, when RANDOLPH interrupted on point of order. Wrath of the Grand Old Man magnificent to see. What! Would they gag him? Would they stop his mouth when it was full of answer to the pleadings and the arguments of the spokesmen for the Government? The very papers on the table at which he stood crackled in the fierce heat of his wrath. Even RANDOLPH affrighted. Objection withdrawn, and he went on his way rejoicing.



After this House emptied, and MAT HARRIS of Galway took the floor. HARRIS in highly discursive mood began by commenting on what he called the "parryletic" state of House. But House not so helpless as he thought. Embarking upon a homily on religious differences in Ireland, was called to order. Then he entered the butter-market, and chatted for some ten minutes on prices current. Thence he slid into the whiskey store, out of which he was peremptorily dragged by the SPEAKER. Coming next to the question of peasant proprietors, someone moved to have the House counted, after which HARRIS sat down and GENT-DAVIS got up. Got up indeed, several times, insisting upon orderly procedure.

"The House of Commons," said RANDOLPH, *sotto voce*, "consists of 669 Gentlemen and one GENT-DAVIS."

A little later W. RUSSELL having made a pointed reference to his conscience, Dr. TANNER observed quietly, with air of conviction, "You never had one." Debate was then adjourned.

Business done.—More Debate on Address.

Thursday.—Something like old times to-night. Fifty-five questions on the paper, with more to follow. Dr. TANNER had five in succession. "Thought he'd died of fasting," RANDOLPH growls. Evidently hadn't, and appetite for information cruelly unimpaired.

House crowded in all parts. CHAMBERLAIN expected to renew Debate on Address. In his place, and evidently ready. But Irish Members determined to have a little fun. If they could run him into dinner-hour, how mad he would be! So kept up conversation on appointment of REEVERS BULLER, talking till Eight o'Clock. "Now, Mr. CHAMBERLING," said JOSEPH GILLIS, gleefully rubbing his hands together, "now, you shall make your speech while everybody but me goes to dinner." Counted without the guest. JOSEPH of Birmingham equal, after all, to JOSEPH GILLIS. When the time came, he quietly went off to dinner himself! Came back at Ten o'Clock in comfortable mood, and fired off his broadside before crowded House. Funny to see DILLWYN rubbing his eyes, and furtively pinching himself. "Thought I was asleep, and dreaming, TOBY," he said. "But, since I'm awake, we must be in Topsy-turvyland. Here's the Tories cheering CHAMBERLAIN like mad, whilst the Irish Members howl at him, and the Liberals shake their heads."

CHAMBERLAIN spoke amid constant interruptions. Effect upon YEO most extraordinary. Hitherto known as quiet, retiring Member; not yet dared his maiden speech. To-night constantly on feet, wildly signalling to SPEAKER, and shouting out, "I rise to order!" It seemed an automatic process. Some one said "Heave!" and there was YEO. "What do you think of CHAMBERLAIN's speech?" I asked the Sage of Queen Anne's Gate. "It completes his ruin, TOBY. He's burned his boats, and will never get back to the Liberal Party." But then CHAMBERLAIN had been saying something nasty about Elijah's mantle and the Sage.

Business done.—More Debate on Address.

Friday.—A long list of set speeches to-night. But principal business been carried on by interjections. SEXTON resumed debate in speech, spoiled, as usual, by its verbosity. A desert of words, with here and there a green oasis of bright thought, and felicitous expression. BARTELOT, who followed, thrice called to order by the SPEAKER, and once interrupted by JOSEPH GILLIS. JOSEPH's hawk eye, flashing round, fell upon front Opposition Bench, where CAINE was chatting with CHAMBERLAIN. This hurt JOSEPH GILLIS, who is nothing if not orderly. CAINE, not being Privy Councillor, or Member of the late Government, no business on Front Bench. JOSEPH solemnly called SPEAKER's attention to incident. Next interruption came from GENT-DAVIS. WILFRID LAWSON on legs, telling interesting story about farm-servant, who was always taking extraordinary courses. One day he hung himself, and farmer said, "I wonder what the man will do next." GENT-DAVIS couldn't see point of this, so rose to order, and WILFRID LAWSON courteously explained—the story applied to CHAMBERLAIN. HARCOURT's speech brought half-a-dozen Members up on points of order, including RANDOLPH. Immense uproar, and RANDOLPH finally sat down, without having point of order settled. All the while CHAMBERLAIN sat smiling on Front Opposition Bench, whilst HARCOURT thundered around him, and Tories, Radicals, and Parnellites fought for his body. "If this is a sample of the life we're to lead under new conditions of Party," said the SPEAKER, as he ate his modest chop, "I'll—I'll—take another cup of tea."

Business done.—PARNELL's Amendment to the Address rejected by 304 votes against 181.

IS HE ALSO AMONG THE SPIRITUALISTS? Sir FREDERICK LEIGHTON, P.R.A., has painted his "Arts of Peace," for the South Kensington Museum, in "Spirit Fresco." At any future *séance*, Sir FREDERICK will be happy to give all information respecting the medium employed.

ROBERT'S LITTLE ADVENTURE.



I've had a strange adventure here. Great Marlow seems a regular Fairyland for adventures, and there's allers a fairy or two connected with it, as in my case.

Well, I wore a winking last Monday mornin', not by the sad sea wave, suddenly not, but by our brite sparklin' ripplin' river, injoying the warm sunshine and the bootiful breeze, and the lovely scenery all round, wen suddenly, without the least bit of warning, off flew my venerable hat, right into the foaming billows. I niver was so estonished in all my life, and niver felt so hutterly elpless. Consider mysitiw-

shun. I speaks of my hat as a venerable hat, but not from its age, but its karakter. It was called by the respecrbel Atter from whom I purchast it, the Harchdeecon, and he told me that all Harchdeecons was nommenally Wenerable from the werry fust, weather they bede venerable or not by hage, hence my hat's name, and as it procured me the nodding and bobbing respec of the jewvenile poppylation of this and other similar places, it was in coorse pryceless to me. And to see it bobbing up and down quite elplessly on the waves, and yet with a sort of sly snigger at its puzzled Marster, was almost too much to bear.

How on airth was I to git home! Wot a trewly horful situation for a Hed Waiter of peccoliarly sensetif nature, warking about the principle streets of Gentlemanly Marlow without no hat! The ideer did cross my bewildered mind to plunge boldly into the foaming torrent and grasp it, but no, that wood ha' been out of the fire into the fryng pan with a wengeance. I was on the werry brink of despair, as well as of the river, wen I seed with both my delited eyes, two of the most bootifuller ladies in all bootiful Marlow, a cumming towards me in a Bote, one a pulling and one a steering, "Youth in the Bow, and Beauty at the Elm," as the Poet says. They had seen my atless condishun, and with all that Pity that is so necessary a part of a butiful Fairy's natur, they had pulled to my rescue! and with a grace, and a charm, and a sweet smile as I shall never forget, they rescued my hat from its watery grave, and tossed it skilfully to its greatfool owner!

I draws a whale over my boundless gratitood, and as my pore hat was thoroly soaked to the skin, I perched it on the werry roof of my hed, in a kind of degazy style, as the French calls it, and rapidly sort my umbel home a wiser and a wetter man.

ROBERT.

THIS paragraph has been going the round of the papers, and is extracted from the *Globe* :—

"A DISCOVERY.—Onions inhaled cause sleep, rest, and repose. The soldier on his march, and the exhausted ironworker get great strength from eating the onion. Tie a fresh onion round the neck, and bruise it, to make its odour thorough, and you secure sound sleep from its nightly inhalation." So writes DANIEL R. CLYMER, ex-Mayor of Reading, Pennsylvania, U.S."

Naturally a CLYMER likes something high, and the higher it is the better; but if it had been an English Member of Parliament who had suggested this, we should have at once set him down as a "Liberal-Onionist."

WHEN Mrs. RAMSBOTHAM heard of the Ripon Millenary Festival last week, she exclaimed, "Quite right! I'm very very glad to hear it! I always thought the milliners much overworked, and I'm delighted they've had a real good holiday."

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—In no case can Contributions, whether MS., Printed Matter, or Drawings, be returned, unless accompanied by a Stamped and Directed Envelope or Cover. Copies of MS. should be kept by the Senders.

THE HORSE-PLAY AT DRURY LANE.

OF course Horses will "draw," but as Messrs. HARRIS and PETTITT's *A Run of Luck* is an ingeniously-constructed melodrama of a certain popular type, and capably played all round, it would be a sufficiently exciting play, were the real live horses, including the chief actor *Daisy*, eliminated from the performance. It might



Daisy in danger somewhere in the neighbourhood of St. J-hn's W-d, naturally takes refuge in the "Eyre Arms."

And the story?—Well—*Daisy* is a trainer's daughter and betrothed to *Harry Copsley*. *George Selby*, a fast young man, has conceived a fierce passion for *Daisy*, and is in with a bad set, represented by Messrs. CARTWRIGHT and NICHOLLS, who think they can arrange a sort of Eliza-Armstrong sensation in a quiet way, which will effectually compromise *George* and *Daisy*. In this they fail because *George* hasn't taken enough champagne to obfuscate his sense of honour, and also because Miss EYRE, as *Loosey Byefield*, once *Captain Trevor's* victim, now his deadly enemy, becomes (ALMA) "MURRAY's Guide," and assists her to escape. The mechanism of this scene, as indeed of all the scenes throughout the piece, reflects the greatest credit on Mr. HENRY EMDEN's and the authors' inventive resources. *Loosey* and *Daisy* have scarcely got two steps from the house, when they are stopped by wicked *Mrs. Willmore*, who so upsets *Daisy* that she falls on the ground. The wicked Captain appears, who would make short work of *Loosey*, but for the arrival of *George Selby* and the timely fall of the Curtain.

In the Third Act we are introduced to the exterior of *Squire*



Squire Overtwentytone.

A Country Seat and Holdings.

Selby's country house on the morning of "The Last Meet." The Pompous fat Squire, whom we may call Squire Overtwentytone, is such an undefeated and irrepressible Nimrod that he keeps up the sport far into the month of June, or even later, if foliage be any criterion of the time of year. Perhaps Squire Overtwentytone, *alias* DANIEL LAMBERT, Junior, may be of opinion that a good run with a July fox will not only be the very thing to reduce his fat, but also marvellously appropriate to the dog-days.

Even hunting in summer-time must have an end, and so, clearly much against his will, Squire Daniel Lambert Overtwentytone has consented to this being "The Last Meet," which is attended by HARRY NICHOLLS in pink, but on foot, the Huntsman, the Whips with a few straggling hounds, a super or two mounted, and also in pink, as representing the county gentry and members of the hunt, and a small boy in Eton collars and jacket, who is evidently a youthful enthusiast, as he has come out with the first saddle he could find, which happens to be a military one, with a peak before and behind, rather than not come out at all.

On the occasion when we had the honour of being present at "The Last Meet," the Squire's Niece (Miss COMPTON) was in such a hurry to be off and away, that she allowed herself to be pitched up anyhow into the saddle, where she alighted like a badly-packed bundle of clothes, but was either saved from falling over on the off-side by her presence of mind and presence of pummel, or by her cousin *George*, or whoever had helped her up, catching hold of her legs on the near-side, which, however, was hidden from my view.



Squire Overtwentytone, however, representative of the County Quantity rather than "the Quality," modestly preferred going off the stage, and after mounting well out of sight, behind the leafiest screen the side-scenes or "wings" could offer, reappeared on a horse which was apparently so little up to his weight that it required the assistance of two grooms on foot to support him in his saddle, and even then the hearty old Gentleman gave such a decided lurch to one side, when his horse turned the corner of a profile tree rather sharply, as nearly brought him off at a right angle but for the assistance of his faithful grooms.

After witnessing such a daring feat of horsemanship on the part of the reckless old Squire, we were not in the least surprised to see him—having probably in the interim dismissed his grooms on reaching the turnpike road—brought back, helpless, on a gate which he must have been trying to open all alone, and so tumbled off. Thinking that he is at his last gasp, he acknowledges *Harry Copsley* to be his legitimate son, of which fact he had only been made aware a quarter of an hour before the accident by *Harry Copsley* himself, who showed him an Act of Parliament especially made and provided by Messrs. HARRIS AND PETTITT to meet this particular case, and also a few letters about nothing in particular, but effective as things at which the Heavy Squire in an outburst of emotional agitation could convulsively clutch before exclaiming, "My son! My son!"

However, Old Overtwentytone's constitution is so magnificent that he rallies in time for Goodwood, where, his size not in the least diminished by his recent illness, he plunges on his other legitimate son's horse *Daisy*, (named after the heroine) backs the winner, makes a fortune, sees the happy couple united, confounds the knavish tricks of Messrs. NICHOLLS and CARTWRIGHT, and perhaps makes up his mind (though he doesn't say so) never to go out hunting again without



First appearance of Miss Maypole Selby, the Squire's Niece, in the Aunt-Mary-onette show, given at George Selby's Chambers. N.B.—Private Parties attended.

however, representative of the County Quantity rather than "the Quality," modestly preferred going off the stage, and after mounting well out of sight, behind the leafiest screen the side-scenes or "wings" could offer, reappeared on a horse which was apparently so little up to his weight that it required the assistance of two grooms on foot to support him in his saddle, and even then the hearty old Gentleman gave such a decided lurch to one side, when his horse turned the corner of a profile tree rather sharply, as nearly brought him off at a right angle but for the assistance of his faithful grooms.

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"HEADS WIN"



DRURY LANE

"Heads! We win!"



ONE WAY OF LOOKING AT IT!

Delinquent (to his Host). "OH, I'M MOST UNFORTUNATE! NOW, YOU'RE THE THIRD MAN I'VE HIT TO-DAY!"

being tied on. From my description it may appear that *A Run of Luck* is a one-part piece, and that that one part is, the Squire's. This is not so. Squire Overtwentytone may not even be the best part, but it is most undoubtedly "the biggest part in the piece," and one in which, as the stage-slang has it, "there is the most fat."

The situations at the Railway Station—how the villains are put on the wrong track, and how the horse gets in the wrong box—are most ingeniously contrived. The real race is the best ever witnessed up to now, on the stage, and that the *Run of Luck* ought to do uncommonly well is the opinion of (what the Squire might like when he goes into training)

COCOA NIBBS.

LINES ON THE HAND.

"His (the Artist's) whole character may be denominated Spiritual. To him pleasure is a passion, beauty a worship. If he makes a friendship, it is an adoration. Never taking the trouble to hate, he never makes enemies. He is most sensible to blame or suspicion, and greatly touched by friendship and kindness."—*"A Manual of Cheirosophy,"* by Ed. Heron-Allen, ¶ 292.

O HERON-ALLEN! you're a prophet surely!
You've read the hand that you were wont to shake.
I know my nature is artistic purely;
You've sketched it to the life, and no mistake.

[*The Poet smiles, and reads on.*]

"Very often in an artistic nature I have found only the defects of the type, sensuality, laziness, egotism, eccentricity, cynicism, dissipation, incapacity for concentration, cunning, exaggeration, and falsehood."—*Ibid.* ¶ 293.

Look here! This aspect of your lore suffices.
Fine Science this to toil at and get bald for!
How do you dare to talk about my vices?
I think it scandalous and most uncalled-for!

[*Cries.*]

THE Mysteries of London ought now to be brought to light, since we see by the Marlborough Street Police Report, last week, that there is a "Chief Inspector LE COCO" at work. The name is not exactly that of GABORIAU's detective hero "*Lecoq*," but it is near enough, and he belongs—good omen—to the "C Division."

PITY A POOR PENNY-A-LINER!

THE world is becoming so wondrously wise,
E'en the Penny-a-Liner will have to revise
His favourite flowers of diction.

The "war of the elements" different looks
Since we are informed by omniscient CROOKES
Each "element" known to old chemistry books
Is probably merely a fiction.

The "watery" one and the one that "devours"
Are equally out of it. Science now scours
Primordial realms for a new one.

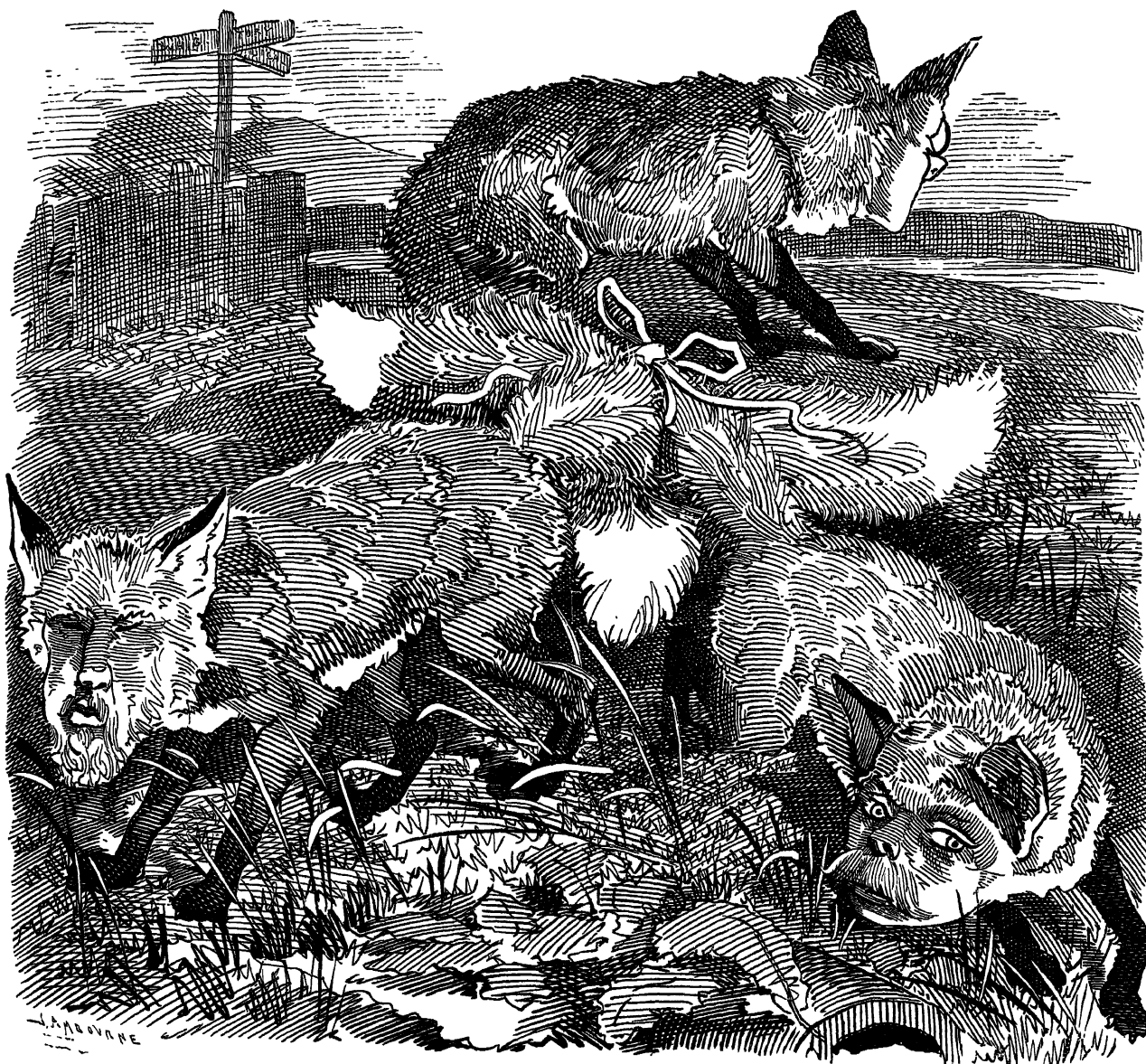
Our CROOKES gives the thing a provisional name,
Protyle, which seems vague, but 'tis clear, all the same,
That nothing so complex as water or flame
Can now be considered the true one.

Perhaps it is *helium*, also perhaps
It isn't, for even these chemical chaps
Cannot be completely cocksure of 'em,
These bothering elements. So, on the whole,
One is glad Evolution seems nearing its goal,
And that—it will solace the P.A.L.'s soul—
We're unlikely to have any more of 'em.

BULGARIOUS RUSSIANS.—M. KARAYELOFF doesn't seem to have come out of it nicely. He wasn't altogether ignorant of the plot against ALEXANDER the Less. Luckily he did not arrange the kidnapping, or his name would have suggested a more successful plan. It was carry-badly-off not Kara-vel-off. It is a pity that the traitors should be granted another Russian name, and that the whole band should be in future known as "Letoff."

VERY HOT WORK.—On Wednesday, the 1st instant, S. Partridge, final heat of the International Sculling Match rowed in the Thames. Temperature above 100° in the sun. "Final Heat" indeed! and the thermometer was still rising.

"UNION:" OR WHICH WAY?



THERE were three Foxes, famed for pluck and cunning,
 Who 'gainst an ancient Lion wished to band;
 They were not given to gregarious running;
 Reynard prefers to "fight for his own hand."
 One was a Fox of 'cuteness quite abnormal;
 The second was more stolid, but ran straight;
 Although "on terms," their friendliness was formal,
 And had been just a little strained of late.
 The third, a cub of curious shape, was younger,
 But vastly "varmint," and exceeding swift.
 The three were smitten with a common hunger
 To give that aged Leo a short shrift.
 "Union is strength," said they—a solid maxim!—
 Leo, though rather old, has teeth and claws;
 The Fox who singly worries or attacks him
 May get a grip from his confounded jaws.
 "Union is strength," and cunning combination
 Often succeeds when scattered weakness fails.
 And so, 'midst mutual congratulation,
 They tied themselves together—*by their tails!*
 Union is strength, but if you wish to tackle
 A mighty common foeman, you must see
 That Union is a tie, and not a shackle;
 And this they quite forgot, our cunning three.

Three Foxes who desire to run together
 Must find, before they very far advance,
 The inconvenience of a caudal tether.
 They tug, and then across their shoulders glance.
Which way? That is the question. If each Reynard
 Follows his nose, and neither one prevails,
 The only fruits of tugging might and main hard
 Will be that they'll stand still, or lose their tails.
 Whilst should one lead, no matter which, the others
 Can hardly share the rapture of the rush;
 For there's small joy to banded vulpine brothers
 In being so dragged backward *by the brush!*

MORAL.

When people prate of the delights of Union,
 Ask if it means by fetter or by love;
 For formal unity, without communion,
 Looks mighty well—*till you begin to move!*

IN THE RUSSIAN PRESS.—*How it can be done; or, Royal Kidnapping made Easy.* By the CZAR. Dedicated to themselves by the Nihilists, with many thanks to the Imperial Inventor for his valuable suggestion.

AT THE INTERNATIONAL SCULLING-MATCH.

(Dirge by a Despondent Briton.)

Sic transit gloria! Once our British sculls
Licked all men in the fists of our great fathers:
Now our old laurels the Canadian culls,
Our ancient honours the Australian gathers.
Till some great Coming Man our credit saves,
Till this great lick the road to victory teach,
Our native sculls must be like baffled waves,
Beating in vain against an iron BEACH.

A WATER COURSE.

V.

Chiefly on the Difficulty of being "Up to the Time of Day" at Royat.

ON returning, I find that Cousin JANE has been ordered César Water and César Baths.

"Doesn't he say your symptoms are gouty and not rheumatic?" I ask.

"No," she replies, "he only says I'm anæmic."

This is rather provoking. If JANE is anæmic, and has to drink César Water and take César Baths, why do I, being also anæmic, not have the same treatment? No; it is clear to me that, judging from the difference of treatment, Cousin JANE is gouty, as I have always told her she was, only a polite Doctor doesn't like to say it out point-blank.

It is so odd to me how some people will flatter themselves they haven't got gout, when every symptom proclaims most plainly to their friends what their real complaint is.

Happy - Thought Proverb. — Lookers-on see most of the gout. The day goes wonderfully here.

Rising early, drink from Eugénie or sources, then bath, then *buvette* again, then short walk, buy French papers and sometimes an

At the Fontaine César. Miss César giving instructions to Pumpey.

amusing illustrated local journal called the *Royat Bijou*, in which the pictures of the place are really excellent. After this, first breakfast and rest in room, listen to band, write letter, or part of one feebly, and, at 11'30, second breakfast, *i.e.* early lunch.

As everything is done methodically here, to ascertain the correct time, and to set your watch by it, is a matter of the first importance. But the Royat clocks, like the Rule of Three in the old schoolboy rhyme, "they bother me." The timepieces, or the out-of-time pieces, cannot agree upon a decided policy; they cannot be

unanimous—no, not for an hour. The visitors are implored by the Hotel proprietors to be punctual in their attendance at the *table-d'hôte*. A prayer to this effect meets the eye on every landing, on every staircase, in every passage, until the visitor gets it impressed upon his brain; and if he be of a truly sympathetic nature, he will put himself to any temporary inconvenience rather than that his unpunctuality at the *table-d'hôte* should in the slightest degree distress the humble and beseeching proprietor. He will do so once or twice, not more; and only this during the time of his inexperience, which will not last beyond a couple of days. At the

Mr. Baehl, of the Five Hotels at Royat, and a few more elsewhere.

Etablissement the tone taken is quite different. Here the bather is peremptorily informed by printed cards which he cannot possibly avoid seeing at every turn, and on the wall of every cabinet, as well as by his bath-attendant—I am in the care of the *doyen* of them—that, if having once fixed his own time, he doesn't stick to it,



Day Companion of the Bath. The Doyen of the Ministers, or Dean of Bath and Wells at Royat.

he runs the chance of not getting a bath at all; and if, being once in, he doesn't come out to the very minute, the Administration will, to put it colloquially, know the reason why. Consequently, what strikes you forcibly, at first sight, is the strict punctuality of Royat. So you at once look about for the exact time. Where are you to get it? The Church Clock? There is the parish church—a marvellous old castellated church—up a hill, a good, or, rather, a very bad quarter of an hour's toil, on a Royat-ly hot day, and, when you reach it, well worth seeing in itself, but no clock. You decide on setting your watch by the clock at the *Etablissement*. You do so, and on returning to the hotel, you find that either your watch has gained a quarter of an hour in less than five minutes, or that the Hotel time is not in accord with the Bathing-house time, and so you make a calculation, and take the Hotel time.

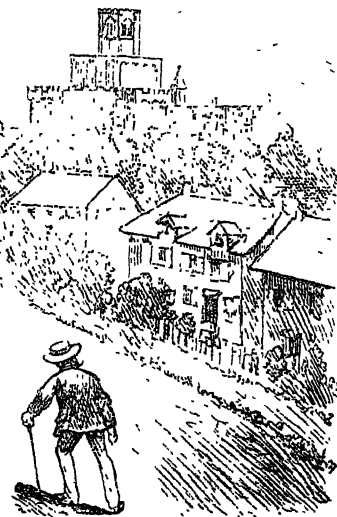
At eleven, by Hotel time, you, as a novice, present yourself at the *table-d'hôte*. It is the hour fixed by the Proprietor. The tables are laid, but—*personne*? Not a soul! From behind different screens in various parts of the very long room a few waiters appear, coming out as if they were playing a game of hide-and-seek, or rehearsing an entertainment. They give some finishing touches to the tables, and whisk off a fly or two with their napkins, as is the custom with waiters when they have an idle moment. The punctual visitor asks one of them, if it is

not the hour of breakfast. Perfectly. Will Monsieur be seated? He can be served at once. No, thank you; Monsieur would rather not begin until there are some few to keep him company, as it looks so greedy in a *table-d'hôte* of one hundred and twenty to be the only one feeding when the other hundred and nineteen guests arrive. They will be here soon. They come in gradually, and by 11'20 the room is full, and the breakfast has seriously commenced. From this the novice deduces that "eleven" punctually means a quarter to half—past eleven.

But by which time? The clock on the stairs, the clock in the passage, the clock over the Post-office, or the clock at the Baths? There are other clocks in the village of a perfectly free and independent turn, and one on the basement of the Splendid Hotel of so feeble a character that it has given up the struggle altogether, and stopped dead with its two hands helplessly pointing to eleven, as if it had been within five minutes of finishing the day, but hadn't strength left to struggle up to twelve.

The force of all this bad example on my watch is that one morning it suddenly stops, and for one quarter of an hour with mule-like obstinacy refuses to go on. Now whether this course of conduct was adopted by my watch out of a mistaken sense of politeness towards the other clocks, in order to let them come up with it—it had been fifteen minutes in advance of most of them—or whether it thought it ought to start fair, or whether it was from sheer cussedness, or the effect upon its works of Royat temperature, has ever since remained a mystery to me, which Time may or may not explain. Just as I was on the point of taking it to a watch-maker's, its state of suspended animation came to an end (which looks uncommonly as if it had been attempting some deception, and was afraid of professional investigation), and not only did it go on again as briskly as ever, but, as if to make up for lost time, it shot ahead of them all, and kept the lead by twenty minutes in front of the fastest of them, up to the end of my stay at Royat.

True there are bells to summon you; but if you attempt to check the time by the bells you will be "quite at sea." There are all sorts of breakfasts everywhere about, for all sorts and conditions of men. And there are bells to each meal; the first to inquire "Are you ready?" and then after waiting some twenty minutes for an answer, the second bell says "Off!" The Band is advertised to play from 9'30 to 10'30. But personally I have never been able to fix it to a particular time. I can say it will play about 9'30 and leave off about 10'30, but this is the nearest approach to certainty at which I can arrive. When it does start, the Band, which is excellent, keeps admirable time, though it never indulges its audience in any selection lasting more than two minutes, and the duration of its *entr'actes*



The Clockless Parish Church. "Time no object."

is quite out of proportion to that of the *morçaux* it performs. The exception is when they play as a *finale* the Overture to *William Tell*, or when a clever flageoletist—an artistic Whistler—gives us his peculiar views of how the "*Carnival de Venise*" ought to be played if he could always have his way.

My conclusion is that a well regulated healthy appetite is the best clock. I charitably allow for the difference of clocks, which are of all shades of opinion, and my advice to the visitor is, that he should daily regulate his own watch by the Bath-house clock. This is the only thing necessary, the appetite will do the rest.

Anyhow the day goes very quickly here, and, as the lively little gentleman who has his shop next door, and acts as our Universal Provider—there is nothing he is not ready to get for you—observes, "All times are good at Royat," and he refuses to believe that an Englishman, coming here from his own land of fog, can possibly have any complaint to make. Does he not come here to get rid of his complaints?—and of his money too? The visitor is good for Royat, and Royat's good for him. "*Allons donc!*" what matters the difference of clocks? You are hungry—good!—you go to breakfast. Nothing more to purchase this morning? Hair cut to-morrow? Perfectly—*à demain alors.*" And he laughs and nods as he re-enters his shop, and goes to his own *déjeuner*, after which he will reappear in his shirt-sleeves, enjoying a briar-root pipe.



Our "Lively Neighbour."

Dr. REM has hinted that the most useful guide for his treatment is a record of health kept by the patient himself. The "Treatment" is going on. So I am noting all pains and penalties. I am watching myself with a most vigilant eye. Not a twinge escapes me. If there's a sudden shoot in my knee, I spot it at once, and down it goes in my diary. If, on seating myself, there's a pain in my left shoulder, up I get again, out comes the diary, and time, place, and duration of pain are accurately written down. If I am out walking, and my foot hurts me, out comes note-book, and I put my foot in it. If I am comfortably in bed, and feel a sort of cramp all along my left side, out I roll (not jump), seize diary, record the fact, and back again to bed. By the end of four days—if I am only able to read what I have written—my diary of sensations will be by that time quite a sensational work.

THE LOST LETTER-BAG.

("Littera scripta manet.")

XLIV.

[The address of the following letter is, like the signature, undecipherable. It looks something like *Turgid Sea*. The signature is either V. E. G. or W. G. E. But that is no business of ours.]

MY DEAR ROSEBERRY,

YOUR letter has only just reached me, owing to too literal interpretation of instructions. When I said no letters were to be forwarded to me, I meant the miscellaneous stream of inconsequential epistles, daily addressed to me by political busybodies, old ladies, or persons who want to get a few lines from me, which, accompanied by a long epistle of their own, they subsequently send to the newspapers. I didn't, of course, mean that a letter from you should have been kept back. However, here it is, full of interest, and though it is understood that during my holiday, I do not put pen to paper, I send you these few lines hoping (as HOMER somewhere says) that they will find you well as they leave me at present.

This is a delightful country, in some respects very like dear old Scotland. There are hills, and lakes, also highlands. But I have not heard the pibroch sounding, nor have there been any manifestations on the part of the people to make me small presents. Still I sometimes feel as if I had been born here, and have little doubt that there is a strain of Bavarian blood in my constitution. Your home news is most encouraging. I am glad to hear that my pamphlet made such a profound impression, though I confess I do not find any traces of this in the newspapers. Still it is the kind of seed that cannot fail to bear fruit, and will tend to show that from the beginning I have been unerringly right.

I'm not at all surprised to hear about RANDOLPH. Put a beggar on horseback, and through the ages his goal has been predestined. They used to talk about my failings of temper. These were greatly exaggerated for Party and personal purposes. Take them at their

worst report, what were they compared with this flouting of the Legislature by a whipper-snapper, who but yesterday was the Bad Boy of the House?

When I think of the House of Commons, and hear these echoes of its doings, I begin to think my holiday is already sufficiently extended. I have been here ten days now, and already I am wearying of having nothing to do, although, to tell the truth, I have since my arrival occupied myself with a little trifle in the way of a revised Home-Rule Bill for Ireland, which I shall introduce as soon as RANDOLPH gets the Ministry thrown out. In the meantime I think I shall go over to Ireland and look into matters for myself. Anyhow, I cannot stand much more of this monotony, though I read the prayers on a Sunday morning, and on Thursday night I am to take the chair at some Penny Readings, where I mean to cast a historical glance at the growth of the Nürnberg School of Painting, and give my reasons for believing that HANS HOLBEIN really was born in Bavaria. It is just possible—though at present I do not quite see my way to do it in this connection—I may take this opportunity of hinting at my own blood-relations with this estimable people.

Always yours faithfully,

XLV.

DEAR ALGY, Rockham, Yorkshire, August 27.

You ask me how I like Rockham? Well, when a man has daughters, he must needs go where the mother of those daughters choose. Rockham is very large and very lively, very sandy and very brass-bandy. In the morning there is one great excitement—I mean for us old boys—the newspapers come in. We each set off with a pocket-full, which we read as we lie on the sand. The children play cricket round us on the beach, with old Ocean for long-stop. Every one bathes, in all manner of funny costumes. The pink tights embarrass a short-sighted man like me. I look for fossils, occasionally. I found the eye of an Ichthyosaurus, for I had noticed the place where the local tanner, and geologist, dropped it. To tell you the truth, he "salts" the beach with specimens, once a week. He finds it good for business.

It is a bore to be elderly in a place where you meet Beauty and Fashion at every street-corner, but my daughters enjoy it, and, if they are not fashionable, they are pretty enough. I find myself looking like a dragon at harmless young men. I have not tried fishing, I'm "not very well in a boat," like the man in the poem. Talking of poems, here is one of my own, on Rockham. It will tell you more than I have energy to say in prose:—

ROMANCE OF ROCKHAM.

The Matrons of Rockham they sit on the beach,
And their modesty no one, I'm sure, will impeach;
But the Public is bathing as bold as can be
Where the Matrons of Rockham go down to the sea!

And the children of Rockham they walk on the sands
With smiles on their faces and spades in their hands,
And I like to behold them a gambolling free
In the waves as they splash on the shores of the sea!

And the young men and maidens of Rockham delight
In music and dancing by day and by night;
And their shepherd, like Proteus, and ancient as he,
I seem as I stroll on the sands of the sea!

But I sit with the fogies in wickerwork huts,
Or I throw, for a penny, at cocoa-nuts,
And I own that I cannot hit once out of three,
As I shy at the nuts by the shores of the sea!

There, you note what "idleness and fulness of bread" can bring a seasoned old lawyer to, in the way of poetry. It soothes the decline of life. "We go no more a roaming" now—not further than to Rockham, any way. Oh, the good days when we girded ourselves, like St. Peter, and went wherever we would! 'Tis gone! 'tis gone!

Ever yours,

THOMAS QUIVERFUL.

THE Author of *What to do with our Girls* has sent us a pamphlet, with Press notices of his work. Prominent among quotations is one from *The Bucks Herald*. Just the topic for the Old Bucks to advise upon. By the way, is the Author who wants to tell us "What to do with our Girls," and who gives us his address as residing at a Dove-cot Villa in the Green Lanes—how charming!—also the writer of a recently popular song, "*Oh, you Girls! you naughty Young Girls!*"? Perhaps; but in any case Mr. VANDERBILT's compilation appears to be a most useful one.

"IF DROUGHTY DEEDS."—The French Government doubtless, or droughtless, thinks itself in its right, and that the Rev. Mr. DROUGHT deserved his expulsion; but this has yet to be proved. Give DROUGHT his dew.



A FILIAL REPROOF.

Mamma (to Noel, who is inclined to be talkative). "HUSH, NOEL! HAVEN'T I TOLD YOU OFTEN THAT LITTLE BOYS SHOULD BE SEEN AND NOT HEARD?"
Noel. "YES, MAMMA! BUT YOU DON'T LOOK AT ME!"

AN APPEAL TO THE CHAIR.

House-cleaner loquitur :—

GET rid of 'em, good Mr. SPEAKER! They're none of 'em up to no good, And they're most of 'em talking great trash, and they're all in the 'orriddest mood. They're a slanging each other like winking, which same is a wasting of breath, And it's all jest as 'ot as can be, and it's all jest as dismal as death.

The fight is all over, that's sartain; at least for the season, great Sir, And good times with their grouses and sich like, all sensible men would prefer. Even GLADSTONE, that glutton at fighting, has turned up the House for a time, And has gone in for peace and for quiet, I'm told, in some fur forrin clime.

The most sensible thing as he's done for a pooty long time, I should say, If I may make so bold, Mister SPEAKER; and if all the rest 'ud make way, For me and my mop and my pail, Mister BULL would agree, I'll be bound, With a simple old creetur like me, 'twas a jolly good riddance all round.

Wich yer Honour I'm sure'll ascuse me, but what is the good of it all? It is most aggrawacious, no doubt, for to have to cave in and sing small, But six hours of that SEXTON won't mend it, nor yet keeping *you* on the hop In the scandaluge way they've bin doing. Do get 'em to jest shut up shop.

It's no use to keep on pop-popping at birds as is clean out of range, Like little Lord CHURCHILL and CHAMBERLING. Times is quite sartain to change.

So why can't they econermise powder? Ax parding, yer Honour, but say, Now don't you consider yourself as that same's the most sensible way?

You must be most tremenjously tired, I can tell it, my Lord, by yer look; And there isn't much comfort, I'm feared, to be got from that there little book. And your heels must be aching, my Lord, not to mention yer back and yer head, And my marster, JOHN BULL, feels as bad, Sir, and as for myself I'm arf dead.

"Horder! horder!" Ascuse me, yer Washup. I ain't like that HARRIS, I 'ope, But my pail and my mop is quite ready, and likewise my brush and my soap.

If they'll only clear out I'll clean up. I am sure everyone will be glad. Get rid of 'em, *do* now, yer Honour, afore they go clean jumping mad!

MR. SPEAKER, loquitur :—

"Order, Order!—(*Aside.*) An excellent woman! Has more common-sense, I declare, Than nine-tenths of these wrangling tongue-waggers, who make their appeal to the Chair.

By Jove, there is CONYBEARE up!—Worthy creature, your counsel is good. Get rid of them? Ah! my good woman, and don't I just wish that I could?"

MOTTO FOR THE EMPIRE THEATRE, LEICESTER SQUARE.—"L'Empire c'est don't pay."



AN APPEAL TO THE CHAIR.

CHARWOMAN OF THE HOUSE. "PLEASE, SIR, CAN'T YOU GET THE GENELMEN TO GO, SO AS I MAY DO THE 'HAUTUMN CLEANIN',' AND A-DONE WITH IT?"



"THE STRUGGLE."

Cresus (in Coals, Mines, Ships, &c.). "AUGH! HOW 'DEUCE YOU POOR DE'LS WI' FIXED INCOMES MANAGE T'WUB ALONG—FO'M 'LIFE 'CAN'T IMAGINE!"

THE SCOTTISH "THEATRE."

A CAPITAL Number of *The Theatre Magazine* for this month, edited by Mr. CLEMENT SCOTT. The portrait of Miss HENRIETTA LINDLEY, who, at very short notice, as we are informed, took the trying part of *Jim the Penman's Wife* during Lady MONCKTON's absence from the Haymarket, and, considering the difficulties with which she had to contend, achieved a notable success. This lady, says the *Theatre*, is "invaluable in modern comedy," and specially, we should say, in light comedy. Also, in this Number is a brightly written and very interesting paper in which the Abbé FRANZ LISZT is Beatty-fled and Canon-ised by Mr. BEATTY-KINGSTON, who speaks of him as "this Dantesque Magyar Priest," and in another place he says, "He never, however, became an officiating priest, although Pope PIUS the NINTH advanced him to the rank of Canonico in the ecclesiastical hierarchy." And he recounts how LISZT complained to him that in Paris and London he was always spoken of and addressed as "Abbé."

Now, FRANZ LISZT was no more a Priest, "officiating" or not officiating, than Mr. BEATTY-KINGSTON himself. He received "minor orders," without which he could not have been made a "Canonico." And if he did not become "sub-deacon," as it is probable he did not, though generally this step is necessary for a canonry, then, as neither the tonsure nor the first four orders carry any obligation of celibacy, the musical Canon was as free to marry, had he been "so disposed," as is any English bachelor. "Abbé" simply means "the Reverend Mister," and is applied to any ecclesiastic. In England LISZT ought to have been addressed as "Canon LISZT," just as we speak of "Canon LIDDON."

Mr. RICHARD LEE in this Number concludes his biographical sketch of SAMUEL PHELPS, which is a more satisfactory performance than a work we recently came across written by a Mr. COLEMAN, in which the proportion of PHELPS to COLEMAN was as the halfpennyworth of bread to the intolerable amount of sack. There are some Operatic Reminiscences, by M. HERVÉ, who—

"In spite of all temptation
To belong to his own nation,
Has become an Englishman,"

and signs himself "CHARLES HERVEY." He has lately written to the effect that "his fighting days are over"—which must be a consolation to France. Mr. AUSTIN BRERETON's *Footie* is not long, but very readable, as is the whole Number, in spite of Mr. BRERETON having put his "Footie" in it.

NEW READING BY THE CZAR, APPLIED TO THE OTHER ONE.—"A needless ALEXANDER."

CROMER CLOVER!

You may trip and travel the whole world over.
From Finisterre's Cape to the Downs at Dover,
Be you Benedick bold or a bachelor rover,
You will find no bed like the Cromer Clover!

I've visited Portugal, on to Spain,
Been over the sea and back again;
To Lisbon carried without any flurry
By the *Drummond Castle* of DONALD CURRIE.
Beneath the balcony Tagus rolled,
Past Belim's cloisters bathed in gold,
But the cactus roads were at last forsook
For the Cintra Palace of English Cook;
And then in the cool and the welcome shade
A dozing, dreaming vow was made,
That the Cintra Paradise fair might be,
But still there was home and the Cromer sea!

Away to the Palace, the park of Cid,
To the burning desert where reigns Madrid,
To the endless nights and sun-struck days,
To ices, pictures, flirtings, plays,
To the lonely city where pleasure is full
When a brute has bullied a harmless bull;
Where the man, and woman, and child of course,
Delight in the scream of a tortured horse!
But the Bull-fight yells and the Prado hum
Were hush'd when a whispering voice said, "Come
To the land of poppies, the home of corn,
To the cliffs of fern, where from night to morn
There is nothing but rest and a welcome peace,
When the weary voices of children cease,
And the stars shine out as the sun dies down,
To light a path to the Cromer town."

Secure on the cliffs, in the clover tossing,
In dreams I follow the Biscay crossing:
With body on land and eyes at sea,
I laugh, and think of the misery
Of fogs in Channel, and watch out-looking,
Of oil and garlic, and Spanish cooking,
Of endless travel by rail through sand,
Of the indolent pride of an idle land!
But oh! the joy to be home once more
In the flowering fringe of a welcome shore,
To hear, as the breezes sweep my way,
The reaper's song and the child at play,
To watch the swallow, and mark the rhyme
Of the bee when buried in scented thyme,
To feel a presence, and hand in reach
High over the shout of the holiday beach,
To give up the part of a reckless rover,
And revel once more in the Cromer Clover!

FASHIONABLE INTELLIGENCE.

(Picked up during the present Financial Pressure.)

THE marriage of the Hon. CHISELM HARDUP with GEORGINA, fifth daughter of the Earl of CATCHPENNY, was solemnised yesterday at the Parish Church of St. Mike's-in-the-Fields. The company were subsequently entertained at a stand-up breakfast at the tea-counter at the Colonial and Indian Exhibition, when the happy pair, having previously pledged the bulk of their wedding presents at a local pawnbrokers, started for Wimbledon, where they contemplate spending a short honeymoon, by one of the afternoon Putney Omnibuses.

The Duke of BASINGHALL, having let the family seat at Schedule Towers, the Duchess and her family have removed from George Street, Paddington, to 113, Parade Place, Herne Bay, where they purpose passing a brief three weeks' season, previous to their return to the suburbs to search for fresh apartments.

The Earl of FORFET is entertaining a distinguished company, including two Sheriff's officers and a man in possession at his seat on the Scotch Moors. His Lordship made a fine bag of grouse on Monday's shooting, but it was eventually seized and carried off under a bill of sale.

It is not true that Lord BACKOUT has entirely given up his yachting enterprise since the seizure of his own vessel, *The Official Assignee*, for arrears. He has entered into an arrangement by which he and his family can journey continuously out and home for a month from London Bridge to Boulogne, in the fore-cabin part of the steam-packets of the General Steam Navigation Company.



A SIREN.

"SHALL I WEAR A WHITE ROSE?
SHALL I WEAR A RED?
WILL HE LOOK FOR GARLANDS?
WHAT SHALL WREATH MY HEAD?" &c., &c., &c.

THE MEMBER'S LAMENT.

AUTUMN in Town, when I'd bought all my cartridges,
Ready to bring down the casual grouse,
Now I can't even get off to the partridges,
Since I'm condemned to this wearisome House.
Foolish debaters will spout on unceasingly,
Little they reck though the SPEAKER may frown;
Bores at St. Stephen's it seems are unceasingly
Stupid; and so I've an Autumn in Town.
Pity me, ye who by moor or by mountain-side,
Shoot at your will where the heather waves free;
Fain would I join you by forest or fountain-side,
Fain would I fly to the sound of the sea.
Yet I'm kept here, and it certes is pitiful,
Listening to speeches no snoring can drown;
No one's so wretched in all the whole city full,
As the poor man who spends Autumn in Town.

A POSER FOR THE PETITIONERS.

It is announced that the Beaumont Trustees are to be petitioned to veto the sale of "intoxicating liquors," in the proposed People's Palace of Delight at the East End. Why? Lest its visitors should get intoxicated? How many do so, or would be allowed to do so, or show any strong desire to do so, at similar places? The evil of "intoxicating liquors" presumably, is that they intoxicate. But taken in the moderate quantities likely to be desired or permitted at the People's Palace of Delight, they do not intoxicate. There must therefore be some other motive for the desire to taboo them. Can it be the not unprecedented, or indeed uncommon, one of intolerant fanaticism, hungering fiercely for the power to prevent other people from taking their pleasure in any way not pleasurable to, or approved of by the intolerant fanatic? And if so, should the Beaumont Trustees or any other reasonable persons, pay any attention to such

SORROWS OF A CENTENARIAN.

WHAT have I done, that it should be my fate
To be so *fêted*?
I've lived a century; with grizzled pate,
And strength abated,
I'm topping my tenth decade. What of that?
This test would try
My strength, had I the nine lives of a cat.
Why is it, why?
A hundred years are just a hundred years
Through which to grope.
Their passage leaves a man with fewer fears,
And little hope.
Why trot me out? Why tire me, at my age,
With prolix speeches?
True, peaceful laurels may become the sage,
But these strange leeches
Would batten on my fame. Babblers, why make
So much ado?
Even senility knows how to take
Your "*Gloire à vous!*"
Vainly your speech insidiously soaps,
Or sleekly oils;
Its maudlin sentiments, its florid tropes,
Are flatterers' toils.
I've lived a century because, you see,
Oblivious Death
Forgot—was the devourer kind to me?—
To stay my breath.
Is that a reason why, with fuss and fume
Of noisy praise,
Sycophants should accelerate my doom,
Shorten my days?
Felicitations? Bah! your gush sounds dreary;
Silence is best.
A Centenarian, if he's wise, is weary,
And craves for rest.

MRS. RAMSBOTHAM ABROAD.—This estimable Lady, who has been going through the cure at Mont Doré, was describing the system to a friend, and wishing to explain that she first visited the bath, and afterwards took her glass of mineral water at the spring, she said, "My dear, the treatment here is very simple; you take your bath first, and then you drink the water afterwards." Her friend was horrified.

bumptious bigotry, even when enshrined in the time-honoured, but often deceptive, shape of Petition? *Mr. Punch* pauses for a reply. If there is more to be said for the petitioners than meets his eagle eye he would like to know it. At present he can see no particular reason why the People's Palace of Delight should be compulsorily Teetotal.

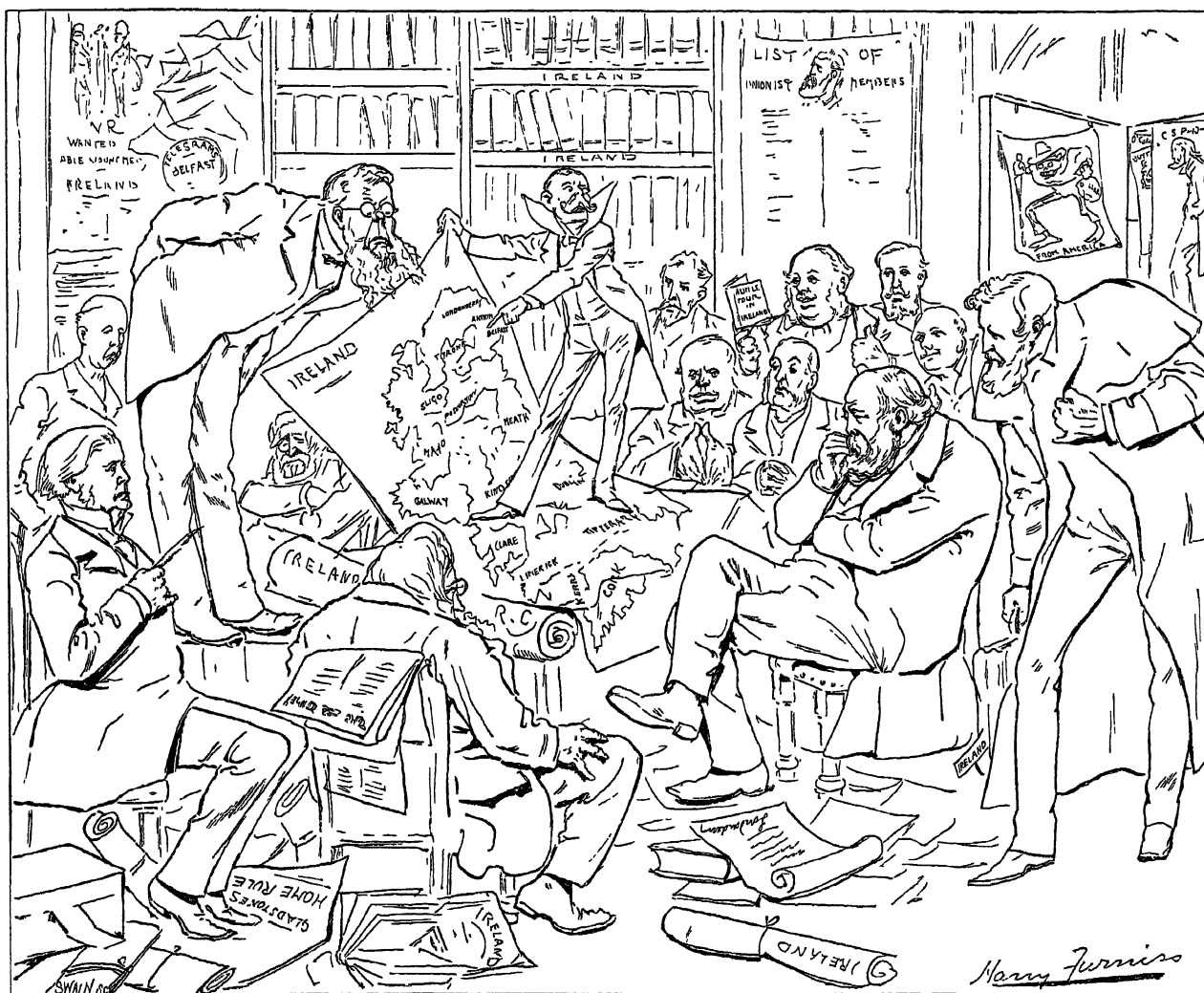
A WHISPER FROM WESTGATE.—Sir, I have been staying in the Isle of Thanet at Westgate-on-Sea. A charming place, and increasingly fashionable. But will you believe it, Sir, that when you are walking, riding, or driving about the Island, it is with difficulty you can find your way back again to Westgate-on-Sea, as there is not a single sign-post on which its name appears. There are arms pointing to Margate, to Ramsgate, St. Lawrence, St. Peter's, Canterbury, Manstone, Acot, Canterbury, Birchington, and even to an obscure village called Gorlinge, which, as I discovered, is close to Westgate, but not one direction to Westgate-on-Sea. Is it because of English Rule that Thanet is thus arbitrarily treated? If so Home Rule for Thanet, say I, and let Westgate-on-Sea have a sign-post. Is there, I ask feelingly, any reason why Westgate-on-Sea should not have a sign-post? Its existence is no secret, and it is otherwise well advertised. Also it has no pier. Shall I describe it as a "pier-less place"?
Yours,
MIX'D BEACH.



Appropriate.

OUR Parliament's ways upon lunacy border,
The SPEAKER alone combines wisdom and wit.
Each unruly Member who "rises to order"
He shuts up at once with an "order to sit."

INTERIORS AND EXTERIORS. No. 40.



A CABINET COUNCIL.

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM

THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday Night, August 30.—RANDOLPH's getting along very nicely as Leader of the House. Early in last week he attempted to gag Leader of the Opposition. Later, when important question raised by gentlemen opposite, he blandly observed that Government would take no part in discussion. That was so late as Friday. To-day, coming back like giant refreshed, he publicly and angrily accuses gentlemen opposite of obstruction, because they ventured for some five hours through sultry night to discuss annexation of Burmah. It happened just at midnight when Amendments to the Address had been disposed of. Dr. CLARK next in order with Motion relating to Scotch Crofters. RANDOLPH righteously indignant. Move the Adjournment at Twelve o'Clock! Was ever such a thing done or thought of except by wilful obstructionists? Perhaps not otherwise; but, as ARTHUR O'CONNOR unkindly remarked, "When it was my lot to act in co-operation with the noble Lord, and the Treasury Bench was occupied by the Liberal Party, such things often happened."

A sudden clamour filled the House. Reached its climax when CONYBEARE rose to swell the flood of condemnation. But House had had enough for one night, and now momentarily withdrawing regard from RANDOLPH, concentrated its anger on CONYBEARE, who, after a struggle, sat down. Then reproach and rebuke turned again in full force upon this amazing CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER. All his old friends and companions dear turned upon him with uncontrolled anger. He to wax indignant about obstruction! TAY PAY,

ARTHUR O'CONNOR, MOLLOY, and Windbag SEXTON vied with each other in warmth of indignation. JOSEPH GILLIS became alternately retrospective and admonitory. His noble friend LORD BEACONSFIELD "had a theory" that when there was minority of sixty in favour of Adjournment, no use Government attempting to resist.

"If," added JOEY B. in solemn tone, "the noble Lord is to be Leader of this House, he will require to keep on decent terms with as many Members as possible."

Delightful to watch RANDOLPH bullied by TAY PAY, betrayed by ARTHUR O'CONNOR, and almost wept over by JOSEPH GILLIS. HICKS-BEACH tried to repress a smile of content, CHAPLIN didn't.

"RANDOLPH," he whispered across Gangway, "you're finding out that the House of Commons isn't STAFFORD NORTHCOTE, to be ridden rough-shod over, nor HICKS-BEACH to be ordered hither and thither. You'll have to give in, my boy."

And so it was. An hour having been wasted, RANDOLPH explained that he didn't mean anything by the words complained of, withdrew opposition to Adjournment, and so home to bed. But much of this kind of thing won't do.

Business done.—Debate on Burmah.

Tuesday.—SPEAKER happily in good training in spite of sultry weather. Had regular engagement with Irish Members to-night, hitting out right and left for several consecutive hours, always neatly lowering his man. Began near the beginning with McLAREN, who seconded new amendment to Address dealing with Crofters' question. Close of first half-hour warned McLAREN his remarks were not relevant. Twice he pulled up Dr. CLARK, and once sharply brought up BAUMANN, who was engaged in interesting incidental controversy with Dr. CLARK. CLARK in speech at Glasgow had mildly alluded to

The MACCULLUM MORE as "well known to have been a great thief and robber," a description which, when quoted by BAUMANN, Irish Members loudly cheered. CLARK dissented from accuracy of report. "Then does he mean," said BAUMANN, "to convey that, the Duke of ARGYLL is a robber and a thief?"

What Dr. CLARK did mean to convey was that the DUKE was a legal robber. This, BAUMANN said, was "a vulgar and venomous scurrility." CLARK shocked at such language. Appealed to SPEAKER. BAUMANN argued that "venomous scurrility," was no worse than thief and robber. SPEAKER ruled that BAUMANN

must withdraw, which he did, and business proceeded. MASON who followed, pulled up by SPEAKER. Dr. TANNER, after warning, peremptorily ordered to sit down. MAT HARRIS, after two warnings, also ordered to resume his seat. BLAINE strolled in just in time to allude to the Crofters as "men whose forefathers and descendants had carried our bayonets victoriously all over the world." SPEAKER again interposed, and BLAINE retreated. FLYNN came next, and after two warnings was floored. CONWAY was cautioned but escaped by a neck, whilst O'HANLON, in the middle of a magnificent sentence describing "the poor Scotch Crofters driven from the Lowlands into the mountain caves of the Highlands," was ordered to sit

down. SPEAKER coming up smiling for the fifteenth round, the other side threw up the sponge. No one attempted to follow O'HANLON. House divided and Burmah Amendment rejected by 203 votes against 121. *Business done.*—More talk on the Address.

Wednesday.—RANDOLPH passed rather a warm afternoon. 90° in shade outside, 180° in the neighbourhood of Treasury Bench. But the wind is tempered to the shorn lamb. RANDOLPH not altogether out of luck. Matter under discussion the Belfast riots, and RANDOLPH's heroic incitement to the Orangemen. Fortunately for culprit, Windbag SEXTON had undertaken to urge indictment. Sharp speech of twenty minutes or half an hour would have riddled RANDOLPH. Windbag took two hours to empty. Wearied-out Members who really wanted to get at bottom of business. Scores cleared out. Those that remained to the end grew savage under SEXTON's mechanically withering smile, his aggravating pauses, and his general content with himself.

Some interest aroused by appearance of JOHN DILLON with famous box of arguments collected in recent controversy in Belfast. A little rusty with being dipped into bucket of water when MILMAN found them on the Bench below Gangway. Curious to see Members opposite clear out when JOHN took in hand a likely bolt or half-pound iron nut. But he didn't shy any of them, contenting himself with Parliamentary language. *Business done.*—Fresh departure on Address.

Thursday.—Thought I knew those Blucher boots. It was the Right Hon. Viscount Grand Cross. Nearly got between his legs and threw him down.

"How do, TOBY?" he said, handing me two fingers,—"without prejudice, of course."

"What do you mean, without prejudice?" I said, looking for his other three digits, which he always wore in the House of Commons.

"Why, the fact is," said his Lordship, "must draw the line somewhere. Don't mind speaking to you, but it can't be expected that every fellow who happened to sit with me in the House of Commons must take advantage of accidental circumstances, and presume on my acquaintance now I'm in another sphere; my own sphere, I may say."

"Yes, my Lord," I said, willing to humour him, "I think you've reached your level now. You were occasionally something above the comprehension of the House of Commons."

"Quite right, TOBY," said the Viscount, staring stonily through his spectacles at LAWRENCE of Liverpool, who passed with sign of recognition. "You can always speak to me when we meet."

In the House of Commons, dull to begin with, but decidedly lively finish. The SPEAKER again at bay. Made young REDMOND tremble in his shoes. Even drew from him an apology, being the first ever spoken by Irish Members since Parnellism began. Had a turn with HARCOVER. Whilst House was cleared for division Captain COLOMB and Doctor TANNER had private set-to of their own. The Captain

said the Doctor was "paid for this kind of work." The Doctor tersely replied, "You're a liar!" Not as original as You're an Emporium, but served. As for RANDOLPH he would not say anything, though charged with inciting to civil war in Belfast. Irish Members insisted upon his having opportunity to defend himself. So refused to agree forthwith to Report of Address.

Business done.—Address agreed to.

Friday.—RANDOLPH appeared to-night clothed, and in his right mind. Evidently been thinking over what CHAPLIN said to him on Monday night. Finds it true that House of Commons not, like STAFFORD NORTHCOTE, to be bullied into submission, so puts on deferential air, protests his profound respect and regard for everyone. Suggests that if it was quite agreeable to all parties, the Government would be obliged if all the time of the House were given up to Supply, and if any gentleman opposite would like to kick Sir MICHAEL HICKS-BEACH, or pull the hair of the Home Secretary, they might do it.

House always ready to meet Leader half-way when in this mood. Fell into RANDOLPH's arms, and wept. PARNELL took opportunity of asking for opening for introduction of Irish Land Bill. "Is that all?" said RANDOLPH. "Only another Irish Land Bill? By all means." So it was settled. Later, when Colonel SAUNDERSON attempted to re-establish the former order of things, brought charges of sedition against Parnellites, offered to fight them in House or out, RANDOLPH threw over his trusty free lance. Would have nothing to do with him. Fell again into the arms of the House. After little more blubbering, report of Address agreed to, and way made for the business of Supply. *Business Done.*—Address got out of the way.

PAPER-KNIFE POEMS.

(By Our Special Book-Marker.)

"THE SPORTING FISH OF GREAT BRITAIN."

If you look in this book, you'll find out all about
The salmon, the grayling, the perch, and the trout;
Of the carp and the barbel you'll read, if you like,
And the bream and the roach, and the dace and the pike.
CHOLMONDELEY-PENNELL will tell you as much as you wish
Concerning each species of fresh-water fish.
While their portraits in colours with joy you will hail,
They're correct to a fin, and a tint and a scale!
Though the work is exhaustive, it never is dry,—
'Tis a right pleasant volume for anglers to buy!

"NORTH COUNTRY FLIES."

If you fish in the North, I should strongly advise
You to study the volume called *North Country Flies*.
Well arranged and well written, you soon will admit
That fishermen all should be grateful to PRATT!
With sixty fly-portraits—you'll speedily see—
How welcome this Second Edition must be!

CAUSE AND EFFECT.—Lord RANDOLPH CHURCHILL's reply to Mr. LABOUCHÈRE on Friday night was crushing. For all that, was it really true that the CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER, in a speech extending over eight minutes, "made close upon 130 distinct movements," as reported in *Truth* of the previous Wednesday?

Wail by a Wallflower.

SEPTEMBER here, and not a single offer!
Mankind at marriage has become a scoffer.
Oh! these non-wooters' ways Law should cut short;
Are they not guilty of contempt of court?

Mr. J. L. TOOLE has made his first appearance at Whitby—a suggestive name—on his return from a successful treatment at Aix-les-Bains. He says he quite understands why this latter place is called *Aches-lay-bangs*, because they drive the gouty pains out by a system of *massage* or pummelling. Every morning he had two Mashers mashing him, at least this is the "massage from the sea" at Whitby sent to us.

QUERY.—In the transactions between the POPE, the French Government, and the Emperor of CHINA there's been a good deal doing, but, in the end, the question is, "Who's Dunn?"

"The Flower of the Conservative Party"—The Primrose. "The Flower of the Liberals"—Cyril.

WHAT WILL SHORTLY BE "A VERY RARE COLLECTION."—The Collection of Tithes in Wales.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—In no case can Contributions, whether by a Stamped and Directed Envelope or Cover.

MS., Printed Matter, or Drawings, be returned, unless accompanied Copies of MS. should be kept by the Senders.



THE RECENT TROPICAL HEAT.

Driver. FLY, SIR, FLY!" Old Gent. "PHEW! 'WISH I COULD!"

PAPER-KNIFE POEMS.

(By Our Special Book-Marker.)

"A PLAYWRIGHT'S DAUGHTER."

HERE Mrs. EDWARDS cleverly depicts
The sweet girl-heroine she loves so well;
And in her latest story clearly shows
The hand that graceful *Archie Lovell* drew,
Its cunning has not lost, or art forgot!

"MY FRIEND JIM."

THE thinnest of plots, but the lightest of touch,
A story by NORRIS you'll like very much.

"ORANGES AND ALLIGATORS."

FOR those who love a pleasant book,
No doubt Miss HARDY deftly caters;
South Florida she pictures well,
In *Oranges and Alligators*.

"THE MASTER OF THE CEREMONIES."

ABDUCTION, elopement, and stealing of jewels—
With runaway ponies and brawling and duels—
Well sketched by clever pen!
A most artful plot, which is full of sensation—
A story well told for your edification
By skilful MANVILLE FENN.

"FATAL BONDS."

A TALE, by DOWLING, full, you'll see,
Of thrilling situation;
In novels 'tis a novelty,
Replete with strong sensation!

"FRANCIS."

A SOMEWHAT novel style of hero
Is pictured here by M. DAL VERO!
His socialism's rather hollow,
But such that all would like to follow,
Could they acquire the sighs and glances,
The heart and hand that conquered *Francis*!

NET RESULT OF THE INTERNATIONAL YACHT RACE.—
That our British HENN, though a game bird, is not cock
of the walk just yet.

THE LAST NEW FRENCH REVOLUTION!

THERE's jest one good practise as I allers follers wen I'm a having of my summer olliday. And that good practise is, never to read no noosepapers, and why? Simply becoz I don't want 'em. I wants to be quiet and at rest, and not to have nothink to wurry or eggsite me. To have plenty to eat, and plenty to drink, and plenty of rest, and nothink to do, thens my ideers of an olliday, and not sitch werry bad ones neather, as a GULL or a GENNER will tell yer if you arks him. So till I came ome I was hutterly hignorant of wot had been going on in Parris. Ah, we've most on us heard of a great French Rewolution ever so long ago, but I don't suppose as that was nothink like wot took place last month in Parris, when all the Waiters, or as they calls 'em there, Gassons, bust out into hopen rebellion in the broad daylight, and marched, with their blood red Banners a flying, rite up to the Otel de Veal, so sillybrated for its Outlets, and demanded their rites! Wot a hawful ewent for Parris, of all Cittys in the world, the Pairodice of Cooks and Cookery, and consequently of Waiters. There's no telling what might ha' happened, but the Waiters like true Gentlemen as they are, not wishing to drive the people to their extremitys, by their absense at dinner, left off rebelling about fore a Clock in the arternoon, and went ome to their own dinners afore commencing their heavy heaving dooties for the dinners of others.

I can't quite understand wot it was all about, praps becoz it was all done in the French langwidge, with which I am not werry famillyer, but BROWN tells me as they wanted to play the old game of "dubble or quits," which means in French, "dubble my wages, or I quits your service," but I sumtimes has to dowt BROWN's strict werassity. It gives one sum slite idear of the bloodthirsty conduct of the French Perleece when one reads that in Joseph Street—which BROWN tells me leads to Pottifar Street,—they aeshally arested two waiters and a butcher boy, and seized a Flag! Did those sewere measures stop the rewolution? No, suttently not, for the brave heros marched on to Cleary Square, where they were again attacked by the mercyless Perleece, and several ground-floor winders broken! Nothink dornted, the gallant fellers rallied on Pont Neuf Bridge,

but the fo barred the way and dispersed them, but not before they had, in their wrath, torn down a sineboard! At 5 a clock, adds the sympathising reporter, they were all tired out, and dispersed, of their own accord, to get sumthink to eat. And so ended the fust Haet of this fearful rewolution, to be re-commenced when least expected.

These terrible ewents in a naybouring Country, has naterally called attention to the onerabel class to witch I has the onner to belong to, wiz., the London Waiters, and I lerns with perfound astonishment and sorrowful regret that there is no less than sewenteen thowsand forren Waiters in this our own native Country, a trying to supplant us in the good opinion of our employays, as the French calls 'em, and wot is we reckomended to do so as to hold our hone in this fritefool and unnateral compeertition. I arldy expex to be bleevied, but its littorally trew, wen I says as we are told to set to work and lern French, and Jerman, and Etallian! What a pittty they didn't add Chinese and Injian while they was about it. There never was greater rubbish torked or ritten. What does a reel Gentleman care about his Waiter torking four langwidges if he can't anser questions properly and give advice wen asked for it. Take a Jerman Waiter, wot does he know about Port Wine, and the difference between noble 47's, and dellycate 51's, and a Frenchman ain't no better. Wot with their washy Ock and their thin sour Claret, their poor pallets is quite destroyed afore they cums over here to push us off our stools, as *Macbeth* says in the play. And then how they fidgets and shuffles about behind the gentlemen's cheers, witch is a noosance as no reel gentleman can stand while he's a setting at his dinner.

Besides, tho' in course I ain't no judge of their forren tungs, I do see the differulity they has to understand wots sed to them in English and the ewen grater difficulty as they has in replying in English, so as to be understood, speshally by the fare sects. So I for one ain't got no sort of fear of being cut out by a meer Forrener, ewen if he coud speak a duzen of tungs. There's a sort of respectful dignerty, and, wot the French calls, a *jenny say quor*, about a reel English Hed Waiter, much the same as there is about a bottle of grand crusty old Port, as was never equalled yet by any figetty forren waiter, weather he came from Franse or Jermany.

ROBERT.



THINGS ONE WOULD RATHER HAVE LEFT UNSAID.

She. "AND YOU ARE REALLY BETTER, PROFESSOR, SINCE YOU CAME TO LIVE IN HAMPSTEAD?" He. "OH, YES, A DIFFERENT MAN ALTOGETHER!"
 She. "HOW PLEASED ALL YOUR FRIENDS WILL BE!"

PREGLACIAL MAN.

(Reflections by a Confused British Associate.)

DID he, I wonder, in those remote ages,
 Over two thousand long centuries gone,
 Hear the sweet voices of Brummagem sages
 Raised to expostulate, argue, and warn?
 Did he, attending some Association,
 British or other, with listening ear
 Follow the maze of each tangled oration,—
 Follow, yet manage to keep his head clear?
 Did he take in every fact Biological,
 Social, mechanical, brought to his view?
 Did the researches styled Anthropological
 All the tired springs of his spirit renew?
 Did he go raving from Section to Section,
 Feeling unequal each problem to sift;—
 Or, hoping to find there some time for reflection,
 Possibly seek his original drift!
 Or, science unknown, did he wander, light-hearted,
 Happy his flint-bound horizon to scan?
 If so, then some joys of this world have departed,
 There is not a doubt, with *Preglacial Man*!

"BULLY FOR YOU!"—Some one having written to Lord SALISBURY, complaining that "English" does not convey the meaning of the rule of the United Kingdom, the PREMIER has replied that he knows of no adjective that can more accurately describe the desired idea. Why not use "John Bullish?" or, shortly, "Bullish?" This would be equally appropriate to Ireland and England, the former especially being suggestive of any number of bulls.

On a Late Naval Engagement.

THE Treasury Benches to silence or crush
 The Radicals yet may succeed;
 But if their old seats they would take with a rush,
 They must not depend on a REED.

NEW SAYING BY THE SECRETARY OF STATE FOR WAR (addressed to certain *Big Guns* connected with his Department).—"HOPE did not tell a flattering tale!"

LATEST OPERATION ON THE RUSSIAN BOURSE.—Bearing Bulgarians for the Fall.

HOW TO ENJOY A HOME-MADE TRIP ABROAD.

Preliminary.—The House still sitting, and, consequently, a very large number of persons who usually leave London for abroad at this time of the year being detained in Town, it is proposed to show how the customary Continental Excursion may be attained practically without quitting the Metropolis. The home-made tripper should assist the operation by exercising to the utmost his powers of "make-believe." Imagination can do wonders, and in this matter it is expected to effect a great deal.

From London to Folkestone.—The start should, of course, be made at night. Leave Charing Cross by the South Eastern, and get to Cannon Street, change there, and return to the Battersea Park Station. Allowing for the usual delays, this will consume about the same time as that generally expended in travelling from London to Folkestone.

Crossing the Channel.—Take the Thames steamboat, and go into the stuffy little cabin. Fall asleep, and remain concealed until the boat has to be laid up for the night. You will probably be turned out somewhere near Charing Cross, when you can remain in the waiting-room until the workmen's train on the Underground.

Arrival in Paris.—Go round the Inner Circle half-a-dozen times, which will have the effect of the journey from Boulogne to the Capital. Ultimately, alight at Charing Cross, and drive to some third-rate French hotel in the neighbourhood of Leicester Square, where the waiters speak English imperfectly. As you proceed on your travels, change your hotel as occasion may require to suit the nationality of the country you suppose yourself to be visiting. The neighbourhood is rich in hostleries—Swiss, German, and Italian; so you will have no difficulty in finding the required resting-place.

Food in Paris.—Breakfast (tea and bread-and-butter) in your room. Second *déjeuner* (*à la fourchette*) at the Café Royal or GATTI'S. Dinner at PRIVATELLI'S. Your meals are the most important matters of your existence abroad, and by selecting the establishments suggested, you will obtain a sufficiently Continental flavour. If you are not accustomed to the Holborn, the First Avenue, or the

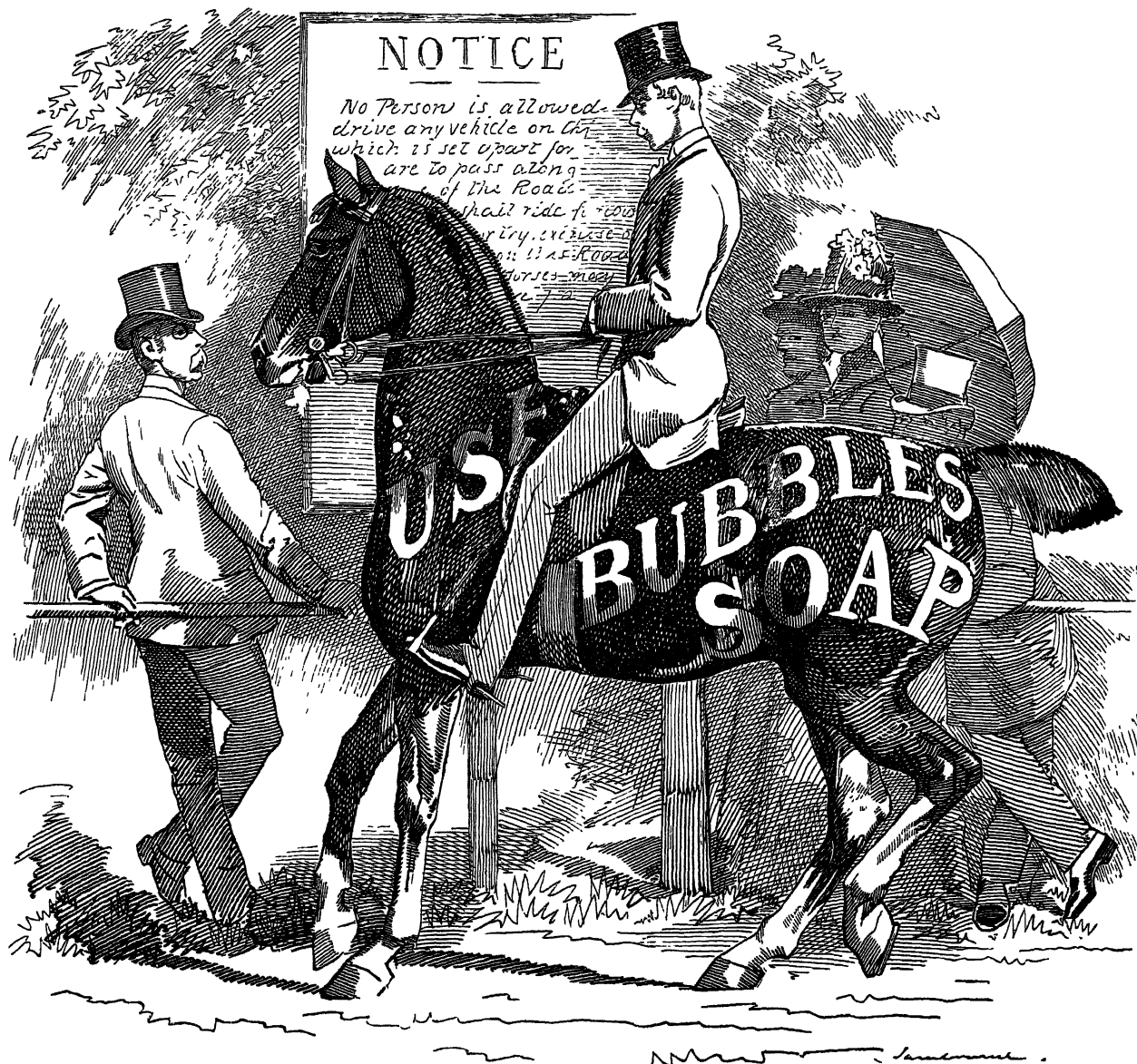
Grand, you will get excellent foreign fare therein; but should you be an *habitué* of those magnificent institutions, of course the illusion will be destroyed.

Life in Paris.—Do the place thoroughly, and freshen up your recollection of, say, a quarter of a century ago. Of course you should see Notre Dame (Westminster Abbey), the Madeleine (the Brompton Oratory), and the Tombeau (St. Paul's). Then the Louvre, and the Luxembourg (British Museum and National Gallery), should be inspected, and, if you have time, you might run down to Versailles (Hampton Court). In the evening by all means attend the Café Chantant at (the Albert Palace) Champs Elysées, after a drive through (the Battersea Park) Bois de Boulogne. If you want to buy anything for your womankind, you can visit the Grand Magasin de Army and Navy Stores in Victoria Street, and the Brixton Bon Marché on the other side of the river.

Switzerland.—Spend your time on the Serpentine, and the ornamental water in St. James's Park. This will not give you a bad idea of the lakes, and if you want a little dangerous alpine climbing, try to get up Primrose Hill in the dark, when the surrounding roads are "up."

Venice.—Get a punt and float about the Regent's Park Canal. If you can contrive to carry a wasp's nest in the boat, you will get stings enough to forcibly suggest the assaults of the mosquito. The peculiar odour of Venice will be found in abundance on the water, especially in the neighbourhood of the Zoological Gardens.

Rome.—You can see most of the treasures of the Vatican by visiting the South Kensington Museum, which by the way may be used for reproducing the Art collections at Florence, Dresden and Munich. St. Paul's must again be requisitioned, but this time to appear for St. Peter's. Care, however, must be taken that only the exterior of the Cathedral is seen, or the illusion will be completely destroyed. The Catacombs may be fairly idealised during a visit to the subway at South Kensington, and the dark arches of the Adelphi. Modern improvements may be realised by a visit to the London Pavilion (not unlike the King's Palace at the Quirinal) and the Griffin—capital specimen of modern Italian workmanship.



NOVELTY IN ADVERTISING.

"HALLO, OLD CHAP, WHAT THE DOOSE DOES THIS MEAN?"

"WELL, YOU SEE, MY BOY, I'M AWFULLY HARD UP, AND AS I CAN'T GIVE UP MY HORSE, I THOUGHT I'D TURN HIM TO ACCOUNT. BUBBLES AND CO. PAY ANY AMOUNT FOR AN ENTIRELY NOVEL AND ARTISTIC ADVERTISEMENT OF THIS SORT. GOOD BUSINESS, EH?"

Conclusion.—The above hints may serve as a rough guide to those who have the necessary knowledge to fill in the outline from the bare sketch. Should the various excursions cost only a trifle, it will be best to draw out of your bank the balance of the usual sum you expend on your Autumn holiday in five-pound notes. Having done this, burn the precious documents. This may require some power of will, and considerable self-sacrifice, but unless you follow the course recommended, you will never get the full effect of a trip abroad. To be perfectly realistic you should be in a position to say "that you have spent a jolly lot of money, and have precious little to show for it!"

At Church.

THE rush of her robe as she sweeps through the aisle
Wakes piety's frown, makes the cynical smile.
For keen through the organ's melodious swell
Comes ever "the sound of the church-going Belle."

QUERY.—Ought not a man who cannot easily spend £10,000 a year to be described as an Income-poop?

A PENN'ORTH OF CONFEDERATION.

[In a letter to the *Times*, Mr. HENNIKER HEATON advocates the establishment of a Penny rate for letters to the Colonies and India.]

'Tis a dream of the Future,
An excellent plan,
This Post Office suture,
That knits the whole clan!
There aren't very many
Reforms we can boast,
So good as a Penny
Imperial Post!

As small will the price be
A letter to send,
To Libya, or Chrysé,
As now to Mile End;
Such news will seem glorious
In far Trinidad;
Will make Geelong uproarious,
And Mandalay mad.

The distant Bahamas,
And hot Singapore,
Have ne'er known such balm as
This tariff will pour;
When *real* bonds unite us,
'Twill please us to think
We first had, to light us,
A Post Office "link."

Here's to him who invented
This noble idea!
May it ne'er be prevented
By huckstering fear!
So let us remove all
Our doubts of the toast,
And stamp, with approval,
The Imperial Post!

A WATER COURSE.

VI.

The Bad Patient's Diary—Jane's Progress—Oysters—Theory—Fact—At Doctor's—The Strange Case—Halves—Consultation—Novelty—Sensations—Result—Puzzled.

WHEN you once get into the swim, so to speak, in a water course such as this, then, whether it be at Royat, or Aix-les-Bains, or Vichy, or Homburg, or even at La Bourboule and Le Mont Doré, the stream is very strong, and you are carried on rapidly to the end of your stay. The first week is exciting, if the place is itself a novelty; if not, it is only less exciting; we walk up into the pine woods,—

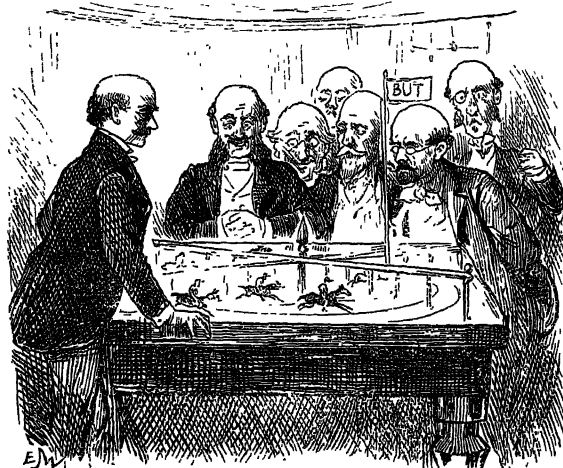


"Where'er we take our walks abroad."

"when," as Dr. PUTTENY says, "we pine for air"—(this is 'the effect of the place on him), and we take the week to settle down. The second week is generally dull, yet at the end of it the time seems to have flown. Third week begins slowly; but as the climax of the twenty-first day approaches, when the course will be over, then the time and money go with startling rapidity.

By my Diary of Pains and Penalties I find I am at the end of the first week. What is the result? Well? No, decidedly not well; that is, according to my Diary, which records a variety of alarming symptoms—sleepless nights, sleepy days, troubles in toes—where the shooting season has commenced before the Twelfth—pains in the nose, limp legs, wrestlings with sciatica, and what the meteorological reports term "Disturbances" generally, resulting in "Depression."

An annoying circumstance is, that Cousin JANE, who has not been strictly ordered here, as I was, but only "recommended" to the waters, is becoming better and better every day. I cannot help remarking it. The improvement in her health is so marked that it forces itself on general observation. She takes a bath of César water every day, into which she goes like cold lamb, and out of which she comes like boiled lobster, and is all the better for it. She is able to walk about briskly; she doesn't hesitate as to taking a *liqueur* with



Peu de Cheveux aux Petits Chevaux.

her cup of coffee after dinner; she insists on venturing at least four francs on the *petits chevaux*, and in her manner there suddenly

appears something of the effervescent and sparkling character which is, she informs me, the peculiarity of the Source César. The Romans discovered these baths, and this particular spring may have been the source of CÆSAR'S greatness. The question—

"Upon what meat does this our CÆSAR feed,
That he is grown so great?"

is, as it is termed in theatrical slang, "a little bit of fat" that would never have been put into the mouth of *Cassius*, "lean and hungry" as he was, had SHAKESPEARE only known of the waters at Royat, which CÆSAR used to drink, and in which he used to bathe; and out of which, after a few dozen oysters,—for they find heaps of oyster-shells here among the Roman remains,—he used to come out re-invigorated.

By the way, although I am considering Cousin JANE'S case, and have so got back to CÆSAR, to whom historically she owes her rapid improvement in health, I cannot help diverging on the subject of Oysters, to note down, for some future work of my own on Christianity in Britain, the theory, which is strongly supported by facts, that Britons, who never would be slaves (except when they couldn't help it), owed their conversion entirely to Oysters. I am not going to discuss this further or to commence the first chapter of my history now, but before the thoughtful reader I place facts and theory:—1st. It is undeniable that the Romans loved oysters: 2nd. That directly they heard of oyster-beds they went to them: 3rd. They found the beds ready-made for them, and originated the old riddle (which occurs in the works of JOSEPHUS MILLERIUS) about taking the oysters out of their beds and tucking in themselves: 4thly. The Romans became Christians without ceasing to be oyster-eaters,—in fact it is probable that they practised oystereries,—and consequently the British oyster-openers, and oyster-bed-makers, were the first to encounter the Christianised Romans, who lost no time in converting the natives, and thus the British became Christians by the dozen.

From the oysters, *à nos moutons*; second course. To resume.

Naturally JANE'S progress is annoying to me, but politely and cousinly, I am delighted. I compliment her, she is looking so well. But I cannot compliment myself. Do I look well? JANE says I do. But I don't believe it, and I'm sure I don't. A high colour isn't health: it may be "the picture of health," but health isn't a question of the picture, but of the frame.

Whatever was the matter with me before coming to Royat, I am quite sure as to there being plenty the matter with me, and to spare, now, after just a week of the treatment.

My Sensational Diary is assuming formidable proportions. If I neglect it for half a day, the next morning I set myself to work to remember all the sufferings of yesterday afternoon. If you do not jot down pains at the moment, as they occur, when you can really feel what you are describing—the secret of all truly graphic writing—you are apt to describe the twinges, the smarts, and the aches coldly, as if you were writing the history of somebody else. You are likely to take a very different view of a pain you suffered several hours ago, from what you will take of the pain which afflicts you at the time of writing, and which itself is the immediate cause of your putting pen to paper. In a retrospect of pain you are inclined to philosophise and probably attempt to trace its cause. In a description of a pain, making its presence felt as you write, you do not stop to pick and choose your words, but your style is short, sharp, jerky, powerfully graphic, and minutely accurate.

I determine not to disturb Dr. HAMMOND PUTTENY, who, not taking the waters in any form, eating and drinking everything, and smoking all day, is in the enjoyment of most perfect health, and apparently of a thorough holiday, but to go quietly to Dr. REM, show him my Diary, and astonish him.

I call upon him. He is within. I wait: at last I usher myself into his sanctum. Will I be seated? I will. So will he, at his desk, and once more he pulls out his note-book and refers to my particular



Source aux Toe-martyr.

case. Before he can ask any questions, I produce, with quite a professional air, my analytical summary of my own state of health. I am very glad I have noted it all down so carefully, because, as this is a peculiarly fine morning and I am feeling uncommonly well, my view of the past few days, had I left my pains to verbal description from memory only, would have been necessarily coloured by my healthy, happy, and perfectly satisfactory state at the present moment, and Dr. REM might, under a false impression, write down "cured in five days' treatment," or order me to go on as I had begun, a treatment that might be exactly contrary to what I ought to do. As it is there is my plain written statement which I can neither explain away or contradict. *Litera scripta manet*, and this diary is produced by myself as evidence against myself. It is a *précis* of my pains and penalties, and, considering that after all it is the work of an amateur, I really am quite proud of it as a scientific treatise written by myself, Dr. One-Half, as an impartial observer, on myself, Mister Other-Half, or patient, merely taken as a body.

Everyone has read the *Strange Case of Dr. Hyde and Mr. Jekyll*. (By the way it may be *Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde*, but that's of no consequence, and I haven't the book by me.) Well, here is the story very simply exemplified in Me. I am compounded of two halves: *Dr. Hyde* one half, the scientific medical man; *Mr. Jekyll*, other half, the patient. As *Dr. Hyde* I call on Dr. REM, to inform him how poor *Mr. Jekyll* has been getting on with his treatment. *Mr. Jekyll* the patient sits in the chair: *Dr. Hyde* is represented by the diary containing the scientific analysis of the "strange case," which Dr. REM has now under his eyes.

Dr. REM is reading *Dr. Hyde's*, i.e., my, scientific analysis, most attentively. I, *Mr. Jekyll* the patient, am watching him anxiously. I expect him to raise his eyebrows at certain points, and exhibit surprise. I expect him to purse up his lips, and mutter to himself "Dear me!" or "Bless my soul, is it possible!" I expect him to rise in an agitated manner from his desk, go to his book-case, and bring out big volumes, over which he will pore, from time to time comparing what he is reading with my strange narrative of the past week. I expect him after this to sit down and rest his aching head on his hand thoughtfully, as if this extraordinary case had fairly perplexed him, had upset all his principles, all his practice, and had compelled him to own himself beaten. Should he disappoint me in exhibiting any of the above-mentioned emotions, I certainly look forward to his throwing himself back in his chair, drawing a long breath and regarding me with an air of mixed wonder and admiration, when he comes to that touching, but forcible passage (which I have underlined) about the perfectly unaccountable pain in my left leg.

But he does none of these things: he reads on calmly and quietly, as if my remarkable statement were a conventional letter from a distant relative, or an ordinary leading article in an English newspaper during the recess. Sometimes he nods towards the diary, either as if he were agreeing with it, or going to sleep over it, and occasionally, he smiles slightly; but what he can find to smile at in an analytical account of pains during the past week, I cannot for the life of me make out. Evidently I have been too considerate for his feelings, and in recounting my sufferings I have not been sufficiently harrowing. However, he turns over the second page, and reads on. I watch him closely as he comes to the point about a sudden and excruciating twinge in my left knee, and in my ankle. He doesn't move a muscle of his countenance. I know I did when I felt it. Clearly, I couldn't have put it strongly enough. He turns over to the fourth page: again I watch him narrowly. Surely the recital of crackling pains in every joint, and a kind of catherine-wheel in both great toes, ending in a coruscation of fireworks of pain all over my body, ought at least to make him gravely shake his head. But it doesn't. He has reached the end of my piteous narrative, he has read the exhaustive analysis, he sees sitting before him, "the subject of the present memoir," feverishly awaiting his verdict, and after folding up the paper and handing it back to me, he adjusts his spectacles so as to focus me thoroughly, and take me in, as it were, all at once, and then with a smile,—actually with a smile, and of the utmost benevolence too,—he says, "Capital!"

I am so astonished, I can only ejaculate gaspingly, "Eh?" as if I hadn't heard aright.

"Capital!" he repeats, smiling more radiantly and more benevolently than before. Then tapping his hands gently one against the other, as if he were playing "pat-a-cake Baker's man," with an infant, he adds, "Just exactly what I had expected."

I am so utterly knocked over that I can only stare at him vacantly, as if wondering which of us two had temporarily taken leave of his senses. Coming to the conclusion that I am still in possession of mine, I rouse myself for an emphatic protest.

"But," I say with animation, so that he may understand that I am really in earnest, "surely it isn't right for me to have a pain in my knee every night," here I rub my knee, where there is no pain at present, "so that I can hardly sleep."

"Perfectly right," he says with composure.

"And the day before yesterday," here I refer to my notes for

corroboration, "I had such a pain all down my left leg, I couldn't move for ten minutes."

"That's just what it ought to be," he replies, nodding complacently.

"But that pain in my elbow," I point to a passage in the diary where it is graphically described, "I never had that before I came here. It was really—most—most—" I am drying up for want of words,—all my epithets are in the diary, and it seems weak to repeat them—"it was most aggravating."

"Oh yes—no doubt," returns Dr. REM, still nodding at me encouragingly, "but it couldn't be better. Indeed I should have been sorry if you hadn't had it. I should have been afraid the waters weren't doing you any good."

"What?" I exclaim. Then, as if I were trying to bring him to reason, I expostulate calmly with him, and, adopting a conciliatory tone, I attempt to demonstrate to him that at all events a pain right across the forehead can't be a good sign.

"On the contrary," he replies. "Excellent."

"And my sleeplessness?" I ask.

"Perfect," he answers, briskly.

"The pains in my ankles?" I go on.

"First-rate," he says, rubbing his hands gleefully.

"And in my toes?"

"Just where it ought to be," he returns, highly pleased.

"And in my back, and wrists, and—so that I can't walk—and over my knees, and such a cramp at night that I have to jump out of bed and stamp in agony?" I ask, piling up all the symptoms together in my despair.

"It's splendid!" says Dr. REM, perfectly beaming with rapture at what he immediately explains to me are certain and unmistakable signs that the Waters of Royat are really doing their work on me in the most satisfactory manner possible. "You will continue," says Dr. REM, dipping his pen in the ink preparatory to entering the *ordonnance* in his own note-book, "you will continue as you have begun, only varying it with an increasing dose." And then he amplifies his former instructions.

While he is writing them out, I am meditating on the unexpected turn events have taken. I shall give up keeping my Diary of Pains and Penalties. If I am to go on suffering them, where's the use of mentioning my sufferings? If, on the contrary, I am entirely free from any pain, then I should have nothing to write down, but the sooner I saw the Doctor the better. As Dr. REM hands me the prescription I say, dubiously, "Then, in fact, the worse I am, the better I am. Is that so?"

"Quite so. You're going on admirably. Come and see me again in four or five days."

On the threshold I pause for a last question—"But if within the next two days I am absolutely free from any pain, shall I come to see you at once?"

"Yes, certainly. Do so by all means. Good morning. *Au revoir!*" And still nodding and smiling encouragingly, Dr. REM bows me out, and, having concluded my visit, I find that Cousin JANE is waiting for me to take her in to breakfast.

"You feel quite well, and have no pains?" I say to her.

"No; none. Why?"

"Well—" Then I tell her the result of my interview, and deduce therefrom that she must be in a parlous state to feel so perfectly well, and that the sooner she consults Dr. REM the better.

But she only laughs, and says she shall "leave Well alone, and continue the Waters."

And the Waters have made her quite sprightly. I've never heard her make anything resembling a joke before, and this is uncommonly like one. But if everyone acted on the principle "let Well alone," who would go to Royat or Aix or anywhere where the Springs of life are? Somehow I am depressed. The Colonel will cheer me up. To breakfast!

Screw v. Screw.

OH, LABBY, arch LABBY, you *are* such a feller!

But on this small lay, Sir, what good do you do?

Of the ship of State will you prove a propeller,

By trying to cut down a Chancellor's "screw"?

If sides were but changed, LABBY, how you would scoff

At "putting the screw on" by taking it off!

"Time, Gentlemen!"

THE newspapers are all talking of "The Late Earthquakes." In this case surely the old saw does not apply. Better never than late would be everyone's opinion concerning these dreadful visitations. Let not those who intend to contribute to the fund for the relief of the sufferers therefrom take shelter under the old saw in question. *Bis dat qui cito dat* is much more to the point. *Verb. sap.*

SONG FOR PRINCE ALEXANDER.—"Haste from the Widdin'!"



WHAT OUR ARTIST HAS TO PUT UP WITH.

HE VOLUNTEERS TO SKETCH THE SQUIRE'S HOUNDS FEEDING, AND THESE BEAUTIFUL ANIMALS SUDDENLY DISCOVER THAT HE IS VERY FOND OF DOGS, AND TAKE A VIOLENT FANCY TO HIM!

A WAITING GAME.

Anxious Language from Truthful Harty.

Do I sleep? Do I dream?
Do I wander and doubt?
Are things what they seem?
Or are dodges about?
Are we Liberal-Unionists failures?
And is WILLIAM GLADSTONE played out?

All expressions, though strong,
Fail to tell all our glee,
At the game some called wrong,
(But that's fiddle-de-dee)
Which we worked off on WILLIAM our partner:
Myself and that artful JOE C.

WILL came down to the House,
On the opening day,
He is willing to chouse,
JOE and me—that won't pay.
RANDOLPH says to me, "Truthful, how goes it?"

I answered, "Exceedingly gay!"
But the House has gone wild,
Since I slipped from the same,
And has even beguiled
RANDOLPH C., who's to blame.
And I said to him, "Irish are poison.
What can be your new little game?"

He replied, "Truthful HARTY,"
(And this with a wink)
"Don't fear for our Party;
I'm not in a kink.
"Let him show his hand, Truthful. But follow
His lead, HARTY? What do you think?

Then I said, "Don't you try—"
But he turned upon me,
And the look in his eye
Was amusing to see.
And he said, "You mistake; this new Leader
Won't cave in to CHARLES STUART P."

Well, the hand will be had,
Though some chums 'twill offend.
And I feel slightly sad,
Doubting whether the end
Will quite justify the proceeding,
As I said to cute JOEY, my friend.

Is it guile, or a dream?
Is it RANDOLPH I doubt?
Are things quite what they seem?
Or are dodges about?
Are the Liberal-Unionists failures?
And is WILLIAM GLADSTONE played out?

Eastward Ho!

HISTORY does repeat itself. JOSEPH (of Birmingham) is reported to be going to Egypt. This time, however, he is going voluntarily, though some of his (political) brethren would doubtless send him still farther if they could, and even declare his Hegira to be the result of his falling into a pit,—of his own digging. *Bon voyage!*

MEDIO TUTISSIMUS.

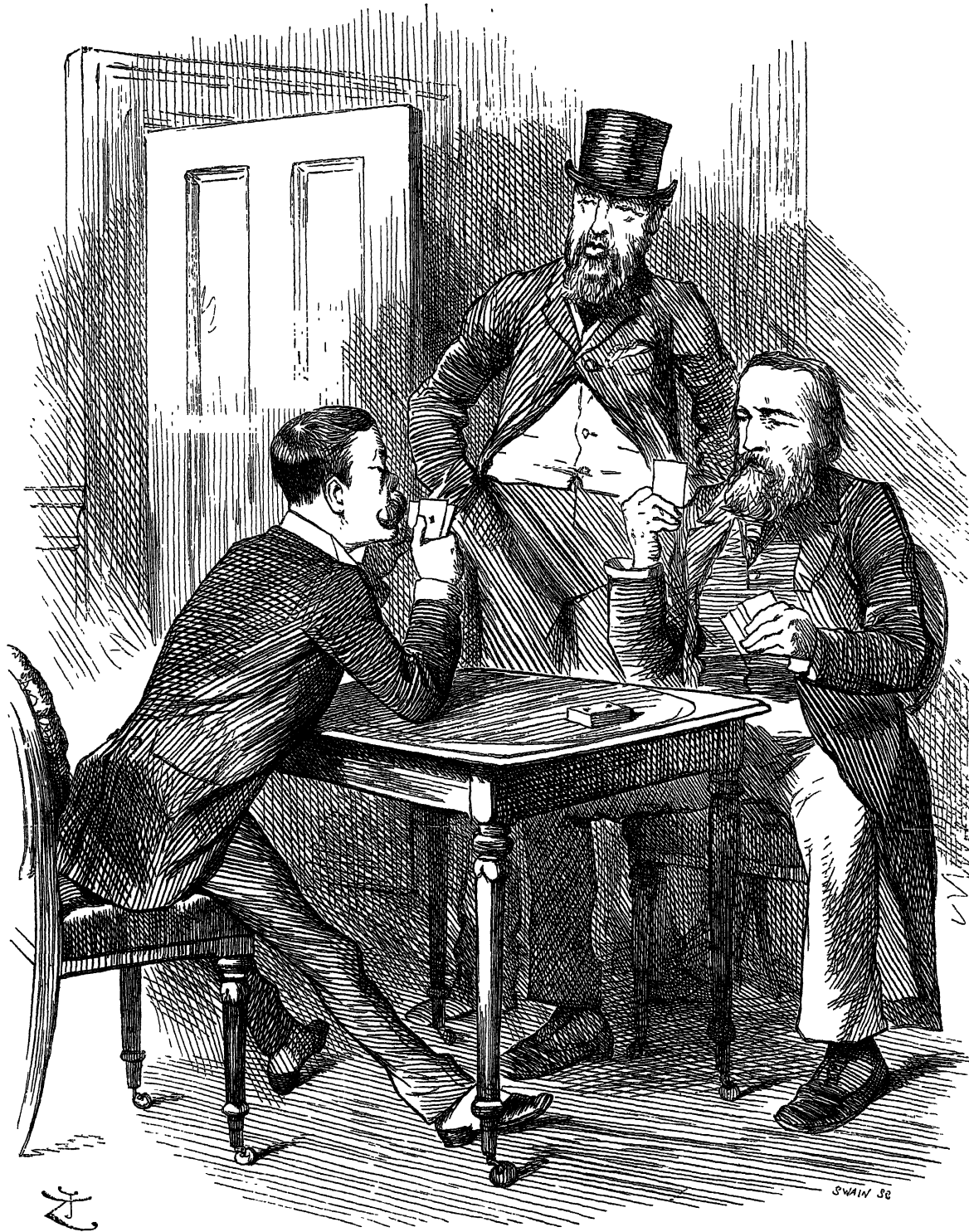
WITH regard to the Triple Alliance, Prince BISMARCK declares that his object is to place the policy of Germany on three stools. Which of them does he intend to be sat upon?

HIGH AND LOW.—The Two ALEXANDERS.

SOMETHING AFTER HALL.

It is said that the rather unsightly building at Hammersmith, Fulham, West Kensington, or East Kew (the address is doubtful when we get beyond the Addison Road), to be shortly known as "the New Agricultural Hall," is nearing completion. If it is intended to rival the "original," at Islington, it is scarcely likely to attain success, as the Public are loth to give up old favourites in favour of new acquaintances. At present the aims of the coming establishment, seem a little vague. The *Morning Post* truly says, "The place has been gradually and almost without notice, rising into existence;" and it may be added that had it not been for certain proceedings interesting to lawyers a few years ago, many of the Public would possibly have been ignorant of its erection. To quote the same authority, "The scope of the new project is extensive; for although nominally an Agricultural Hall, the building will be a centre for almost any, and every display that modern ingenuity in the direction of exhibitions and entertainments can devise,"—thus enabling the Performing Flea, the Baby Show, and the Royal Jubilee World's Fair and Grand International Exhibition, to meet alternately on a common platform. The *Morning Post* adds, "The first purpose to which it will probably be devoted, will be a gigantic hippodrome, but this is more or less undecided." Surely a menagerie would have been more appropriate? Somehow or other the scheme is not altogether unsuggestive of elephants—white ones!

A "SIXPENNY" NOT A "TWO PENNY HALF-PENNY" POLITICIAN.—Dr. TANNER.



A WAITING GAME.

H-RT-NGT-N. "HULLO, RANDOLPH! WHAT'S YOUR LITTLE GAME NOW?"

R-ND-LPH (*Aside—sotto voce*). "ALL RIGHT! WANT HIM TO SHOW HIS HAND!"

A STORY FOR A SUMMER NUMBER.

(To be filled in to suit the Illustrations.)



MIRTH AND MYSTERY.

(Prize Design for the Cover of a Summer Number.)

I AM an old man now, and as I sit in my easy chair, my little grandchildren flock around my legs, and with wondering eyes, ask me for a story. (*Chance for Artist. Baronial Hall with armour, with Grandfather and little ones.*) Sometimes my thoughts stray away to the quiet Chapel hard by, in which lie all my ancestors and my darling wife. (*Chance for Artist. Initial Vignette of Abbey by moonlight.*) And then I am very sad, but as a rule I am a hale and hearty veteran, and as merry as the best of them. When I am in my gay mood, I tell the youngsters a right frolicsome anecdote. Here is a sample.

Years ago when I was fresh from the University, when I had just left Oxford with its wine parties—(*Chance for Artist. Scene from College life.*)—and its Schools, and had come up to town, I naturally went a great deal into society. At a dance one evening in Eton Square, I met a most charming girl—(*Chance for Artist. Exterior of Mansion with linkman.*)—who, I fear found me rather dull company.

"You tell me," she said, as we stood under some spreading branches and Chinese lanterns—(*Chance for Artist. The Conservatory.*)—"You tell me, that you have not been to Lord's, the Academy, to any of the Theatres, and have read no new books?"

"I am obliged to confess, that you are indeed right," I admitted—we spoke in rather a pedantic way in 1876—"To tell the truth, I have had little time away from my studies. To achieve success it was necessary that I should know no leisure."

"Not even to read the novel that every one is talking of?" asked the fair girl coquettishly, toying with her bouquet in the supper-room, to which apartment we had now proceeded. (*Chance for Artist. The Supper. Pine-apples. Plate and Footmen.*)

"What novel?" I replied.

"Why, *Burnt Mill Meadow*. But perhaps you don't approve of it?" And again the fair girl looked at me with bewitching coquetry.

"I neither approve nor disapprove," I returned, somewhat piqued at her railleury. "I have never read it—nay, more, the title is novel to me."

"You mean the book," she said, smilingly, disengaging herself from me (by this time she had completed a rather hearty supper), and taking the arm of a gentleman of military appearance, she added, "You will excuse me, but I am engaged for the cotillon—(*Chance for Artist. The Cotillon.*)—to Captain DASHAWAY."

And with a silvery laugh she was gone.

When I got home to my chambers in St. James's Street I found a letter waiting for me. I opened it, and was reminded that I had allowed my subscription to BROWN AND NEPHEWS' Circulating Library to expire.

"The very thing," I murmured, as I went to bed. "To-morrow I will supply the omission, and obtain *Burnt Mill Meadow* at the railway book-stall."

After my matutinal meal in my rooms on the following morning—(*Chance for Artist. Breakfast in Bachelors' Chambers in St. James's Street. Foils, cards of invitation, and toast-rack.*)—I went down to the Albert Station, and, handing in a cheque, renewed my subscription, and asked for the volume.

"Very sorry, Sir, but it isn't in," replied the clerk. (*Chance for Artist. Albert Station, with Book-stall and Departing Continental Train in the distance.*) "The fact is that, after the first demand, no one wanted it, and we sent it up the line."

"How can I get it?" I asked, rather angrily.

"By transferring your subscription to any of our Stalls in the Provinces."

No sooner said than done. I selected a Station, and then obtained a ticket for the new dépôt. On my way I passed the scene of a recent disaster—(*Chance for Artist. The Accident to the Great Southern Express—a leap for life*)—but arrived safely.

"*Burnt Mill Meadow*," repeated the provincial clerk. "Ah, to be sure, we did have it, but it has been called in. You won't get it, Sir, unless you go to our head-office, and buy it at a reduced price."

Again I travelled along the line, reached London, and passing through the Strand at the busiest time of the day—(*Chance for Artist. The Strand at the busiest time of the day*)—made my way to the palatial premises of X. I. BROWN AND NEPHEWS.

"All gone; all sold!" was the business-like reply to my application for the coveted novel. "You may get it at PUDIE'S."

I went to PUDIE'S, but was unsuccessful, and could not find it at the Green-and-Yallery Gallery—another well-known Circulating Library. However, the custodian dropped a hint.

"If you were going abroad, now," said he, "you might possibly pick it up. It has been appropriated by Vicomte PRONITZ."

Acting upon this suggestion (the London Season was now at an end), I started for Paris. We had a rough crossing—(*Chance for Artist. Between Dover and Calais on the Mail-boat*)—and I was only too glad to find myself safe and sound in the court-yard of the Grand Hôtel. I immediately drove to the Rue de Rivoli—(*Chance for Artist. Street-Life in Paris*)—and entering GALIGNANT'S, asked for *Burnt Mill Meadow*.

"Afraid you can't get one," said the man behind the counter, shaking his head. "I believe it is out of print."

By this time my blood was up. I made up my mind to obtain it at all hazards. I travelled all over Germany, through the Alps—(*Chance for Artist. The Avalanche*)—into Spain, where I joined in the dissipations of the people—(*Chance for Artist. Scene at the Bull Fight—Death of the Toreador*)—and thence into Italy. But, go where I would, seek where I could, I found no trace of the lost volume. Then, at length, thoroughly dispirited, I returned home, pausing for an hour or two at Boulogne. I walked into SADFROS'S English Library, a favourite haunt in years gone by.

"Pardon me," said an old gentleman, who was reading the newspaper as I entered, "but you are very ill. I am a Doctor, and am alarmed at your condition. Tell me frankly what is the matter?"

I explained that I was disappointed in obtaining a novel, whose search had become a mania.

"I believe that, if I could only find *Burnt Mill Meadow*—"

"*Burnt Mill Meadow*!" echoed the representative of Mr. SADFROS. "Why, we have a copy. It is the very last. It was returned to us by a scrupulous Englishman, who wished it sent back to Vicomte PRONITZ, as he heard that the work had been called in. I don't know whether, under the circumstances, I should give it to you, but—"

"But I do," interrupted the old Doctor, taking the volume out of the attendant's hands and presenting it to me. "That book, Sir, has saved your life!"

There was no time for thanks, or further explanation, as at that moment a signal was made that the boat was about to start. (*Chance for Artist. The Doctor at Boulogne. Eccentric comedy with comely French fisher-girls looking in at the doorway.*) Overjoyed I hurried on board. I am not a good sailor, so could give no attention to the volume until I reached England. Once ashore, I hastened to a secluded spot on the Pier, and greedily opened the book. Before I could read a line of it, it was seized, and wrested from me.

"I must take that, Sir,—it is contraband in England," and ere I had time to protest, the Custom House Officer tossed the volume I so much treasured into the water! I never saw it again!

I went mad! For many years I remembered nothing! At length, thanks to a curative course at the Catford Retreat, I was restored to full mental health. But I was old before my time.

Even now as I write, the sad memory of my great disappointment (so cruel, and oh, so hard to bear!) comes back to me, and I feel that in spite of my grandchildren's merry voices, I shall soon die. Ah! What is this? As I write, the room grows dark, my strength fails, and the pen falls from my feeble faltering fingers. Ah! Rest at last!! (*Chance for Artist. The Old Man's grave.*)



THE EXCURSION SEASON.

First Passenger (poetical). "DOESN'T THE SIGHT O' THE CERULEAN EXPANSE OF OCEAN, BEARING ON ITS BOSOM THE WHITE-WINGED FLEETS OF COMMERCE, FILL YER WITH—"

Second Ditto. "FI—NOT A BIT OF IT." (*Steamer takes a slight lurch!*) "QUITE THE CONTRARY!" [*Makes off abruptly!*]

SPY FEVER.

THE following extract from the *Cautious Continental Travellers' Conversation Guide-Book*, may be found useful at the present moment to intending visitors to France:—

The invalid gentleman in the Bath-chair is not a Prussian General of Division, but the husband of my mother-in-law.

I cannot establish the truth of my assertion by the immediate production of his certificate of baptism, marriage-licence, family-tree or other documentary evidence, but I can cause to be brought over from England his family solicitor, who will swear to his identity.

I would rather spend the next few days at the nearest Hôtel, than in the city dungeon.

These manacles and leg-irons are too tight.

Why are my wife, her sister, my two maiden aunts, the husband of my mother-in-law,

and the Welsh gentleman whom we met by chance at the Railway Station, all being conducted with drawn swords to the prison-van.

Yes, I will pledge you my word that neither my wife, nor her sister, nor my two maiden aunts, nor the husband of my mother-in-law, nor the Welsh gentleman whom we met by chance at the Railway Station, are related directly to Prince BISMARCK.

This book is not, as you imagine, a compendium of German hieroglyphics for secret signalling, but a last month's BRADSHAW'S *Sixpenny Railway Guide*.

Nor is the old Ulster I am wearing the usual undress overcoat of a Prussian cavalry officer of distinction. The *Juge d'Instruction* is wrong in supposing that the address of *Highbury* on my cards stands for *Heidelberg* in Saxon.

I am glad to hear that my wife, her sister, my two maiden aunts, the husband of my mother-in-law, and the Welsh gentleman whom we met by chance at the Railway Station, are to be let out after only two days' incarceration on bread and water, and merely subjected to police supervision, without permission to quit the place.

Do you think that the intervention of the British Consul would procure my removal to a cell less infested by rats?

I am relieved to think that we are suddenly dismissed as "detained in error," and told to pack out of the place as soon as possible, without any apology.

I think, therefore, that as we have been subjected to some inconvenience, I, and my wife, and her sister, my two maiden aunts, the husband of my mother-in-law, and the Welsh gentleman whom we met by chance at the Railway Station, will communicate the circumstances quietly to the *Times* newspaper.

DEGLUTITION.

Doggerel, by a Dyspeptic.

AH! "To bite or not to bite,
That's the question." . . . "GLADSTONE'S right."

LUBBOCK says. His *ipse dixit*
Surely, surely ought to fix it.

But against that scientist
Comes one "Physiologist."

Who, with a conviction strong,
Says the Grand Old Muncher's wrong
Mastication mostly needless?

Comfort here for eater heedless.

Every mouthful thirty bites?

That's a notion that affrights

Many a snatcher of a snack.

Joy to many a party hack

In the notion that Old Collars

Needlessly has taxed his molars!

Rapture to the Tory wit

To find the Grand Old Biter bit!

Still the man of weak incisors

Wishes that his sage advisers

Would a little more agree.

Thirty bites, or ten, or three?

"Bolt your meat, and chew potatoes"—

Is that saw as sage as PLATO'S!

Have digestion and nutrition

Nought to do with deglutition?

"CLUBS! CLUBS!"—It is stated that a new Club—to be called the National Union Club—is to be established in London in connection with the Liberal Unionists, and, presumably, as a rival to the National Liberal Club. Has the ubiquitous Mr. CAINE anything to do with it? It seems so natural that CAINE should try to slay his Home-Rule loving Liberal brother—with a Club!

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM

THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

Monday, September 6.—Exciting scene in House of Lords. Quarter past Four Duke of BUCKINGHAM AND CHANDOS took seat on the Woolsack in absence of LORD CHANCELLOR. Constitution requires presence of three Peers to make a quorum. Only the Lord Viscount Grand Cross, present in body of House. Question: was this a quorum?

"Certainly," said the Duke of BUCKINGHAM AND CHANDOS. "I'm two and you're another."

The Lord Viscount disposed to argue matter. Controversy interrupted by arrival of STRATHEDEN AND CAMPBELL.

"Now we're five," said BUCKINGHAM AND CHANDOS, "and will proceed with the orders of the day."

Business over in five minutes.

"A minute for each of us," said the Duke.

In the Commons two hundred melancholy Members present; spent the sitting in discussing Army Estimates. Whenever division called, 50, more or less, voted in one lobby, and 150, more or less, in the other.

Sage of Queen Anne's Gate made gallant effort to prohibit military bands playing at political demonstrations. Proposed to dock the wages of 1038 drummers provided for in Estimates. Defeated on division by the usual 150 against 50, but got promise from War Minister to look into matter. Meanwhile, Colonel WARING proposes to make arrangements for recognition of the Sage's work. The 1038 drummers to assemble at Queen Anne's Gate and serenade the Sage.

Dr. TANNER distinguished himself throughout Sitting, jumping up on every Vote. "Always coming back like a bad tanner," as CAMPBELL-BANNERMAN said. JOSEPH GILLIS regards Member for Mid-Cork with kind of pathetic interest. "They're gettin' too much for me, TOBY," he said to-night, with a sob in his voice. "I can't keep pace with 'em. I'm gettin' on in years, and what's worse, am feeling benumbed with a sense of respectability. Like STAFFORD NORTHCOTE I feel there's no go about me, and shouldn't wonder if, in a year or two, I, like him, retire to the House of Lords." The dear old JOEY B.! He certainly is getting uncommonly respectable as compared with the young bloods; wears gloves constantly now; suspends his *pince-nez* by the black ribbon affected by benevolent old gentlemen. "He's qualifying for the Peerage," the Boys say, as they gaze at him affectionately.

Business done.—Army Estimates.

Tuesday.—Another exciting seven minutes in the Lords. Still difficulty about forming quorum. Efforts made to secure STRATHEDEN AND CAMPBELL. With BUCKINGHAM AND CHANDOS on the Woolsack, that would make a quorum, and one over. But S. & C. won't come. "You won't have me when I want to speak," he says,

"and when you want me you must just wait." Neither is RICHMOND AND GORDON to be had. Doesn't think so much of the Markiss as he once did. MILLTOWN waylaid, and brought in.

"Well, as we are here," says he, "may as well amuse ourselves. Supposing we play at riddles? Post-Office people order that an envelope opened at the side be charged at a higher rate than the same matter inclosed in an envelope open at the ends. Very well. Supposing that I send out a square envelope, which are the sides, and which the ends?"

BUCKINGHAM gave it up at once. ("Off with his head!" said MILLTOWN.) CHANDOS asked for notice. MILLTOWN accordingly gave notice to put the question on Thursday.

Riddles also in Commons. Best put by Admiral COMMEREILL. Subject

"Nine times before it burst!"

under discussion Navy Estimates, with special reference to the guns. WOODALL, in ingenious speech, rather made out that it is

an advantage, especially in hot weather, to have guns accustomed to blow off their breeches. He knew a gun to have been fired nine times before it burst! (*Signs of incredulity.*) He begged to propose the health of the fragments. (*General assent.*)

It was after this Admiral COMMEREILL came aboard with his conundrum.

"Sir," he said, "what I want to know is, how is it that there's more danger in the rear of our guns than in front of them?"

Committee considered this for five hours. At quarter past Two in the morning gave it up, and adjourned.

Business done.—Navy Estimates.

Thursday.—In Lords to-night MILLTOWN's conundrum fired off. The Markiss feebly took refuge in assertion that Postal Authorities didn't understand the question. Speaking for himself, admitted that it would be very difficult with square envelope to say which was the top and which the side. MILLTOWN naturally elated at thus flooring the House. Going to think of another conundrum for next week.

In the Commons, the Sage of Queen Anne's Gate "went for" RANDOLPH. Amongst other things, blandly proposed to reduce his salary by £3,000. Argued the matter out in quietest manner, showing his proposition based upon sound logic and considerations of public welfare. RANDOLPH's naturally equable temper slightly



Behind the Speaker's Chair.

ruffled. Just been behind the Chair in interview with HARTINGTON and CHAMBERLAIN. Sir CHARLES FORSTER tells me they don't quite agree in view of arrangements made for introduction of PARNELL's Bill. RANDOLPH been explaining matters. Doubtful whether he has satisfied both.

After such ordeal, a little trying to come back and listen to proposition to reduce your salary by more than one-half. Boiling over with rage, but severely silent. Committee on division votes full salary.

House, generally, in a cranky state, Members constantly wandering off upon irrelevant excursions, sternly brought back by the SPEAKER.

JOSEPH GILLIS, breaking long silence, begins a discussion on cost of evictions.

"Out of order," says the SPEAKER.

JOEY B. meekly sits down. Ah me! How times change.

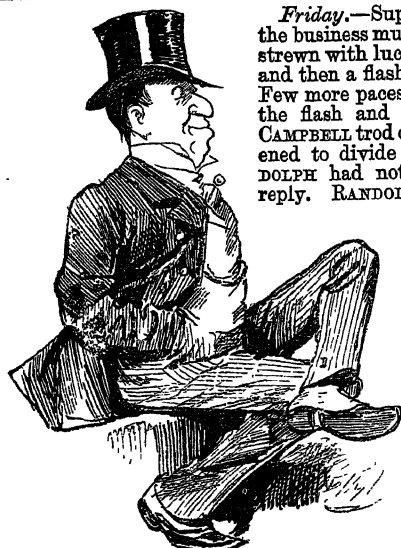
"How's this, JOSEPH?" I said, coming later upon the old man.

"Expected you'd have had it out with the SPEAKER, and shown him he was wrong."

"Not now, TOBY; not now," he said, with something like a sigh.

"It's vulgar. You wouldn't have me demane myself to the level of TANNER or MAT HARRIS?"

Business done.—Not very much.



"Can't help smiling."

fixed at £1,200. JOSEPH and JESSE both absent—gone forth arm-in-arm in search of holiday pleasures. No one to say a word for them, and, in the end, vote reduced by £300. "Can't help smiling," said JACOB. After this, a great calm of satisfaction fell over Committee, and money voted with increased rapidity.

Business done.—Votes in Supply.

HINTS TO NEW MEMBERS.

MANY new Members of the House of Commons having written to *Mr. Punch* for his advice as to the best means of "getting on" in Parliament, he has prepared for their guidance a few simple and infallible rules:—

1. As soon as you have taken your seat, write a note to the SPEAKER, and tell him to call upon you at a certain hour—say half-past six. He will not venture to disregard this notice. Speak at as great a length as you can, beginning a sentence occasionally with, "And now a few words in conclusion." This keeps alive the pleasures of hope in the breasts of your audience.
2. Half the battle consists in founding your method of speaking upon a good model. Dr. TANNER, for instance, has a very attractive manner, or if you prefer the fine old Roman style, take Mr. CONY-BEARE. A persuasive and brilliant delivery may be acquired from imitation of Dr. CLARKE, or Sir GEORGE CAMPBELL. As regards management of the voice, you cannot do better than study the system adopted by Sir. N. KAY-SHUTTLEWORTH.
3. When you have spoken, sit down upon your hat. This is a very favourite performance, and when well executed—as it was lately by Mr. R. G. WEBSTER—never fails to bring down the House. Take a new hat with you for this particular occasion.
4. Cultivate a good-loud cough or sneeze, and practise it whenever an interesting speech is being made. It prevents you being overlooked. In the midst of an effective peroration from the G. O. M. or Lord RANDOLPH, a tremendous sneeze—or even a loud trumpeting from the nose—has a very happy effect. Better to be known for your sneeze than to be lost in the general crowd.
5. Go and have a chat with the SPEAKER occasionally. Recollect that he must be lonely, perched up in that chair all night, and naturally he longs for an opportunity of comparing notes with new Members on the personal appearance and style of the chief leaders and debaters. Climb up on his chair, and sing out in his ear, "Mr. PEEEL!" You will receive immediate attention.
6. Rise whenever you think proper, and call an old Member to order. You may be quite in the wrong, but never mind—it gives you importance, and draws upon you the favourable notice of the SPEAKER, who is always very glad to be reminded of his duty—especially by new Members.
7. When you dine in the House, take a seat at the table set apart for Ministers. This is generally recognised as an assertion of your claim to official position, and you are pretty sure to get some post or other when the next vacancy arises.
8. If you consider yourself good-looking, walk up and down the House frequently, and make yourself as conspicuous as possible. This pleases the ladies in the Gallery. After a division, just as the tellers are bowing to the SPEAKER, go and stand close to the table as

Friday.—Supply again. Got through the business much as a man crosses a room strewn with lucifer matches. Every now and then a flash of flame and a crackle. Few more paces taken quietly, and again the flash and the explosion. GEORGE CAMPBELL trod on a match when he threatened to divide Committee because RANDOLPH had not given him conciliatory reply. RANDOLPH, who had through the sitting kept his temper with rare success, flared up at this. Offered to fight CAMPBELL on the spot. Was taking off his coat as preliminary to operations, when HICKS-BEACH gently, but firmly, buttoned it across his chest.

Chiefest explosion around salary of JESSE COLLINGS during brief tenure of office. JOHN DILLON roundly accused JESSE of having invoked the aid of JOSEPH to obtain £1,500 a year, when the salary had been



CANNY.

"WHY I DINNA PRAYFAIR TAE SMOKE, HECH? WEEL, NOO, LODDIE, I'LL JOOST TELL YE. WHILES YE'RE SMOKING, YE BLAW AN' BLAW, AN' WHAUR IS 'T' BUT GIN YE TAK A GUID PENCH, LOSH! MON, YE KEN ET'S THER!"

if you were about to receive their report. Everybody must then see you, and your blue eyes, raven hair, or what not must be sufficiently admired. You cannot hope to cut out Sir RICHARD TEMPLE, but you need not let him have it all his own way.

9. When selecting your seat, choose one just behind your party leaders, and lean over to them now and then, and give them your ideas as to their policy, management, and so forth. Tell them what you think of their speeches, and keep up a running fire of commentary on the debate. Speak your mind plainly, especially if you think your leaders are wrong—they like it.

10. If you are a Conservative, go up to Lord RANDOLPH CHURCHILL whenever you find yourself in the lobby with him, and ask him what he intends to do about Ireland, why he made MATTHEWS Home Secretary, and what is the reason he has not yet desired you to speak. Inquire how it is that you never see him in the smoking-room now with LABOUCHERE, and whether he has had a row with CHAMBERLAIN. Nothing pleases him so much as little attentions of this kind.

11. If you find that any Member of longer standing than yourself has occupied a particular seat to which his right is generally respected, go and take it at once. Sentimental nonsense about courtesy will not go down in these Democratic days. Let the old Member understand that you are the Coming Man, and that your portrait has been in the *Penny Gusher*, or the *Evangelical Foghorn*. He will soon see the propriety of giving way to you.

12. If you notice Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT sitting alone at any time, take your place by his side, and enter into conversation. You will find him easy of access, and diffident and affable in manner. If you ask him a few pertinent questions—such as the date of his speech on Conservatives stewing in Parnellite juice, how it was he became converted to Home Rule, why he was called Sir LUCIUS O'TRIGGER the other day, and so forth—you will receive from him a reception which will long linger in your memory.

By following these directions, the ambitious new Member cannot fail to "get on," though whether it will be in the desired direction or not, can only be ascertained after due trial and experience.

SQUARING THE "CIRCLE."—A Correspondent claims to have almost solved this problem. He can, he says, procure "Orders" for the Upper Boxes at nearly every theatre in London.

AN IRISH REMEDY.—Having examined the draft of Mr. PARNELL's Land Bill, one of his party expressed a fear that Landlords would find that draught a bitter pill.

AN ORANGE OUTRAGE.—Covent Garden Market.

HARRY ON COMMERCIAL EDUCATION.

DEAR CHARLIE,

I'm down on my luck and no error, dear boy. Got the sack! All along of a dashed German Sossidge, whose nut I should jest like to crack. I got a bit bosky one night with some pals who 'ad won on a race, The Boss tipped me the mitten next day, and young Yah-yah pops into my place.

Pooty sort of nice thing for a Briton! It's wot I call beastly, old man. These 'ere Germans know three or four tongues, and can live on thin swipes and cold scran;

They ain't got no more go than a hoyster, cares little for lotion and larks, And so they sneaks into our slippers, the nasty mean tow-headed sharks!

I 'ate all dashed forriners, CHARLIE, I do s'elp me never, dear boy. They 'ave gabs as we can't understand, and play games as we cannot enjoy, Yet they swarms over 'ere like muskeeters, French, Germans, Hightalians, and Dutch,

And they 're cuttin' us hout like Jemimer. By Jove, it's a dollup too much!

And now there's this 'ere 'OWARD VINCENT perposing a pooty nice game, Wants to heducate English Commercial, as though it was *hus* was to blame. Wy, I calls that a reglar cave in to the Yah-yah and Pollywoo lot. Kick 'em out, my dear boy, that's the lay, or Old England 'll soon go to pot.

University, CHARLIE, for bagmen and shopmen and clerks and our sort? All my eye and a bandbox, my biffin. Life *would* be a proper fine sport If we 'ad to learn two or three languidges, grammar, and sech tommy rot, Turn 'ermits and book-sucking sneaks, and get two quid a week for the lot!

No, CHARLIE, that may suit the Germans, the pap-blooded gruel-brained mugs, Who crawl into our shops and our horfices, jest like the moth into rugs, And 'edge hout us chaps with more sperrit and less forrin lingo and fat, But it's rather too good enough, CHARLIE, for fellers like *hus*, and that's flat.

Wy, the Sossidge as collared my crib is a yaller-'aired mustard-chin'd chap, Gig-lamps and a nose like a radish, grinds 'ard, never goes on the lap, Reads SHAKSPEARS instead o' the Pink 'Un, and plays the pianner like steam; But 'as no more ideer of a Barney, dear boy, than a Teddington bream.

And this ochre-nob'd juggins from Germany comes and jumps into my shoes, Jest because I'm not dab at the Yah-yah, and 'appened to go on the booze. Call *that* patriotic, my pippin? Should kick all dashed forriners out! Or else where's the good of the Tories, and wot is Lord RANDOLPH about?

I did think when the Rads was conflobbed, and that traitor, Old COLLARS, was dished,

That us Britons would look up a mossel, and do as we jolly well wished. And now here's that dashed 'OWARD VINCENT a-raising a doose of a fuss, And instead of keel-hauling the furriner, putting the kibosh on *hus*!

We're out of it, CHARLIE, we English, we're out of it, CHARLIE, all round. Purtection's our game, that's a moral, I'm Fairtrader down to the ground. The furriner's mucking our market, and histing us out of our stools, But we'll give 'im what for even yet, if our Statesmen ain't thunderin' fools.

I'd tariff 'em, CHARLIE, I tell yer, I'd tariff 'em up to their chins, Lop-sided Free Trade is all boko, and that's wy the Sossidges wins. Jest keep their goods out of our markets, and keep their men out of our shops, And then beef and beer for True Britons, and leave 'em the kickshaws and slops!

We done very well, mate, without 'em, afore we'd Free Trade on the brain; We done without them and their lingo—and wy can't we do it again? If we English ain't cocks o' the walk, if our course isn't go-as-you-please, Wy we might jest as well chuck it up and turn Dutchemen, or Heathen Chinee.

We are ruined by forren cheap labour, cheap goods, and cheap living, dear boy, Though I don't call it "living" myself. Everythink as a chap can enjoy Young Yah-yah, as nobbled my crib, turns his pink shovel-nose up, old man. He may live upon lager and langwidges, CHARLIE; sech isn't *my* plan.

Oh, bust it, dear boy, it's too bad! Here's yours truly slap down on 'is luck, Lost a pot on Lord MUTTONHEAD's "moral," and now I 'ave got the clean chuck, All along of a spree and a Sossidge. If RANDOLPH can't alter this fun, I shall turn up the Primrose, I tell yer, and say as Old England's clean done.

As to more heducation for Britons, that's bunkum, mere Radical bosh, 'OWARD VINCENT did ought to know better; I tell 'im his scheme will not wash. Them Germans stand cram like their geese, but I've landed as much as I'll carry. Three patters and two quid a week will not suit Yours disgustedly, ARRY.

A CORRECTION.—In our notice of *The Theatre Magazine*, two numbers ago, we mentioned an interesting article in it signed "CHARLES HERVEY" as being written by M. HERVÉ, the composer of some *Opéras Bouffes*, who within the last twenty years has paid perfidious Albion the great compliment of becoming a naturalised Englishman. This was an error on our part, as the article in question was the work of a genuine Englishman, whose reminiscences of foreign operative history are well worth preserving.

FROM THE GROVES OF BLARNEY.

MR. FITZGERALD MOLLOY, an earnest and indefatigable author of very readable books, particularly interesting to students of the History of the Drama, has written a new work entitled *Famous Plays*, of which Messrs. WARD AND DOWNEY are the publishers. By way of "puff preliminary," the author, probably advised by the "downy" member of the firm, has sent out a leaflet containing a prefatal dedication of his book to "HENRY IRVING, Esquire." He pays him the high compliment, not unmerited, of saying that "since GARRICK (why not DAVID GARRICK, Esquire) died, no player has studied more persistently, or laboured more strenuously, to elevate the Stage than you."

Admitting this, we are not unmindful of MACREADY, PHELPS, and CHARLES KEAN, Esquires.

He rightly eulogises HENRY IRVING, Esquire's, "ingenious powers" and "liberal enterprise," and adds that in consequence of his possession of these qualities, "the greatest English poet of our day has been accepted as a playwright." If Mr. MOLLOY means Lord TENNYSON, and not Mr. WILLS, it is true that his plays of *The Cup* and *Queen Mary* were "accepted" and acted. HENRY IRVING, Esquire, and Miss ELLEN TERRY, with a magnificent scene, made the success of the first; but nothing and nobody could make a success of the latter. If these, with *Becket*, the "idyllic" *Falcon*, and *The Promise of May*, which was such a hopeless "frost," entitle the Laureate to be "accepted as a playwright," then we strongly suspect that Mr. MOLLOY, with true native humour, will be saying, aside, in a stage-whisper, "Sure, I didn't say what sort of a playwright!"

Further on he tells "HENRY IRVING, Esquire" that his scholarly conceptions and powerful representations "have wrested weighed admiration from an unemotional age, and wrung [it] from an unimaginative Nation." Mr. MOLLOY is evidently poking his fun at us, and, it may be, at "HENRY IRVING, Esquire;" for how on earth can a Nation be "unimaginative" which imagines Lord TENNYSON to be a real good playwright!

"Your stage," says Mr. MOLLOY, "has become the sanctuary of Art, your theatre the home of Culture."

"Och! BLARNEY MOLLOY
Was a broth of a Boy!"

who, if he does not deserve a niche in the Temple of Fame, has at least merited a stall in the front row of "The Home of Culture;" i.e., the Lyceum Theatre, Wellington Street, Strand.

Mr. Punch cordially recognises the justice of the tribute rendered to "HENRY IRVING, Esquire," but at the same time he cannot help wishing that Mr. MOLLOY had not kissed the Blarney Stone to such excellent purpose before writing this preface.

SOMETHING LIKE A TYRANT!

SCENE—Interior of the CZAR'S bomb-proof Study, guarded by a small army of Horse, Foot, and Artillery. The Emperor of RUSSIA and his most trusted Aide-de-Camp discovered conversing in whispers.

Czar. So at my contemptuous nod the heroic ALEXANDER of Battenberg has been ignominiously driven from his Principality?

Aide. Certainly, your Majesty.

Czar. And now to arrange a matter of far greater importance. Have you lined the railroad with armed troops?

Aide. Yes, your Majesty.

Czar. Given them loaded rifles with fixed bayonets, ready to fire upon anyone who comes within a thousand yards of the road along which I have to travel?

Aide. Yes, your Majesty.

Czar. And have you got me three trains, so that by frequent changes I may baffle the conspirators?

Aide. Yes, your Majesty.

Czar. And are all the Stations carefully fortified, so that a surprise is impossible?

Aide. Yes, your Majesty.

Czar. And is the route flooded with police-spies, prepared, at the smallest sign of danger, to sound an alarm?

Aide. Yes, your Majesty.

Czar. And are you quite sure that no one is looking?

Aide. Yes, your Majesty.

Czar. Then I think I may venture to travel from one town in my dominions to another. [Does so.]



MISTRESS AND MAID.

"WHERE HAVE YOU BEEN, JANE?"

"I'VE BEEN TO A MEETING OF THE GIRLS' FRIENDLY SOCIETY, MA'AM."

"WELL, AND WHAT DID THE LADY SAY TO YOU?"

"PLEASE, MA'AM, SHE SAID I WASN'T TO GIVE YOU WARNING, AS I MEANT TO. SHE SAID I WAS TO LOOK UPON YOU AS MY THORN—AND BEAR IT!"

THEATRICAL SPORT IN SEPTEMBER.

MY DEAR MR. NIBBS,—No doubt learning that you had left England for Foreign Parts for a week or ten days, and consequently (to put it colloquially), "were not looking," the Managers of two Theatres have seized the opportunity of producing a couple of plays new to a London audience. Feeling that this was not quite right, I think it my duty to report the matter to you and tell you all about them. At the Princess's *Sister Mary* is a new piece by Messrs. CLEMENT SCOTT and WILSON BARRETT, or, as the playbills have it, Messrs. WILSON BARRETT and CLEMENT SCOTT. I found it a little difficult to distinguish the handiwork of the two Authors, to recognise where CLEMENT ended and WILSON began, or what should go to SCOTT and what belonged to BARRETT, until I remembered that one of the *collaborateurs* was a gentleman of great literary ability, and in his earlier days a much-respected official at the War Office. Assisted by this clue, I came to the conclusion that the writing must be by Mr. SCOTT, and the many practical jokes with which the piece was burdened must owe their invention to Mr. BARRETT. The last Act of *Sister Mary* is intensely military, and, consequently, a test to the respective shares of its joint authors. I feel convinced that Mr. SCOTT would never allow a mistake to be made in the details of a soldier's uniform; and when I noticed that one of the reformed villains of the play wore the tunic and trousers of a Sergeant in the Line, and the white helmet of either an Artilleryman or a Royal Engineer, I was certain that I had detected the jocular hand of Mr. BARRETT. Given this piece of pleasantry as Mr. WILSON's invention, like eccentricities in the piece are also identified as his property. Thus, the quaint idea of the heroine falling in love with the hero when he is in a condition of comic intoxication, and the humorous notion of the same heroine introducing her betrothed on the morning of their wedding to his unknown and unexpected infant, no doubt are both Mr. BARRETT's facetious fancies. But putting aside these eccentricities (because the question of their appropriateness might be a matter of opinion),

IMMUTABILITY.

(A LAY OF THE WAR OFFICE.)

"The War Office deliberately sets its face not merely against change, but against 'experiments pointing to change.'"
—*Times*.

EXPERIMENT? Bah! that is *always* a bore. Let us do as our ancestors have done before. Change everywhere rules and exhibits its trophies, Except in stability's home, the War Office. A splendid exception, and long may it last; Against mutability there we stand fast, And set our stern faces throughout its whole range Against "all experiments pointing to change."

The plaguy Inventor would all things upset With his new-fangled notions. We burke them, you bet. You can't jog along unexcited and bland With confounded experiments always on hand. A gun is a gun, and a fort is a fort; And we cannot be ever the patentee's sport. So we make up our minds—who considers it strange?—Against "all experiments pointing to change."

The Ordnance Department would go off its head If it listened to all that the Services said; And, as to Inventors, we never should rest Did we put all their plans to a practical test. Our answer to them is, "Get out, and don't bother! Until your designs have been tried by another, This nation declares, undesirous to range, Against 'all experiments pointing to change.'"

Our guns, it is true, may be given to burst, But who can be cocksure that that is the worst? Eh? Try? Why, that means to examine, and think, An effort from which the most ardent must shrink. No, hang it! Improvement is mostly a myth, Whatever's admitted by WOODALL and SMITH. From Inventors snug office your mind must estrange, And you flout "all experiments pointing to change."

SIGNS OF THE SEASON.—On the authority of a foreign newspaper, a *lusus nature* was lately noted in the form of a cross between a rabbit and a cat. A similar hybrid had been observed some time since at a Swiss hotel—"a creature in colour pure white, having the head and forelegs of a cat, the hinder parts being those of a rabbit. The ears were likewise those of a rabbit." Of what length were the observers' ears?

the play is a very good one. The acting, taken all round, is quite up to the average of a first-class London company, although the *dramatis personæ* made their initial appearance before a provincial audience. Miss MAGGIE HUNT, as the mother of the infant, plays with much earnestness; but, by her extremely attractive appearance, renders the hesitation of the hero to marry her highly improbable. Mr. LEONARD BOYNE tones down the rascality of the faithless object of two women's affections by cleverly suggesting (so it seemed to me) in the Second and Third Acts that he has not quite recovered from the intemperate habits which appeared to be habitual to him in Scene the First. Miss LINGARD also has a prominent character in the play, and exhibits her usual intensity. As some of the speeches put in this lady's mouth are rather suggestive of the leading articles of a daily paper, when I learned at the end of the last Act that the anti-blue-ribbonite hero was to marry her, I felt that poetic justice had been completely satisfied.

The piece I witnessed at the Vaudeville was called *Curiosity*, and I am glad to say it was announced for one representation only. The less that is said about it the better. When I tell you that the central idea is the endeavour of two Ladies to get rid of their bunions and "decayed molars," to quote the Author's words, unknown to their lovers, you may guess the quality of the production. Honestly I do not remember ever having seen a more disagreeable play. Even the admirable acting of Miss LARKIN could not make it tolerable. It is by a Mr. DERRICK, who has scarcely the excuse of inexperience, if (as I am given to understand is the case) *Curiosity* is his second, if not third, published attempt at writing an amusing Comedy.

I may add that I am told that *Turned Up* is a success at the Royalty, and Mrs. CONOVER quite unique as *Lady Macbeth* at the Olympic. Places should be taken in advance for the first, but no such precaution for obtaining admission is necessary at the second. Still, both, so I am informed, are highly diverting.

With greatest respect, allow me to remain, dear Mr. NIBBS,

CHARLES YOUR FRIEND.



IMPRESSIONS.

"Artist" (in despair). "CRUEL GIRL! FOR YEARS I'VE TRIED TO PHOTOGRAPH YOUR IMAGE ON MY 'EART—AND ALL I GET IS A 'NEGATIVE'!"

MIDDAY MARAUDERS.

To the Editor of the "Daily Starling."

SIR,—I can quite confirm what your Correspondent "CRIPPLE FOR LIFE," states as to the unsafe condition of the Gray's Inn Road. Yesterday afternoon I was walking on the pavement in broad daylight, when no fewer than sixteen hulking fellows dashed at me from a narrow opening, where no doubt they had all been concealed! Considering their superiority in numbers, their conduct in knocking me down and then breaking five of my ribs with kicks, before taking my watch and purse, was singularly unjustifiable. They might have proceeded with much less energy and precipitancy, especially as—a fact which I afterwards discovered—there did not appear to be a policeman anywhere nearer than King's Cross! I think Sir CHARLES WARREN should do something really handsome for

Middlesex Hospital.

Yours obediently,

MUCH SHAKEN.

SIR,—Being obliged by my business often to make use of the Gray's Inn Road, I am surprised at the assertions of "CRIPPLE FOR LIFE" in your late issue. I consider it a most safe and delightful thoroughfare. I wish I could say the same for some parts of the Strand. Having been several times knocked into the gutter, and then robbed of every farthing I carried with me, I have lately adopted the following plan whenever I have had reason to walk from Somerset House to Charing Cross. First securing my watch in my pocket by means of a stout galvanised iron cable, which completely encircles my neck and waist, and terminates in a couple of anchors embedded in my two trousers-pockets, I proceed to connect this cable with a rather powerful dynamo concealed up my back. Well, Sir, only two days ago my contrivance was put to the test by the Strand thieves. Two men—whose appearance was most forbidding, and whose mere presence in such a thoroughfare ought to have attracted the attention of every constable in the neighbourhood—approached me, and asked me what the time was? At the same moment three others, coming from another direction, requested me to supply them with a match! I was surrounded, and the next

thing was that I felt a strong grab made at my watch-chain. I was delighted to see that the thief was instantly floored by the electric current. By this time, however, I myself was on my back, having been felled by some blunt instrument, and one of the men, by an adroit kick, managed to smash my concealed dynamo! I am afraid the ruffian had warning of my plan, or else must have been a disguised electrician of more than ordinary acumen. Under these circumstances, I was easily relieved of my watch, chain, purse, and boots, and left insensible on the wood pavement. When I came to my senses, I found myself in a cell at the Police Station, whither I had been taken as being "drunk and incapable"! I remained there all night! What, Sir, I ask indignantly, is Sir CHARLES WARREN doing?

Yours, &c.,

LONDON TRADESMAN.

SIR,—I have carried on business for some years in the Strand (as an importer of genuine high-class foreign wines at the low price of sixteen-and-sixpence a dozen), and cannot understand the complaints made as to its insecurity.

Now there is a thoroughfare near here, which is so terribly dangerous and unprotected, that I should certainly advise no one to venture into it. I allude to St. Martin's Lane, a street in which, I regret to say, a low rival of my own has established himself, who has the assurance to offer what he calls wine at thirteen shillings a dozen! Only a few nights ago my wife and a female cousin were walking along the pavement. It was quite dark, though not very late. Perhaps it was a little imprudent for them to be examining the contents of their purses under a gas-lamp at such an hour, but—would you believe it?—a man walked up and coolly snatched my wife's purse from her hand! Another at the same moment decamped with the small bag which my cousin carried. A little boy, who was standing by, and who was appealed to to follow the ruffians, only exclaimed, "What a lark!" Worse than that, when my wife spoke to a policeman, who was chatting with a comrade at the far end of the street, he seemed annoyed at being disturbed, and actually threatened to take them both into custody for causing an obstruction in the street! And yet this is called the safest capital in Europe!

Yours remonstratingly,

A WRATHFUL RATEPAYER.

September 20th.



FIRST-CLASS UNDERGROUND STUDY.

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 11, 1886, 10-30 P.M.

[Our Artist vouches that the Sketch is—as he himself nearly was—“taken from life,” and thinks that, if this happens every evening, life at night on the “Underground,” between South Kensington and Addison Road, must be unpleasantly lively!]

A WATER COURSE.

VII.

The Colonel at our Table.

THE life and soul, or, at least, as the excellent SAMBORNUS hath it, “one of the lifes and souls,” of our breakfast-table is the Colonel. He is a remarkable man, certainly over forty, slightly bald, clean shaven, except for a moustache tinged with grey, tallish, stoutish, attired in an easy-going flannel costume, seldom quiet for a moment, and full of schemes and plans for passing the day. He has been here barely four days, and he knows more about the capabilities of Royat as a place of amusement, than its oldest and most influential inhabitant. He has travelled all over the world, and made himself at home everywhere and in every language.

His nationality, I believe, is Dutch; he speaks German thoroughly, French well, English fluently, having, as I understand, obtained his military rank in the American army. He possesses a smattering of Italian, in which country he met a young English lady, who having made a successful *début* on the operatic stage, consented to become his wife on condition that she should not abandon her profession for at least five years. As her engagements soon compelled her to travel all over Europe and America, nothing could have better suited the Colonel's roving taste: but besides this, he was devoted to music, for which he possesses a quick but inaccurate ear, and a memory wherein is stored up any amount of plots of Operas, their titles, the names of their composers, of the singers, and the points of the leading dramatic situations,—only all so mixed up that, when he wants any one scene, air, name, or situation in particular, he has to rummage about in his memory-box, whence he produces a medley, from which, after a considerable time spent in sorting, he extracts the required material, whatever it may happen to be.

With a special liking for, artistes and artistic life, he has dabbled in journalism, and has on two or three occasions acted, in an amateur way, as “Our Own Correspondent Abroad.” Nothing gives him so much pleasure as composing newspaper paragraphs, except subsequently seeing his compositions in print, when he is in a state of the most gleeful excitement. These paragraphs are a matter of considerable expense to him, as on the appearance of any one of them he at only purchases an extensive number of copies, which he posts to friends all over the world.

He is already on the friendliest terms with the journalists of Royat, and on the second morning of our arrival he comes into breakfast flourishing one of the local papers, and exclaiming, “Look! see! what they say in ter paper,” and then he reads out a flaming paragraph, in which after introducing all our names among the “distinguished arrivals,” a graceful compliment is paid to the eminent Dr. HAMMOND PUTTENNEY, on his great wisdom in selecting Royat, above all other *Stations Thermales*, for the sojourn of his patients.

“Who on earth put this in?” I ask, innocently.

“The Colonel chuckles with delight, but shrugs his shoulders and professes to be absolutely ignorant on the subject. As, however, his thorough acquaintance with phrases in the paragraphs is remarkable, and as he knows so precisely where to put his finger on the passages which, as he considers, constitute the beauty of the work, I cannot help expressing my opinion that their inspirer, if not their actual author, is not two hundred yards from our breakfast-table.

“Ah!” cries the Colonel, in a perfect ecstasy of shrugs and winks fraught with unutterable meaning, “I cannot tell! I do not ask. But they get these things in somehow. See!” he cries out to his wife, who just then enters the room, “See, my dear, what they say about you! It is nice! Very nice! I must send it to some friends.”

Though his English is generally delivered with only the slightest possible accent, our “th,” being an occasional difficulty, yet on the whole there are peculiarities of manner, intonation and emphasis, which are evidence of his foreign origin.

Then the Colonel has a few more papers to show, journals from other localities, with longer accounts of Madame ROSETTA's (her professional name) triumphant career, and a sonnet addressed to her, not only as a genuine tribute of admiration for her talents, but even more for the use to which she so frequently puts them, singing for local charities which benefit largely by her unvarying good-nature. The Colonel is radiant, as he draws our attention to the first verse:—

“Quand vous chantez, Madame, on accourt, on s'empresse,
Fût-ce même à l'église, on vous aime, on vous suit,
Vous forcez le sceptique à se rendre à la messe,
A défaut de la foi, le charme l'y conduit.”

“Regardez! the heading!” says the Colonel, and then we notice that most of this information contained in the journal of another water-cure place not Royat, comes under the title of “*Le High-Life*.” But this is of the past, and just now the Colonel's chief delight is in our own local paper, where the writer of the paragraph felicitating Royat on our arrival, finishes with “*Et remerçons encore une fois*,”—“You see, they've done it before,” says the Colonel, who, in the exuberance of his enjoyment, is nodding and winking at everybody round the table and at friends seated at a distance, for whose benefit he waves aloft the journal and goes through a variety of pantomimic action—“*le Docteur Hammond Puttenney de nous avoir amené de si charmants clients*,”—the “*charmants clients*” are Cousin JANE, Mrs. DINDERLIN, the American lady (also under Cherubic care) and myself, who have all of us arrived within the last week. It is a great morning for the Colonel.

He professes extreme devotion to the fair sex, which he expresses in phrases and in action—specially in action—of a most exaggerated character. On the entrance of the ladies of our party into the *salle-à-manger*, he rises from his seat, bows at an angle of ninety, places his hand on his heart, at the same time shaking his head, as if disavowing all individual importance on his own account, and in a general way going through the sort of performance to which HARRY PAYNE, at Christmas-time, is accustomed to treat us in the comic Bed-room Scene, when exhibiting the effect of a suddenly-conceived passion for a truculent-looking landlady in long black corkscrew curls, whom, so fickle is man's attachment, he will, within the next two minutes, send flying out of the room with a few delicate strokes from the warming-pan; though, of course, this particular portion of the entertainment does not form part of the Colonel's programme.

To Cousin JANE—who has led a country life, and whose knowledge of pantomimic politeness is not extensive—the Colonel's movements, performed with the utmost gravity, are at first considerably embarrassing. But she sets it down to foreign manners, and accepts his homage with an air of serious courtesy that would do honour to the most stately Duchess. Mrs. TOFFAM, the American lady, puts out her hand, which he immediately kisses in the most respectful manner possible. At this she looks across at Madame, as if expecting some interference from her, which, however, Madame being perfectly accustomed to these eccentricities on her husband's part, only occurs when the Colonel's humour is of a more exuberantly rollicking character than usual, when she says, in a warning tone, and equally emphasising both syllables, “AL—FRED!” whereupon he immediately abbreviates the performance, whatever it may happen to be at the moment, and coming round to his wife's chair, insists upon taking her hand, and kissing it in the most respectful, and at the same time the most profoundly apologetic manner; then, after Madame has given him a playful tap on the head with her fan, saying, “ALFRED, you are a great big boy—do sit down, and behave yourself properly,” he returns to his seat, and for a short time, during which he employs himself with his breakfast, he is comparatively quiet.

He has a quick eye for ladies' costume.

“Ah, permit me to say it—you do not mind?”—he says, addressing Mrs. TOFFAM, “but what a beautiful lace you have!”

“You think so,” returns Mrs. TOFFAM, pleased.

“It is—is it not, my dear?”—this to his wife, who also expresses her admiration of it, and smiles on Mrs. TOFFAM. “It es pretty! But—you permit me?—you do not mind?”

“No, certainly not—what is it?” asks Mrs. TOFFAM.

"Well—I notice you have always a lit-tel pin sticking out where it should not—permit me—"

And then he suggests to Mrs. TOFFAM first, and afterwards to the other ladies, such improvements as would revolutionise their entire costume. He directs their attention, too, to the visitors.

"That one is new—she has just arrived yesterday. She is an Actress at the Gymnase. That lady there, with the grey hair, is her mother—How do you do, Madame?" He rises, and bows to her across three or four tables, causing every one to turn in that direction, which confuses the unfortunate Madame CHOSE considerably. But this is of no consequence to the Colonel, who has discovered other celebrities, whom he is now pointing out to us. "That old man there, *décoré*, like NAPOLEON THIRD, he is a rich banker; that is his daughter, the Countess—I forget her name. How do you do, both?—and those who are just taking their seats are a Spanish family. There is a Prince somewhere—of Portugal—but he breakfasts in his apartment—ah! look at that little fat man with moustache and green riband—he is his secretary"—he salutes him with a friendly nod.

"Ah, I must not forget my family! I must feed my family!" cries the volatile Colonel. Cousin JANE who doats on children, looks immensely pleased, expecting to welcome the Colonel's children.

Madame observes this, and smilingly explains, "ALFRED is so silly. You see that box?" the Colonel is now putting bread and bits of meat, and vegetables into a small silver box, on the table by his plate. We reply that we do see that box, and I remark that I had thought it was a snuff-box, which amuses the Colonel immensely. "Well," continues Madame, "that carries the food for his 'family,' as he calls it. His 'family' consists of his Parrot Lili, and his little dog Mimi, which he carries about with him everywhere."



"I'm not an Eton Boy."

But the *petit* having quite recovered himself, replies briskly and with complete self-possession, "Yes, I do. I'm not an Eton boy. I'm not old enough to go to Eton yet. Eton beat Harrow this year. Were you at Eton?"

"No, I was not," answers the Colonel, for once utterly taken a-back and striking his flag before the little gun-boat.

"I thought not," the sharp little chap continues, speaking English perfectly, "because you would have known that Eton boys don't dress like this. This is French, not English style. I must go to breakfast. My papa is there. Good morning." With perfect manners, he salutes our party collectively, and leaves the Colonel utterly discomfited.

"That will teach you, ALFRED, not to be always chaffing everybody as you do," says Madame. "It is the bitter bit;" and we rise and leave, for once, without the Colonel's usual pantomimic performance of bowing to the ladies, fetching their sunshades, and kissing the tips of their fingers as they retire from the scene. The interview with the little Eton boy, who delivered his sentences as if he were repeating off by heart an Ollendorffian exercise, has made him thoughtful, and, with his silver box in his hand, he disappears, to solace himself by feeding his family, and having an interview with the parrot, who will cheer him up by joining in the air of "Coming Through the Rye," of which the Colonel sings the five first words, and the parrot the last one. "If a body meet a—" sings the Colonel. "Body," sings the parrot, through his beak. "Coming through the—" sings the Colonel. "Rye!" sings the parrot,—and so on until the verse is concluded, when the bird, having sung for his breakfast, duly receives it.

Within ten days the Colonel knows everybody in the Hotel. At the end of the first week he has got up a dance, which is patronised by Dr. REM, without whose presence, as imparting a sort of benison on a form of entertainment that is certainly not included in the ordinary *traitement*, the patients, when indulging in the delightful dance and the dangerous draught afterwards, might feel somewhat guilty. The Colonel, on this occasion as self-appointed Master of the Ceremonies,

is all in his glory; and those ladies who have brought ball-dresses



The Colonel keeping the Ball a-rolling.

are so grateful to him for giving them a chance of wearing them, that the next day a petticoated deputation formally thanks him on the roof—everything takes place on the roof—for his exertions on their behalf, and he is thenceforward the most popular man in the five hotels. Afterwards, when, somehow or other, in the local journal there appears an account of the "*soirée dansante*"—"exquisite"—"*ravissante*"—with a full description of Madame ROSERTA's charming costume, and so forth, the Colonel, who, like the immortal Mr. Crummles, "cannot imagine how these things get into the papers," is radiant, and spends his entire afternoon in sending copies to his friends.

Cousin JANE and myself only literally "look in" at this gay affair, which begins at an hour that we religiously consecrate to retiring to rest. "What is the use," says Cousin JANE, very sensibly, "of being here for health, and then sitting up and going to parties, and taking supper, just as if we were in London for the Season?" I quite agree with her. She is absolutely right. "Besides," I add, "I haven't brought any evening dress with me."

"And," says JANE, as she takes her candle, and opens her door, "I haven't got anything I could go in. I wish I had. Good night."

TRUE LIBERTY IN FRANCE.

IN the *Times*' Foreign Correspondence last Friday, we read:—

"M. de MORTILLER, well known for his researches on primitive man, and Radical Deputy of Seine-et-Oise, is one of the school of despotic Republicans. As mayor of St. Germain he has decreed that all the municipal officials send their children to the municipal schools on pain of dismissal. He is so convinced of the excellence of secular education, that he will not allow the parents under his rule the option of preferring Catholic schools. But what an outcry he would have raised had a Reactionary mayor required children to be sent to the Catholic schools."

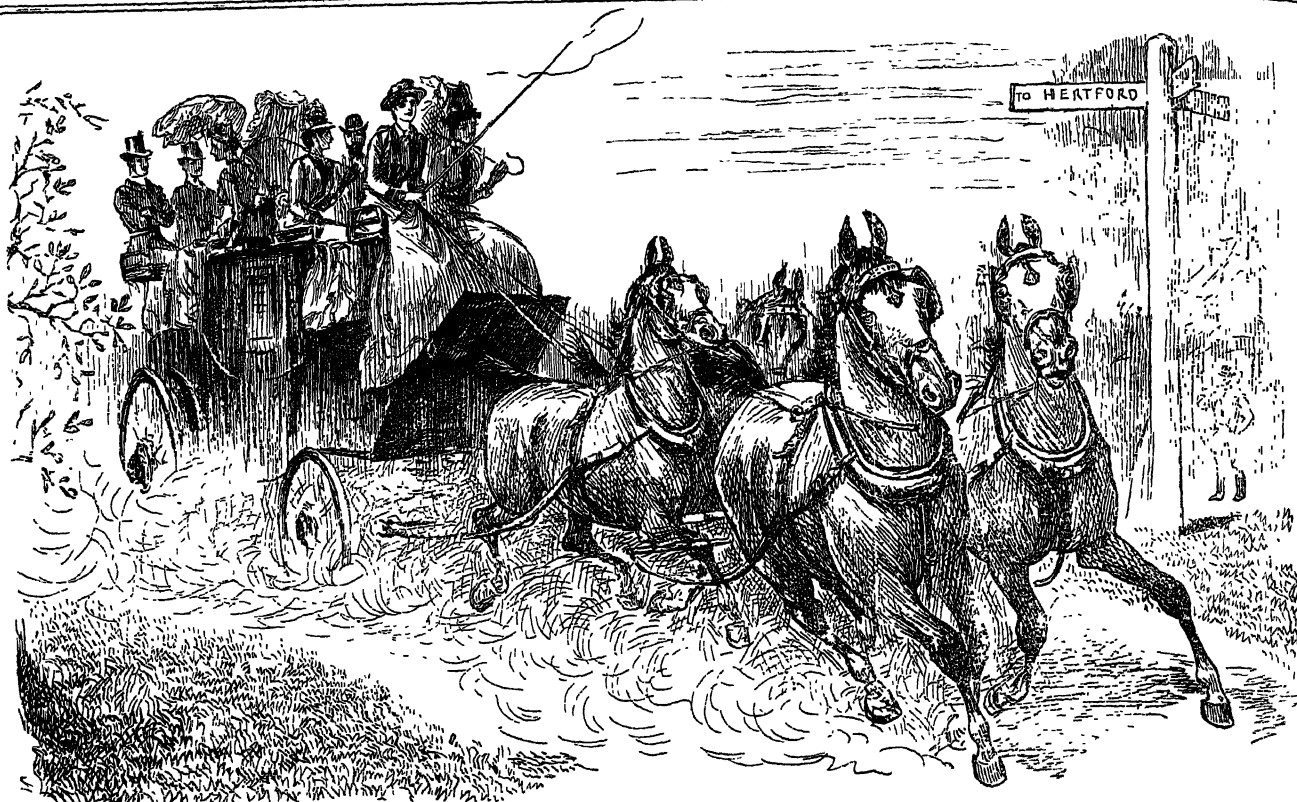
The French Socialistic Communist in supreme command is only a despotic LOUIS THE FOURTEENTH masquerading in a Republican blouse. Were the Rev. Mr. KERR and the Scottish Protestant Alliance in his department, M. de MORTILLER would exterminate the lot of them, much as the Grand Monarque dragonnaded the Huguenots, whose sole crime was their daring to hold an opinion different from his own.

The active spirit of bigotry and fanaticism is exactly the same everywhere, and in every age, whether the possessors of power be Pagan, Papist, Protestant, Communist, Agnostic or Atheist.

And it is for such courtesies as these, forsooth, that LEO THE THIRTEENTH bows so politely, and yields, or seems to yield, to French arrogance in China. "It is like their cheek" to demand any consideration from the POPE, and the latter would be keeping literally to the Christian precept if he presented them with his own cheek, and proceeded in China without considering such exemplary French Christians as are represented by the narrow-minded bigot of the name of MORTILLER. Through such friends as M. de MORTILLER the Republican cause is "mortally" injured.

A REVELATION.—General BRINE—a name more suggestive of an Old Salt than a military man—wrote from the Athenæum Club last week to the *Pall Mall Gazette*, informing that journal that "with his experience he could write columns"—as a General he is accustomed to forming columns—"on the doings of the London police and chuckers-out." Here's a nice member of the respectable Athenæum Club, the resting-place of the highest Ecclesiastics, Chancellors, Judges, and the elderly professors of Science, Literature, and Art! *Ex uno disce omnes*. Are they all, in a general way, like General BRINE? Is it possible that they are still such "sad pickles"?

At the Théâtre Français, *Hamlet*, as translated by MM. DUMAS and MEURICE, is announced as "to be given shortly,"—though "shortly" is not exactly the expression, seeing that they intend doing it with all the changes of scene, just as SHAKESPEARE wrote it. At least so 'tis said; and so probably it is not true. Change of scene in sight of the audience is a novelty for the Français. They should send for AUGUSTUS DRURIOLANUS.



"O TEMPORA! O MORES!" BUT VERY JOLLY, AFTER ALL!

BELLEROPHON JUNIOR;

Or, The "Minute" and the Man.

AR! this will fetch them. There's nothing like attitude!

Pose made the fortune of PHIDIAS—and SKELT.

This will move Radical papers to gratitude,
This will make rigid Economists melt.
Bless you, you've only this rôle to assume
To witch the disciples of RYLANDS or HUME.

Flatter myself I could do the whole lot of them.

Theseus the mighty, or Perseus the brave,

Even Apollo the splendidest pot of them;

Equal, as hero, to smite or to save.

Ah! at a crisis Inquiry's the plan;

Here is the "Minute," and I am the Man.

Minotaur, Python, Chimæra, what matters it?

Monsters of all sorts I'm game to assault;

Whate'er the Bogey my bravery batters it,

Heroes of all work are never at fault.

But for the moment, with Argiphont art,
I am for playing Bellerophon's part.

Triple-faced monster this modern Chimæra is;

Vile and voracious—at least so they say.

This of *inquisitive* heroes the era is,

So, do you see, I'll inquire ere I slay.

Maybe the Hydra need not have been slain
Had Hercules given him time to explain.

Yes, those old heroes were shockingly summary.

Awful tales told of this three-headed brute;
Dare say a deal of them falsehood and flummery.

How much Commission alone can compute.
Meanwhile I show I'm quite ready to cope
With frightfullest Ogre e'er pictured by HORR.

Pst! Gee-up, Pegasus! Interrogation is
Harmless enough, but, at least for awhile,

Seeing how stirred and suspicious the Nation is,
"Stand and deliver!" must speak in my style.

Attitude's all in the demigod line.

What do you think, gentle Public, of mine?

"PUT IT DOWN A 'WE'!"

SOME classical pedant is said to have found out—how the dickens did he do it?—that the Latin *v* should have the sound of *w*. Shade of *Weller Senior*, what next? Fancy great CÆSAR credited with uttering what SHAKESPEARE calls his thrasonical boast in the form of "*Weni, widi, wici!*" Or a punctilious Penny Reading Spouter having to declaim about WIRGINIUS! No, no; this wile innovation must be met with a werry vigorous, wehement, and uniwersal protest.

HOW IT WAS SETTLED.

SAYS JOSEPH to JESSE, "Now, what shall we do?"

SAYS JESSE to JOSEPH, "I'll leave that to you."

SAYS JOSEPH to JESSE, "'Tis true—*now* at least—

That wise men don't come from, but go to the East."
SAYS JESSE to JOSEPH, "In that case of course,

The Orient now is *our* only resource."
SAYS JOSEPH to JESSE, "Our cause it may

gravel
To talk much at present, and so let us travel."

SAYS JESSE to JOSEPH, "Precisely. Ahem!

You are taking a tip from our dear G.O.M."

SAYS JOSEPH to JESSE, "Well, well, that may

be, [see!]

But *we've taken a good bit besides*, don't you

SAYS JESSE to JOSEPH, "All right! I'll go

pack.

Many things, JOE, may happen before we

come back!"

PTOMAINE AND TYROTOXICON.

Groan by a Gourmet.

Good gracious me! Life daily grows
More full of fears, more thick with woes.
Doctors and analysts conspire
To kill enjoyment, slay desire.
Time was when, though of course we knew
Life, like Fate's shuttle, swiftly flew,
And that we all were wicked sinners,
We did at least enjoy our dinners.
But, thanks to ye, that time is gone,
Ptomaine and *Tyrotaxon*!

These are new poisons, we are told,
(Were there not plenty of the old?)
Developed, none can tell us why,
In cheese that's old or game that's high.
Horror! Not eat ripe cheese? Absurd!
Avoid the well-hung hare or bird?
It was the *gourmet's* greatest joy;
Such dainties charmed and did not cloy.
But now our thoughts are fixed upon
Ptomaine and *Tyrotaxon*!

Confound their new and crackjaw terms!
Bacilli and such beastly germs
Were bad enough, but as for these,
Which poison game and spoil old cheese,
And even herd in milk and cream,
They're fiendish. Life's a frightful dream.
Of living what can be the good,
If poison lurks in daintiest food?
Ye've paled the only light that shone,
Ptomaine and *Tyrotaxon*!

MRS. RAMSBOTHAM says that she likes to see so many people on the Thames going about in "Golonders," as it reminds her of Venice.

MOTTO FOR ADMIRALTY.—"Unready, aye, Unready!"



BELLEROPHON JUNIOR.

"I THINK THIS'LL FETCH 'EM!!"

"The CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER states to the Board that Her Majesty's advisers desire to satisfy themselves that the clerical establishments of the Civil Service, of the Naval and Military Departments, and also of the Revenue Departments, are organised generally upon a principle which secures efficiency without undue cost to the public."—*Treasury Minute*, Sept. 14.



A RECOMMENDATION.

Dealer (pointing out beauties of a vicious-looking animal, with ears back and hind leg suspiciously lifted). "THERE, SIR! HE'S A BEAUTY! NOT ANOTHER TO TOUCH HIM! YOU JUST RIDE HIM ONCE, AN' YOU'LL NEVER RIDE ANOTHER."
 [Little Tipkins, who is very nervous, thinks this is uncommonly likely, from the look of him.]

IN PREPARATION.

In anticipation of the conclusion of Her Majesty's year of jubilee, already several festive and other celebrations to do honour to the occasion are said to be in course of preparation. Among these the following, to which rumour assigns a good authority, may be regarded as the most authentic:—

Grand Dinner given by the Cabinet, at the Holborn Restaurant, to the representatives of the Irish Dynamite Party, who will come over from America, by special invitation, for the purpose of attending it.

Reconciliation Festival, at the South Kensington Station, between the Chairman and Directors of the Metropolitan and District Railways respectively, to celebrate the permission to be given to intending passengers to book to any Station they please, without being torn to pieces by the rival touters of each Company.

Inauguration of the proceedings of the Spending Departments' Commission, during which the three Departments will, in a given time, spend as much as they possibly can, amid the general rejoicing of over-paid heads and superfluous subordinates.

Practical and experimental Fête given in honour of the Gun Ring at Woolwich, in the course of which the Officials of the Ordnance Board will plan, construct, turn out, and ultimately themselves fire and blow up in their midst one of their own guns with the usual results.

Grand Highland Festival at Balmoral, in the course of which Prince HENRY of Battenberg will make his first public appearance in the kilt, go through a bit of the sword-dance, and play the treble part of "Scots wha hae" on the bagpipes at a Gillies' ball.

Meeting to take into consideration, in the interests of the Licensed Victuallers, the holding at South Kensington next year of an exhibition of alcoholic products, to be called, under the presidency of Mr. SOMERS VINE, "The Drinkeries."

Scheme for starting a New Royal National and Popular Academy at the Agricultural Hall, Islington, to which the admission, including omnibus fare and a catalogue, will be fourpence, and at which Mr. HOLMAN HUNT will take the money and umbrellas at the doors.

Publication by Mr. CHAMBERLAIN, on his return from the Conti-

ment, of a neat volume of his "impressions," which is to appear under the title of *Jottings by Joe*, and be embellished by notes of a friendly detective in five different languages, and dedicated to what remains of the Liberal-Unionist Party.

Grand financial sacrificial monument on the part of the General Omnibus and Road Car Companies, who simultaneously further reduce their fares to anywhere, inside or out, to the uniform charge of one halfpenny.

"WHEN THE STORMY WINDS DO BLOW."

THE published report of the recent visit paid by the Lords of the Admiralty to Portsmouth, states that after starting in their Yacht the *Enchantress*, from the Nore, (nasty place, by the way, to start from), their Lordships encountered for the first four hours of the voyage, "very rough weather," seas continually breaking over the ship. Anybody who knows how disagreeable an experience of even two hours between Dover and Calais may prove, will appreciate the position of their Lordships, who, notwithstanding all their naval prestige, must have turned into their berths in as wretched a plight for the nonce as the veriest landlubbers. Indeed that they suffered severely the sequel clearly demonstrates, inasmuch as though a three days' programme had been drawn up, it is stated that their "Lordships intimated that, owing to the pressure of Parliamentary business, it might be necessary for them to return suddenly to town," after attending a local ball.

As no further orders were given to the *Enchantress*, which, whatever her capabilities to charm may be, appears to have entirely failed in holding her Masters spell-bound, it is to be presumed that their Lordships backed gracefully out of the proceedings, and got quietly back to Westminster by rail as soon as possible. It is to be noted that the only true salt among them, Lord CHARLES BERESFORD, was not of the party, which perhaps may account for the evident readiness with which the sea-going portion of the programme was so hastily, but decidedly, abandoned. It is to be presumed that by this time the *Enchantress* has crept stealthily back to her moorings at Gravesend.



"TEACH YEER GRAN'MITHER," &C.

Englishman (to Highland Friend, who is on a visit South, and "fir-rst acquaint" with Asparagus).
 "MAC! MAC!"—(in a whisper)—"YOU'RE EATING IT AT THE WRONG END!"

Mac (who is not for learning anything from a "gorek of a Saxon"). "AH, BUT YE DINNA KEN, MAN, AH PR-RUFFUR-R-ET!"

THE "VOLTA."

NEW NAUTICAL SONG.

[The *Volta*, a launch driven by Electricity, has just successfully crossed the Channel.]

OH, she is a gallant boat,
Sing a dy-na-mo!
 Quite the rummiest craft afloat,
Sing a dy-na-mo!
 She is strong as is the eagle,
 And as swift as any beagle,
 And the foe she will inveigle,
Sing a dy-na-mo!

And she made the Channel trip,
Sing a dy-na-mo!
 Just like any other ship,
Sing a dy-na-mo!
 And she makes no noise when going,
 With no steam nor sail nor rowing,
 And but little of her showing,
Sing a dy-na-mo!

She can go across the sea,
Sing a dy-na-mo!
 Worked by Electricitee,
Sing a dy-na-mo!
 And they say she's a first-rater,
 Though I can't explain the natur,
 Of that there accumulator;
Sing a dy-na-mo!

Though our guns may all be bad,
Sing a dy-na-mo!
 There is comfort to be had,
Sing a dy-na-mo!
 In this here electric notion,
 Which can cause so much commotion
 'Mid our foes upon the ocean,
Sing a dy-na-mo!

SOMETHING LIKE A GOVERNMENT ORGAN.

We understand that, encouraged by the appreciative welcome extended to the *Board of Trade Journal*, the Government has it in contemplation to embark on other journalistic enterprises. We have been favoured with a sight of the (provisional) prospectus of an illustrated weekly, entitled

"DOWB,"

A LITERARY AND PICTORIAL CHRONICLE FOR THE SERVICES.

(MOTTO—"Service is no Inheritance."—*Popular Proverb*.)

As befits its less austere accurate objects, and its more romantic range of subjects, *Dowb* will aim at a more popular, not to say sensational, tone than suits the severely statistical columns of the *Board of Trade Journal*.

Fiction—very bold Fiction—and Art—exceedingly subtle Art—will lend their genial attractions to its pages.

A most exciting Romance, entitled

BURST GUNS AND BENT BAYONETS;

Or, How we Smashed Up the British Empire,

will commence in the First Number. This thrilling story, teeming with scenes of sensational horror, piteous pathos, roaring fun, and rollicking rascality, will be the work of "Two Friends," one high in official rank, the other a Colossus in the world of Contractors. It will be founded on facts (which no Commission of Inquiry has yet succeeded in eliciting), and will indeed partake of that autobiographic character which lends such a charm of Le-Sage-like and Zolaesque realism to romantic narrative.

It will be copiously and poignantly illustrated by a new Artist, who will be found to combine the wild invention of DORÉ, the grim realism of CRUIKSHANK, the dash of CATON WOODVILLE, and the delicacy of HORSLEY.

With the first number will be presented a truly agonisingly impressive picture by this Artist, printed separately on plate paper, 40 in. x 25 in., and suitable for framing and for hanging in a military gentleman's official sanctum or in a successful contractor's sleeping apartment.

This startling design illustrates a salient incident in the story. It is entitled:—

"SOLD, BY —!!!"

It represents most realistically the death struggle and the indignant agonising dying expression of a dashing young soldier, first in the breach against tremendous odds, whose bayonet "buckles

up" against the thick linen swathing of a colossal savage whom he is heroically charging, and whose rudely-shapen but razor-keen blade buries itself in the young hero's undefended brow.

It is confidently expected that this story and its illustrations will create

A GREAT SENSATION!!!

Other attractions will appear in early numbers, *e.g.*:—A series of humorous Articles, entitled, "PERKS AND PERILS," the first of which, "How I Gained—and Lost—my Carriage and Pair," by an ex-Official, will be given in the second number of *Dowb*.

"The Mysterious Rouleaux; a Romance of the Red Tape Office." By a Contractor's Confidential Clerk.

"The Missing Million, and what became of it; a Secret of the Rule-of-Thumb Department." By an Accountant.

"Men who have Risen, and how they Rose." By "RISUM TENEATIS."

"In the Wrong Box; a Story of a Letter that went astray."

Nor will subjects of a more solid nature be neglected. A Treatise on the properties and right application of Palm-Oil will excite much interest in many quarters. "The Art of Cutting Down and Up" will be dealt with in detail by a competent hand. "On the Construction and Conduct of Commissions of Inquiry" will prove an eye-opener to many. "Extracts from the Diary of a Government Inspector" (dates omitted, and names left blank) will prove extremely piquant reading. A mock-heroic poem, "Adventures in Search of a Clerical Error," facetiously illustrated, will run through the Muses' Department of *Dowb* for some weeks to come.

Also a highly amusing set of articles entitled, "Trials and Tests; or Practical Jokes, and How to play them upon the Public with impunity." These papers, strongly commended to the consideration both of manufacturers and cynical humorists, will be found at once useful and mirth provoking.

Answers to Correspondents do not form a portion of the plan of this Journal. The inquisitive and sceptical spirit so deplorably characteristic of the age will be discouraged in every possible way by *Dowb*.

ASK FOR "DOWB."—The New Illustrated Official Oracle.
 Published Every Friday. Price Sixpence!

The Projectors of *Dowb* evidently anticipate that it will attract attention.

Mr. *Punch* has no doubt that it will do so. His eye at least will be on it. He will, in fact, "take care of *Dowb*," in a fashion peculiarly his own.

INTERIORS AND EXTERIORS. No. 41.



A PRACTICAL SUGGESTION.

[We have all noticed the Walking Encyclopedias in the London Streets. *Mr. Punch* would like to see them in the Lobby of the House of Commons, and by that system the time of the Ministers saved.]

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM

THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday, Sept. 13.—Very small attendance, but those present pretty lively. Ministers mustered in large numbers. Front Opposition Bench empty save for occasional visit from JOHN MORLEY and MARJORIBANKS. Dissident Liberals mostly gone away for holiday, in anticipation of difficulties that might arise on PARNELL'S Bill. The Sage of Queen Anne's Gate remains at his post, looking after the pence. To-night, on Vote for Woods and Forests, passionately protests against £500 a-year being paid for food for pheasants in Windsor Park. With people wanting bread, that seemed to the Sage somewhat anomalous. Greatest respect for Prince CHRISTIAN, but didn't think that Nation should be called upon to pay the expenses of his shooting. Much cheering from the Radicals, and signs of pained emotion from Hon. Gentlemen opposite. RANDOLPH endeavoured, with success, to preserve attitude of indifference. Time was—! But times are changed.

From pheasants in Windsor Park the Sage proceeded to the discussion of Lion King-at-Arms, and his cost to the country. After this, divers subjects discussed in varied mood. CONYBEARE'S appearance towards midnight occasion for wild outburst. House evidently won't have CONYBEARE on any terms. "We Connybeare him," the Lord Advocate said; which shows to what depths he had been moved.

Tuesday, 12:50 A.M.—Affairs come to a dead-lock. Irish Members

been talking all night. English Votes now reached. RANDOLPH, who had been in his place throughout sitting, wearily proposes to take them. Windbag SEXTON seizes opportunity of making another speech in opposing Motion. CONYBEARE moves to Report Progress. Howls and groans. JOHN MORLEY comes to aid of Government. RANDOLPH eloquently denounces Obstruction. DILLON reminds him of former achievements of his own. RANDOLPH rages. Irish Members rise one after another. JOSEPH GILLIS, in his new character of the Great Conciliator, begs gentlemen to consider the recklessness of taking important Votes at this hour.

2:5 A.M.—Committee divided on Motion to Report Progress. For progress, 54 against 150. Over two hundred gentlemen up at this hour of the morning! Soon as they came back, J. O'CONNOR moved Chairman leave the Chair. For the Motion, 55; against, 154. Five more gentlemen dug out of armchairs in recesses to come and vote.

2:30 A.M.—HUNTER moved to Report Progress. RANDOLPH showing signs of flagging, General GOLDSWORTHY leapt into breach, declared he was prepared to stop to any hour. Wild cheering from the Ministerialists. Counter-cheers of defiance from the Irish Old Guard.

TAY PAY rose to height of occasion. Flung back concession at the craven feet of the titled leader of the House. War! war!! open war!!! was what TAY PAY wanted.

"He calls for it," sneered HICKS-BEACH, "as if it were a pot of beer, and the waiter were in the room."

TAY PAY'S magnificent attitude so excited CONYBEARE that at twenty minutes to Four in the morning he again appeared. Received with burst of howls and yells. Above the tumult was heard shouting

that he was "ready to sit not only for hours, but for weeks." That being so the rest of the Members decided to go home, and at a quarter to Four House adjourned.

Business done.—Scarcely any.

Tuesday Night.—Another storm to-night. TUIE at last made his speech on the Barbavilla murder. Been up whenever during the last three weeks there has been a pause in proceedings. Worked off his speech at last. House nearly empty but 150 stout Ministerialists in waiting as shown whenever division bell rang. Windbag SEXTON talking by the hour. Dr. TANNER up. MATT HARRIS down, being ordered by Chairman to resume his seat. JOEY B. in extra-judicial frame of mind counselling the Government in their dilemma, particularly appealing to HICKS-BEACH to "use his influence with his friends, so that they might proceed with the Estimates."

A grim joke this, after what happened last night and what was going forward to-night. JOSEPH GILLIS as sober as a Judge. Not a twinkle in his eye, not a quiver on the firm line of his lips, as he besought the belated Government to come to business. A many-sided man, JOSEPH. Found him later, sunk in deep meditation.

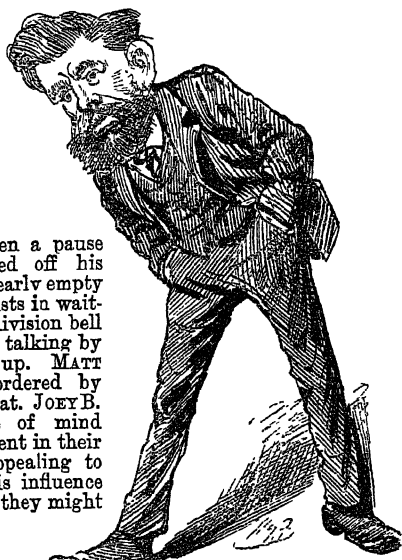
"Musing on the Barbavilla murder," I asked him, "or on the riots at Belfast?"

"Neither, TOBY," said the philosopher. "I was thinking of Woman, and how she is divided among the two political classes of the day. All the single women are Liberal-Unionists, and many of the married are Separatists."

I made a note of that, for JOSEPH, as everyone knows, is an authority on Woman. House scrambled on till half-past Two in the morning.

Business Done.—Few Votes in Supply.

Thursday.—House at meeting thrilled with news that GLADSTONE'S coming back. Has been seen on the road making straight for Westminster. RANDOLPH so depressed by the persistence of Obstruction



"Connybeare him!" (Scotch Joke.)



NOT UNDER PROPER CONTROL.

Lord R. Churchill Muzzling a Kerr.

that there is some talk of his retiring from public life. He has threatened this before, and I doubt whether he means it now. But he certainly feels the situation acutely.

"If, TOBY," he said just now, "there is one thing in Parliamentary warfare I can't abear, it's Obstruction. Go for the other side as

much as you like when occasion arises; but don't interfere with the progress of public business. Motions for the Adjournment, talking against time, and the rest, I cannot away with."

It must, truly, be hard upon a sensitive mind to sit through such a night as this has been. Business proposed, pass the Votes. Last thing talked about, the Votes. PARNELL doesn't turn up, and it's said doesn't approve the proceedings. This rupture in their own ranks adds last touch of delight to the proceedings. To obstruct business and to bully Ministers when themselves united, is a very stale joy for Irish Member of any experience. But to scratch RANDOLPH's face while kicking out behind at their own Leader is bliss indeed. On the whole not an amusing business, after edge of joke of RANDOLPH lecturing obstructionists has worn off. More like a street row than the proceedings of a deliberative assembly.

Business done.—Several Votes agreed to.

Friday Morning.—Parnellites really did emit flash of humour at early hour this morning. On Wednesday morning, English Education Votes reached at One o'Clock. RANDOLPH proposed to go on with them. Irish Members objected. Blustered with indignation at notion of taking important Votes at that hour. Intention accordingly abandoned. This morning at 2'30 Votes reached again. HICKS-BEACH observed at that late hour impossible to take Votes, Parnellites more shocked than ever. What! Leave the business of the Nation at this early period of the sitting? Disgraceful! Let us do our work, and think less of our personal comfort. Astonished Ministers, fearing trap, went cautiously forward. But nothing happened except Votes were passed.

Mem. from RANDOLPH'S Note-book: How to get Votes through Committee when Obstruction rampant. At One o'Clock rise and say you are fagged, Committee wearied, hour late. Very sorry, but better adjourn. Then they insist, and you give way with apparent unwillingness.

Business done.—Many Votes passed.

Saturday Morning.—Another late sitting with one to follow this afternoon. Votes of miscellaneous character, from Queen's College to occupation of Egypt. Interesting inquiry as to what DRUMMOND WOLFE is doing besides picnicing. £5,000 a-year voted for him. Sage of Queen Anne's Gate wants to know why? So do GEORGE CAMPBELL, JOHN DILLON, and other persons of inquisitive mind. FERGUSON answers in oracular manner.

"Wait a bit and you'll see. WOLFE'S advances secret, but sure. His picnics only a foil. Something splendid happen soon."

Minority incredulous, but opposition hopeless, and Vote agreed to.

GEORGE CAMPBELL on again about the pictures in the National Gallery. Insisted upon knowing who was "JOHN, Duke of Bedford." Then there was the VANDYCK, "a hideous repulsive picture consisting chiefly of a horse—and such a horse!" SIR GEORGE added. Not reckoned an eloquent man, but the expression of his face, when he made this remark nearly carried a majority against the Vote.

Business done.—Supply.

Tip to the English Team for Australia.

GOOD-BYE, and good luck! You don't travel to talk
Like the rambling political pump;
But we hope all the same, Sirs, that in your own walk
You may often be found "On the Stump."

BRITISH ASSOCIATION SUBJECTS.—In the list of Papers to be read at Mason College, September 7, were the following, all put down to Sir W. THOMSON, F.R.S.:—"On Stationary Waves in Flowing Water"—(nothing Irish could beat this!); "Artificial Production and Maintenance of a Standing Bore"—(evidently a "Social Science" subject); "Velocity of Advance of a Natural Bore"—(another social subject). For the sake of Society we hope they will be republished.

EXISTEDDFOD CHORUS.

HAIL to Great STAPLES in foamiest fluid,
LORD MAYOR of London and Albion's Druid!

THE WORST EXHIBITION OF THE COLONISTS.—The Record of the Australian Eleven.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—In no case can Contributions, whether MS., Printed Matter, or Drawings, be returned, unless accompanied by a Stamped and Directed Envelope or Cover. Copies of MS. should be kept by the Sender.

THE "COLINDERIES" IN EX-CHELSEA-IS.



PRINCE himself. It is as follows. Under the official style and title of THE IMPERIAL INSTITUTE OF GREAT BRITAIN, INDIA, AND THE COLONIES,

the Organising Committee beg to inform their patrons the pleasure-seeking, theatre-going, and general Public, that they have made arrangements, on and after the first day of January next, to open the whole of the popular Exhibition, now known as the "Colinderies," as a

Rehabilitated and Improved Cremorne Gardens, Judiciously combining all the noted attractions of that famous resort with

THE ARTISTIC SIDE OF BRITISH, INDIAN, AND COLONIAL LIFE. Among the conspicuous features of the new undertaking will be A PERMANENT MAYPOLE, Round which Visitors will be invited to dance to their hearts' content from early morn to dewy eve, to the strains of

THE COMMITTEE'S BAND OF 130 PERFORMERS, While, after dark, they will be enabled, on the COLOSSAL ILLUMINATED DANCING PLATFORM, to revive the best traditions of the famous Chelsea resort by joining in the mazes of the giddy waltz, to the strains of STRAUSS or WALDTEUFEL, till the small hours of the morning.

The good old traditions in the way of attraction in the shape of 10,000 Additional Coloured Lamps

will be kept steadily in view by the Committee, and great improvements will be effected in Old London, the upper storeys of the houses of which will be utilised as

SELECT SUPPER ROOMS, while beneath, in the vicinity of the Church tower, in a secluded spot, A HERMIT'S CELL

will be established in which a distinguished C. B. will be seated, and always accessible for consultation for a small extra fee.

In the grounds, in addition to the establishment of revolving swings, roundabouts, nut-shooting booths, and gilt ginger-bread stalls, by which the Committee hope to infuse into the undertaking some of the spirit characteristic of

OLD GREENWICH FAIR

there will be inaugurated, on a permanent footing, with all its celebrated attractions,

A REVISED AND REMODELLED RICHARDSON'S SHOW,

As an early answer to the PRINCE'S recent letter to the LORD MAYOR, proposing the establishment of an "Imperial Institute," Mr. Punch has received the subjoined scheme anonymously from an "organising Committee," who have evidently taken the matter practically in hand on the lines they imagined indicated in His Royal Highness's manifesto. Mr. Punch has much pleasure in publishing it for the benefit of all those who are interested in the now apparently perennial progress of popular recreative Science and Art in the neighbourhood of South Kensington, and he respectfully suggests that Sir CUNLIFFE OWEN should lose no time in submitting the matter to the

on the Stage of which it is computed, that, owing to the counter-attractions of the Gardens emptying their own theatres,

THE LEADING LONDON COMPANIES

will only be too happy to appear for any number of nights they can conveniently secure.

The famous Indian Jungle and the Stuffed Animals in the present Exhibition will be dispensed with, and their place taken by

AN EXTENSIVE MENAGERIE,

the leading animals of which will be fed, if possible, every half-hour for the benefit of visitors from 10 A.M. to 10 P.M., while highly-trained Elephants will go through their

MARVELLOUS AND UNIQUE PERFORMANCES,

indicative of the effects of Western Civilisation on the cultivated intelligence of the East, in a Circus specially arranged for the purpose.

With a view to meeting the expressed wishes of a certain number of Colonists, arrangements will be made by which Colonial and other Wines will be able

TO BE DRUNK FREELY IN TUMBLERS ALL OVER THE GROUNDS,

at Stalls that will be specially indicated, at all hours.

The Committee further propose to close the Exhibition at 2 A.M. (except on Special and Reserved Gala Days, when no one will be turned out before half-past five the next morning) with a

GIGANTIC DISPLAY OF FIREWORKS,

if not interfered with by the action of the various Insurance Companies interested in the security of the neighbouring property. A striking feature of these displays will be the letting off of a Colossal Set-Piece, giving expression to some event or subject connected with the undertaking; and it is proposed that the one selected for the opening day shall portray

H.R.H. THE PRINCE OF WALES INSPECTING THE BALANCE-SHEET

in the presence of the Subscribers and general well-wishers of the concern, as suitable to the occasion.

It is understood that on the scheme being established on a sure and satisfactory footing, with a view to the convenience of the local constables no less than that of the general public, application will be made to the Authorities for the erection of a new Police Court, where night-charges will be able to be taken on the spot, probably close to the South Kensington Station, in the immediate neighbourhood of the Exhibition.

PAPER-KNIFE POEMS.

(By Our Special Book-Marker.)

"ACROSS THE GARDEN WALL."

ARR—Obvious.

Across the Garden Wall—

I think you'll read it all!

'Tis crisp and bright,

The touch is light;

Well sketched each scene

By Mrs. GREENE:

A clever story 'tis I ween—

Across the Garden Wall!

"PATERSON'S GUIDES."

WELL-MAPPED and well-written, amusing, exact, Portable, pleasant, concise, and compact.

"IN ONE TOWN."

WORK and play,
Sailor's society:

Grave to gay,
Endless variety!

"NEERA."

If you want a solid story, just look at this, I pray!—
A contrast to the frivolous light novels of the day;
If in the world of long ago you've some desire to mix,
And hear about Society in Naughten Twenty-six,
And how they all behaved themselves at court, in camp, at home—
Read *Neera*, by JOHN GRAHAM, a tale of Ancient Rome!

"THE TOUCHSTONE OF PERIL."

A STORY of love, and adventure and fate
Is one DUDLEY THOMAS has here to relate:
In telling the tale he great knowledge displays
Of India during the Mutiny days;
Full of colour and life, it is cleverly penned,
The interest is fully sustained to the end!

"TOM TIDDLER'S GROUND."

THE silver and gold that Miss MARRYAT found,
You'll find, with her notes, in *Tom Tiddler's Ground*!

AN EVIDENT SUBJECT FOR CREMATION.—"BURNE JONES."



HAPPY THOUGHT.

HOW TO EQUALISE THE ODDS!

GONE!

[It was announced that Mr. GOLDWIN SMITH would sail from Liverpool on the 25th September, to resume his professorial duties at the Toronto University.]

WHAT! GOLDWIN SMITH going back to Toronto?
 Why can we not weep burning tears when we want to?
 What sage can be substitute, equal, successor
 To dead and gone BENJAMIN's own pet Professor?
 Who, like our own GOLDWIN base GLADSTONE will slate,
 Give Ireland what for, and put Parliament straight?
 To kick up a dust is his duty one feels,
 And not to go shaking our dust from his heels.
 How shall we get on without sapient GOLDWIN
 To tell us how Britons who bounce and are bold win?
 Poor England must lose half her power and pith
 Deprived of the sledge-hammer strength of her SMITH.

TIME AND TIDY.

DR. TIDY, of Islington, is troubled to know where our posterity are to find standing room. He calculates that if we go on multiplying at the present rate, in seven generations the population of the United Kingdom will exceed that of the entire world as it now is, while in twenty generations we shall want about twenty planets of the size of this earth, all to ourselves, to have anything like elbow-room. Pooh! Dr. TIDY bases all this bad dream of "mournful numbers" upon an "if," unmindful of MALTHUS, DARWIN, and the Mahatmas, of the possibilities of scientific advance and human development, of the equally substantial "ifs" of aerial navigation, levitation, astral bodies, wings, collapsible skeletons, cometary impacts, and a whole heap of other speculative contingencies. Twenty generations means a tidy time, Dr. TIDY. Cheer up, and let the Coming Race clear its own course.

QUESTION TO BE ASKED NEXT SESSION.—In consequence of some irregularities in the Postal service between England and the Continent, to inquire why in future the Mail Boats should not be placed under the command of responsible Naval Post-Captains.

ROBERT ON ROYALTY.

We are a cumming into such strange times as praps the werry holdest on us has never witnessed or ewen dreamt on, and that the werry boldest on us looks on with fear and tremblin. Without more than jest eluding to such matters as hapenny cups of tea or coffee to be had in Cheepside, think of Dinners made of all Wegetabels, and without not no meat, nor no fish, nor no polety, and nothink to drink but cold water! Dinners indeed! Wot a fine spessimen of a Man a pore creature must grow into who lives upon nothink but wegetabels and water. Why, we might jest as well be horses, or ewen wuss! And then to think that ewen Parlyment shoold go in for cheap dinners, and draw the line at 2s. a-head, including the Waiter, and yet expect to retane the respect of their fellow man.

But a trowse to such sad thorts, and let me come to the pint from which I has sumwhat strayed.

Well, then, with all that profound respek for the Rite Honnerabel the LORD MARE, which my persition and my loyalty naterally calls fourth, I must venture werry umbly, but werry fossierly, to remonstrate with his Ludship, for allowing one of the Royal Kings of Urope to wisit the Manshun House of Horsepitality and to leave that living cymbal of the werry hiest of cristian wirtues, without no Dinner! To be sure the Lunshon was about as perfek as a Lunshon can well be, and what with the queenly Lady Maress, and the too charming Sherriffesses, and the graceful Lady ELLIS, no dowt his Royal Madjesty of Portogall managed to enjoy hisself, but still, after all, disguise it as you will, a Lunshon is only a Lunshon, and no more to be compared to a reel Manshun House Dinner, than a pint of Bitter is to a Bottle of Old Port.

There ain't so many Kings left us as we can afford to lose a chance of dining one when he gives it us. France ain't got no King, Switzerland ain't got no King, and Ameriky ain't got no King, tho from what I hears it's suttlenly quite big enuff for one, and tho Roosia has got one, he don't seem to be a werry cumfural one, speshaally wen he's a travellin in his own loyal country, surrounded by his own loving subjeks, with jest about 20,000 sojers a travellin with him to see as they ain't too affeckshunate, so he ain't werry likely to cum here jest now, and tho Germenny has got a King he's much too old to go out a wisiting. Then Spane's little King is only about six

months old, so we needn't expect him jest yet awhile. Belgium and Grease we've had, and a werry fine cupple of Kings they was, and both werry liberal in suttan matters as shall be nameless. The pore King of HOLLANDS got as far on his way to Gildhall as Buckingham Pallis, but then had to go suddenly home again, tho his dinner was got all ready for him, for a greater King than even Hollands had bin busy in his absence. So there ain't above three or four left, and really it's amost absurd for to menshun Sweden and Denmark, they are such werry little uns. Such being the case, it behoves the King of the City of London to feast his brother Pottentates rite royally, whenever he gits a chance, for I werry much fears as their number is more like to git littler than to git bigger!

I often, wen I'm a lissening to the grand spessimens of burning loyalty as I hears so frequent after dinner, wonders how people manages to get on in countries where there isn't not no Kings or Queens, or Princes or Princesses. Wot must be the fast two Toastes in them beknighted Lands, and how can they possibly drink their wine without the Nashonal Anthem? Brown tells me, but it isn't necessarily trew, that in Amerikey they aint got no such things as Dooks, and Markisses, and Wicounts, and Eris, no, not ewen no Barren Lords! and that yet they manages to get along pretty cumfural. But then, he says, as they ain't never had none, they can't know what they've lost in consequence, jest the same as a pore devel of a working man doesn't know what he has lost by never having no fine old Port wine, becoz he's not never tasted none.

Ah, it's becumming rayther a rum world, and sum of our most cherisht idears and most sacredest principals is a being attacked in a way as shakes 'em to their werry old fowndations. Take for hinstance the sacred rites of Property. I ain't got none myself, so I speaks as the Loryers says, without no prejewdiss. Formerly wen a pore little Farmer couldn't pay his rent, his kind Landlord sold him up and then turned him out, and there an end. But now, the unreasonable creechers aeshally objekts to this time-onered system, and wants laws to be made that shall egsouse them paying part of their rent if they haven't made no money by their farms, and so hasn't got none to pay with! Ah, it's all the fault of wot's called eddicashun, the werry fust effect of which is, as I always professide as it would be, to make all werry poor people dissatside with their persition, and aeshally want to better theirselves, and they don't werry much care at whose xpanse.

ROBERT.



"THE BAR-RD OF A-Y-VON!"

Member of the "Northern Shakspeare Society." "MAN, YON WULLY SHAKSPEARE MAUN HAE BEEN A MAIST EXTRE'O'DINARY PAIRSON! THEER-R THENGHS CAM' ENTIL HIS HEID 'AT WAD NEVER HAE COM' ENTO MINE!—NEVER!"

CONFIDENTIAL.

"Il n'y a que le premier pas qui coûte."

Leader loquitur:—

FAREWELL, Mr. SPEAKER! The Session,
My first one, is over at last.
Your joy must be past all expression,
My sharpest probation is past.
This is hardly the place for a jig, Sir,
Or else—I'll admit to your face—
I feel I could cockshy your wig, Sir,
Or waltz round the House with the Mace.
You'll excuse my exuberance, won't you?
Ah! thanks for that affable wink.
You know why I'm jubilant don't you?
I've done it, Sir. What do you think?
The post of political Leader
Is ticklish, first off, don't you see,
But—well, you're a character-reader,
Pray, what is your verdict on Me?
Tol-lolish? Come now, that is candid.
Men held me a sort of Puck-elf.
I've struggled, if ever a man did,
To keep down my larkier self.
They chaffed me as pert and improper,
And hoped—I enjoy their chagrin—
I should come an unqualified cropper;
I think they must own it's a win.
I admit it was awkward and chancy,
A spill HARCOURT's soul would have eased,
And MARSHALL AND SNEELGROVE, I fancy,
Might not have been wholly displeased.
But here I am still right end upward,
I feel like a smart two-year-old

Whose future looks Plate-and-Gold-Cup-ward—
Yes, Fortune does favour the bold.

A very rough time, though. Ah! bless us,
Obstruction has simply run mad.
It clings like the shirt of old Nessus,
And poisons us all. It's too bad.
A true public pest this Obstruction!
Eh? What? I thought otherwise once?
Well, well, youth will yield to seduction,
But everyone learns—save a dunce.

Let bygones be bygones, PRELIDES.
Thank goodness it's over, and while
The charwoman washes and tidies,
The past I survey with a smile.
Old Collars, the Wandering Bavarian,
Must own that he hasn't much scored.
I've dodged the reformers agrarian,
PARNELL—with Inquiry—I've floored.

Without wholly playing the Partington,
Floods, for a time, I've staved off.
I've managed to square it with HARTINGTON,
Therefore fat HARCOURT may scoff.
I think imperturbable LABBY
Will own I have kept him at bay;
And now for an "easy"!—Hi! Cabby!
Ah, PREL, it's as good as a play.

It's only the first step that's risky,
And that I have taken. By Jove!
I feel so confoundedly frisky,
Do dance, there's a genial cove.
No? Well, a *pas seul* may relieve me.
There, now I feel better. Don't tell!
I'll come back a Cato, believe me.
Farewell, Mr. SPEAKER, Farewell!

BISMARCK IN BONDS.

[The *St. James's Gazette* suggests that Prince BISMARCK's freedom of action with regard to the present European imbroglio, is probably hampered by the fact that the Berlin Bankers and German investors in general are loaded with enormous quantities of Russian securities!]

GREAT CÆSAR! How can the colossus endure it, I

Wonder? His fame as a Titan it mocks,
To think of the Muscovite proud in "security"
And BISMARCK shut up in those *Russian Stocks*!

Pretty Policy.

THE *Standard* says that if Turkey had a policy it would be possible for her friends and well-wishers to render her solid and continuous service, but that it is not possible to do anything for a Power which "appeals for assistance alternately to its friends and its enemies." But if Turkey does that, it is surely a proof that she has a policy—of Assurance!

"A CHANGE OF FRONT."—Necessary, sometimes, for economical Members of any political party at a full-dress dinner.

MOTTO FOR BRITISH YACHTSMEN.—There is many a slip between the (America) cup and the lip.

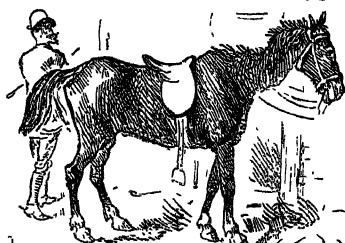
'A WATER COURSE.

VIII.

Equestrian Exercise—My First Ride on Untaire.

REMEMBERING that the Colonel was in full equestrian costume on the day of our arrival, I ask him if the riding is good about here.

"Eh?" he exclaims, putting his hand heartily on my shoulder, "Eh, dear boy, you ride? We will go together. The country is superb. I will take you. To-morrow? *Soit*: good. I will order the horses of M. DETACHÉ. Two, good, dear boy, not much to look,



First Appearance of Untaire.

but to go—eh—first rate, all right, dear boy! I will order Risetete for me, and Hunter—they pronounce him Untaire—for you. I'll take ter tickets of M. DETACHÉ, and you can buy them of me—joost what you want."

As I do not quite seize the plan, he explains to me that M. DETACHÉ's method is to sell so many tickets at eight francs a-piece, representing so many rides, and you return a ticket after each ride. I see: perfectly. I take two tickets for Untaire, as if he were an entertainment.

In the afternoon they arrive. No, they are not much to look at. Risetete is the better in appearance, a bay of about fifteen hands, and Hunter, or "Untaire," is about fourteen one, with a weary expression in his eye, a drooping head, an unkempt dirty mane hanging raggedly about a neck so curiously indented as to suggest the idea of his having been, at one time or other, decapitated and imperfectly refitted. His bones are everywhere visible; he is rather down in his shoulders, as apparently he is on his luck, but his hind-quarters are peculiarly strong. His feet are broad, and his legs certainly warrant his owner's description of him.

"*Il est bien solide*," says M. DETACHÉ, the proud proprietor of Untaire.

So on the solid Untaire I mount. Until I am on his back I am convinced that Untaire is fast asleep. He wakes up however on his girths being tightened, and looks round with a shrug of his thin shoulders, as much as to say, "Hullo! Another two hours! Ah well! Risetete's going, so that's company at all events." By the way, this affection for Risetete is most remarkable. Untaire at first refuses to turn round to the left in order to go out of the gate, because the movement involves losing sight of Risetete for an instant. I am determined that the affectionate Untaire shall go the way I want him. He sulkily yields to a sharp touch of the spur and a tug of the left rein, and, catching sight of Risetete's tail, he decides that for once *my* way shall be his, and consequently comes round to my way of thinking.

From this experience of Untaire I draw two conclusions; first, that the characteristic of his temper is obstinacy; secondly, that he possesses a mouth about as impressionable as a flint wall.

My stirrups, which are small and slight, strike me as having been originally made for a rocking-horse: so do the reins. The saddle, also made for a rocking-horse, is fairly comfortable. We are starting at half-past three, and the heat is tropical. I am waging a continuous war against the persistent horse-flies that fasten on to the solid Untaire like so many leeches. Any other horse would have been driven mad long ago, but Untaire seems accustomed to it. Sometimes he shakes his head as if gently remonstrating and saying to some flies more pertinacious than the rest, "Oh, really now this is too bad! You might leave me alone, some of you!"

The high roads are hard as granite, with a soft powdery dust on each side. The short cuts, originally used only by pedestrians, but which the Colonel, as guide, selects in order to show his thorough knowledge of the country, are rocky, stony, and uneven, having been formed during many winters by the mountain torrents.

"Look here, dear boy," says the Colonel, with all the enthusiasm of an explorer, or an Indian Pathfinder, "you follow me. I find a lovely road. We must ride pretty quick at first, because it is all up-hill, but, after, it is all down, and we shall have to walk much. *Alons! Tchik!*" and, without waiting for a reply, he dashes off up the road, and is suddenly lost to sight round a sharp corner.

I follow at the same pace: that is when I say I follow at the same



The Proprietor of Untaire.

pace, I mean that Untaire does. For, immediately Untaire sees Risetete go off at a gallop, he pulls himself together and starts after her at such a pace, and in so blind and reckless a manner, that I am brought within measurable distance of a collision with a bullock-cart which is advancing towards us, and then, after scattering a crowd of terrified pedestrians, and so startling an old gentleman, who is reading, that he clasps the book to his breast and makes precipitately for a heap of stones, Untaire skirts an open drain and dashes round the corner where the Colonel has just disappeared. Then catching sight of Risetete in the distance, where I can just see the upper half of the Colonel—above a low wall—careering at full gallop, Untaire redoubles all his energies to come up with Risetete. Heavens! What a ride! Rocks, actual boulders, sticking up in the middle of what they call a road—loose stones as big as your head—ruts—gutters—I shall pull up,—that is, if I can. "Hi! Stop!" I shout to the Colonel. "Let's go quietly over this nasty bit—"

No use my shouting, he is half a mile off, and if I lose sight of him I shall have to go back again, that is, if Untaire will consent to return, and give up my ride. Untaire hasn't fallen on his nose yet—perhaps he is accustomed to rocks, and knows how to get over them without falling... it's up-hill, that's one good thing, and it's no use pulling at him, I might as well tug at a milestone.

Now between two vineyards and a mountain-side covered with pine-trees on my left—I wish the Colonel would stop to admire the view, instead of galloping on at this Headless Horseman sort of pace—hah! a big rock in front of us—and the end of the road?—no—it's a high bank and a sharp turning to the right—I pull Untaire's left with all my might to steer him well away from the wall—I just manage it—we are round

it sideways like Mr. BARRY, at full speed on his bare-backed steed in the Circus, and on we go again. *Mazeppa* isn't in it with me, mounted on Untaire the wild horse of Royat. Up a mountain. . . . At the top. . . . Colonel already nearly half-way down on the other side. . . . More rocks, more stones, more boulders—and then a small mountain-stream and two roads. Here the Colonel has pulled up—thank Heaven!—and is considering which way he'll take.

When I have recovered my breath sufficiently to make an observation, I say, sarcastically, "This is a nice sort of a country."

"Isn't it?" returns the Colonel delighted at my approval, and in the highest possible spirits. "We must get to Charrade—that's at the top somewhere—and then on to a place called Bouzy, or something like that. This road," he says, pointing to a narrow walk which can only by the utmost courtesy be even called a bridle-path, "leads up to the pine-forest, but," he adds, indicating another on the right, "I fancy from what I recollect of the route—that this is the shortest."

"It looks more likely," I reply, by which I mean that, for my own personal comfort on Untaire, it seems to be less rocky and about two inches wider.

"All right!" cries the Colonel, "*Houp-là!*" and he is off again, up rocky mountain-path at full gallop. In another second, so am I, that is, so is Untaire. I can't be left behind and lost in a pine-forest on the mountains, so I give Untaire his head,—this is merely a matter of form as far as Untaire is concerned,—and away we go. In less than five minutes I have ascended half a mile, have gone breathlessly round some sharp angles, fought with stiff bushes, avoided whacks on the head from sturdy branches by lying along Untaire's neck, and am at last thoroughly rejoiced to see the Colonel and Risetete actually walking along a fairish path between the trees.

The situation is magnificent: a perfect aisle of stately pine-trees on each hand—but the road is on the side of the mountain, and if Untaire doesn't overcome his partiality for leaning to the right, down he'll roll sideways, and be knocked from tree to tree, just as the marble is knocked from pin to pin—only this would be from pine to pine—at Chinese billiards, or in the old race game. But I don't want to play at any game of this sort, so am glad we are going quietly. I come up with the Colonel and hope, by engaging him in conversation, to keep him walking at his present easy pace.

"Is this the right road for Charrade?" I ask.

"Yes! This is right! This is good going here! Whoop!" and



"Here we go up, up, up;
Here we go down, down, down, O!"

before I can utter another word away he gallops, Untaire, breathing hard, but game to the last, after him. I wish to goodness that Untaire would not show such a decided predilection for leaning sideways, even when galloping, to the right. Either my knee will be severely injured by a tree, or with the slightest additional bias to the right down we go among the pines, and there's an end of one of us at all events, for I don't suppose that anything short of a sheer fall of a hundred feet on to sharp rocks would affect Untaire. I try to remember all the stories I've ever heard about slipping your foot out of the stirrup in time and throwing yourself off, and I only hope the occasion won't arise which will compel my attempting any of these wild-horse-of-the-prairie feats.

Light at last! . . . End of the pine-forest—we are going always at a gallop, along a rocky road—and are approaching a little bit of open heath—we cross it—Untaire slithers (he is not so good on turf, as he is on rocks) but with his gaze fixed on Risette, he follows her without caring much where he puts his feet,—over the turf, more slithering,—down an incline of slippery grass, where we are prevented from coming down by a welcome bit of rock, which, in the ordinary course of things, would have damaged any civilised horses, whether in London or Leicestershire, for life,—and at last we are on a comparatively good road, where on a post is written "Charrade," and an arrow indicates the direction.

"What a view!" the Colonel calls out, pointing towards the plain below us—and the mountains far far away. We see towns spread out like toys with red-roofed houses—old church towers—those of Clermont-Ferrand Cathedral, standing out in the clear atmosphere—it is evidently a baking day in the valley,—and here we are being refreshed after our exertions by the most lovely air that comes to us over refrigerating mountain-streams, and filtered through the scented pines. Yes, the view alone is worth something,—and for the present the danger is forgotten.

"Ah," cries the Colonel, "when my wife drive up here and back, she take two hours to come and one to return. The guide-book say eet is an affair of three hours, and here we are up to the top at Charrade in thirty-five minutes, and I do not know which way we come. I had forgot." And he beams upon me as if conscious of having done something extraordinarily clever. "We will write a guide-book for horseback. Now—allons!—eet ees all new to me."

A chill wind has arisen: I draw his attention to a black cloud obscuring the observatory on the Puy-de-Dôme.

"It will be nutting," he says, setting off at a trot along the road, whereupon Untaire sets off too at the same pace, but before we have gone half a mile heavy drops begin to fall, and we take refuge among some bushes and young oak-trees.

I dismount. We are in a sort of natural arbour. Untaire exhibits a remarkable liking for acorns. What other animal is devoted to acorns? The pig. Has Untaire in the course of ages been evolved from an antediluvian pig? If so, that accounts for the obstinacy he displays under an assumed affection for Risette. The Colonel feeling inaction for five minutes somewhat irksome, observes that in this part of the world the storms are partial and local. I reply that I would rather they did not show a partiality for us. I have not taken an eight-franc ticket for Untaire in order to sit under a bush, while Untaire stuffs himself with acorns. The Colonel volunteers to reconnoitre. "Often it happens," he explains, "that while it is pouring just over your head, it is quite dry and fine a hundred yard further on." He will ride out and see: and he does so.

Untaire, intent on his acorn treat, does not notice the departure of Risette. After ten minutes or more, there being no signs of the Colonel's return, I determine to come out of my ambush and ride after him. This decision involves the summary interruption of Untaire's feast, and he reluctantly tears himself away from a young oak-tree, with his mouth full of greensprigs, which he suffers me to remove. I mount, and urge him into the open road. It is still raining: but only slightly. The Colonel having ridden off to the left, I pull Untaire's head in that direction. But Untaire having evidently formed his own theory on the subject, positively refuses to move towards the left,



Untaire backing himself for a place.

and sidles in a foolish sort of manner towards the right. I spur him with my right heel: I catch him a nasty one with my whip on the right shoulder: all to no purpose, the more I spur, and the more I whip, the more blunderingly and foolishly—it is a really foolish and crab-like movement—he sidles towards the edge of the road. The acorns must have got into his head. I never met with such an

idiotic animal. As to his taking any notice of my tugging at the left rein, I might as well pull at a broken door-bell and expect an answer.

He is curving his body, and moving sideways towards the edge of the road, which being entirely unprotected by hedge or fence, discovers a precipice below. A precipice,—simply a precipice. Untaire's piggish obstinacy will be his destruction and mine. I make one last desperate effort with whip and spur, to which Untaire only responds by intensifying his imitation of a crab. There's only one thing to be done—if Untaire is determined on suicide, he can go over by himself. I roll off somehow, and alight on my back, expecting to see the last of Untaire as he disappears into the abyss beneath. Nothing of the sort. Untaire pauses, his purpose is shaken,—so am I by the way, considerably;—just at this minute the sound of hoofs is heard, and the Colonel on Risette comes galloping back. Immediately a better spirit takes possession of Untaire. He consents to be led into the middle of the road, where he stands quiet as a lamb, and looking so gentle that you would think a child might guide him.



We part company. Untaire remains undecided.

"It is lucky you were off," says the Colonel. "You are not hurt! No? Good. Then come along! Ter rain is over. I have a short cut." And away he goes at a gallop down the road, then turns a corner and disappears. He is always turning corners and disappearing. I am compelled to follow. But my nerve is shaken, which, by the way, is a matter of not the slightest consideration to Untaire, who now seems to have made up his mind never again to lose sight of Risette. It is all down-hill. The path comes abruptly to an end at a meadow.

"Come along!" cries the Colonel, waving his whip as if it were a sword with which he were leading a charge of cavalry, and then he urges Risette down a steep mossy slope, which will lead us into a morass—I feel it will—where we shall stick in the mud, the horses will be up to their knees, and then what on earth shall we do? Besides it suddenly occurs to me, aren't we trespassing? And in a foreign country, too! Untaire slithers; he is not good on moss and damp meadow land. This place—this short cut the Colonel has chosen—is about as steep as the Devil's Dyke. Every minute I expect we shall roll over. Still as the Colonel and Risette are now at the bottom of the meadow, Untaire and myself may be able to arrive there also. We should arrive there with sufficient rapidity if Untaire made one false step. Luckily he doesn't, and once landed on something like *terra firma*, I breathe again.

"There's the road home!" shouts the Colonel, pointing to a road up in the hills far above us, and more than a mile off, across fields and apparently through plantations where I am sure we have no right to ride. However we can't return; we must advance, and we must go together, or one of us will be lost, and that will be myself.

Hallo! Exactly what I had feared. A peasant, with a fierce dog, halloaing to us. Another peasant: more signalling and halloaing. They are running. We are galloping. The Colonel is making more cavalry charges, and waving his whip above his head frantically. We fly across a meadow. We hear shouts behind us. Before us is a running brook, rocky banks, and boulders. Can we jump it? The Colonel is off in a second. He takes Risette by the bridle, and jumps from rock to rock. I give Risette one sharp cut and she bounds over the brook like a stag, knocking down the Colonel. He is up again, quite pleased, and entirely unhurt. I adopt the same plan, without allowing Untaire a second for reflection, and he follows Risette, landing safely on the opposite rock. We mount and away, like a couple of Dick Turpins. Peasants and dogs in field halloaing: we ride full gallop up the next field. Peasants stopped by brook; perhaps the next field, where we are, isn't their property. Colonel sees a bank topped by a thick hedge. He gesticulates to me, indicating that that is our short cut to the road and safety. We charge it, take it with a rush, and pull up desperately on the edge of a precipitous drop. No help for it; we have to dismount and climb down on foot the same way we came up; peasants below running round to circumvent us, dogs barking savagely. Luckily the Colonel strikes the right path, Risette breathes it gallantly; Untaire's powers are failing. He breathes hard, he blows, he heaves up and down . . . Now then, my gallant steed! think of Black Bess! only ten yards more of perpendicular rock, and we are saved!—Come up! He comes up—he makes a grand effort . . . and at last—we are safe and sound on the homeward road. We trot on quickly; the peasants and dogs are lost to view. "Colonel," I say, "let us ride the rest of the way quietly." For once the Colonel acquiesces, and it is only at the last, down-hill into Royat, that he cannot resist breaking into a canter. "We will have another ride," he says, as we dismount. "Eet was first-rate. And I think I know a better road still." We shall see.



SOUVENIR DE FONTAINEBLEAU.

SMITH, BROWN, JONES, AND ROBINSON MANAGE TO ENJOY THEMSELVES IN LA BELLE FRANCE, IN SPITE OF THE ANGLOPHOBIA THAT PREVAILS JUST NOW IN THAT CHARMING BUT MISGUIDED COUNTRY. THEY DRIVE IN HER BEAUTIFUL FORESTS, VISIT HER HISTORICAL CHÂTEAUX AND PALACES, AND DINE *AL FRESCO* IN HER MOONLIT HOTEL GARDENS, WHERE THE *CUISINE* AND WINES ARE UNEXCEPTIONABLE. THEY ARE ACTUALLY CALLOUS AND UNPATRIOTIC ENOUGH TO DRINK TO HER PROSPERITY, AND, WITHOUT PREJUDICE TO THE ABSENT WIVES OF THEIR BOSOMS, THEY COUPLE THE TOAST WITH THE NAME OF THE "FASCINATING DAUGHTERS OF GAUL!"

"ALL OVER!!"

ALL over! Pile the Puppets, drop the curtain,
The show is, for the season, at an end.
Of doubtful plot and interest uncertain,
The play found scarcely one applauding friend.

'Twould hardly have bewitched the crack-brained Don,
And everyone is glad the thing is gone.

The old, old Puppets, if with business novel,
And what was new was very far from good.
They strove to shine, and could but rant and grovel,

Proving themselves mere things of wind and wood.
Now they are prone at finish of the play,
Ready to be packed up and put away.

How null they were, how noisy, what proximity

Of patter purposeless and aimless gag!
The drama's drift had neither point nor fixity.

'Twas all mad mouthing and unmeaning brag.

Such Puppets *Punch* was half ashamed to show,

The Public cried "Off Off!" and off they go.

Down all! The grey-locked Grand Old Perorator,
The perky youngster nimble as a clown,

The stern-faced saturnine pseudo-dictator,
The eye-glassed "smart young man,"
Down, Puppets, down!
The world grows weary of the war ye wage,
Linger no more superfluous on the stage.

Anon, anon! Perchance another season
May fit you all with better parts to play.
Lords of Misrule and leaders of Unreason,
We're very tired of all of you to-day.
Repute as histrios ye may yet recover,
But for the present, Puppets, it's "All Over!"

In the Conference on Church Reform last week, at Thornbury Castle, Gloucestershire, the Dean said that "he did not fear the discussion of burning questions in a burning manner by a Church board." And at York another Dean was illustrating his co-ecclesiastic's views by speaking on Cremation.

Political Homœopathy.

"FREE Ireland from Free Trade at whatever cost,"

Says shrewd PROBYN-NEVINS. A curious reflection

That Ireland who by a "Protector" so lost,
Should hope to be saved by Protection!

DELIGHTFUL dish for any Race Meeting dinner—"Champagne-Steaks."

HOLIDAY TASKS FOR THE RECESS.

The First Lord of the Treasury.—To read all the Speeches of the Grand Old Man that he has published during the last twenty years.

The Chancellor of the Exchequer.—To open a correspondence with the Junior Members of the Civil Service on the subject of the recently appointed Commission.

The Chief Secretary for Ireland.—To spend a month in Galway under the patronage of the Land League.

The Secretary of State for the Colonies.—To personally conduct some of "Our Visitors" over the country.

The Secretary of State for War.—To devote ten official days to Colonel HOPE and the Editor of the *Admiralty and Horse Guards Gazette*.

The First Lord of the Admiralty.—To learn what our big guns are made of, and to risk his life by standing beside them when they are let off.

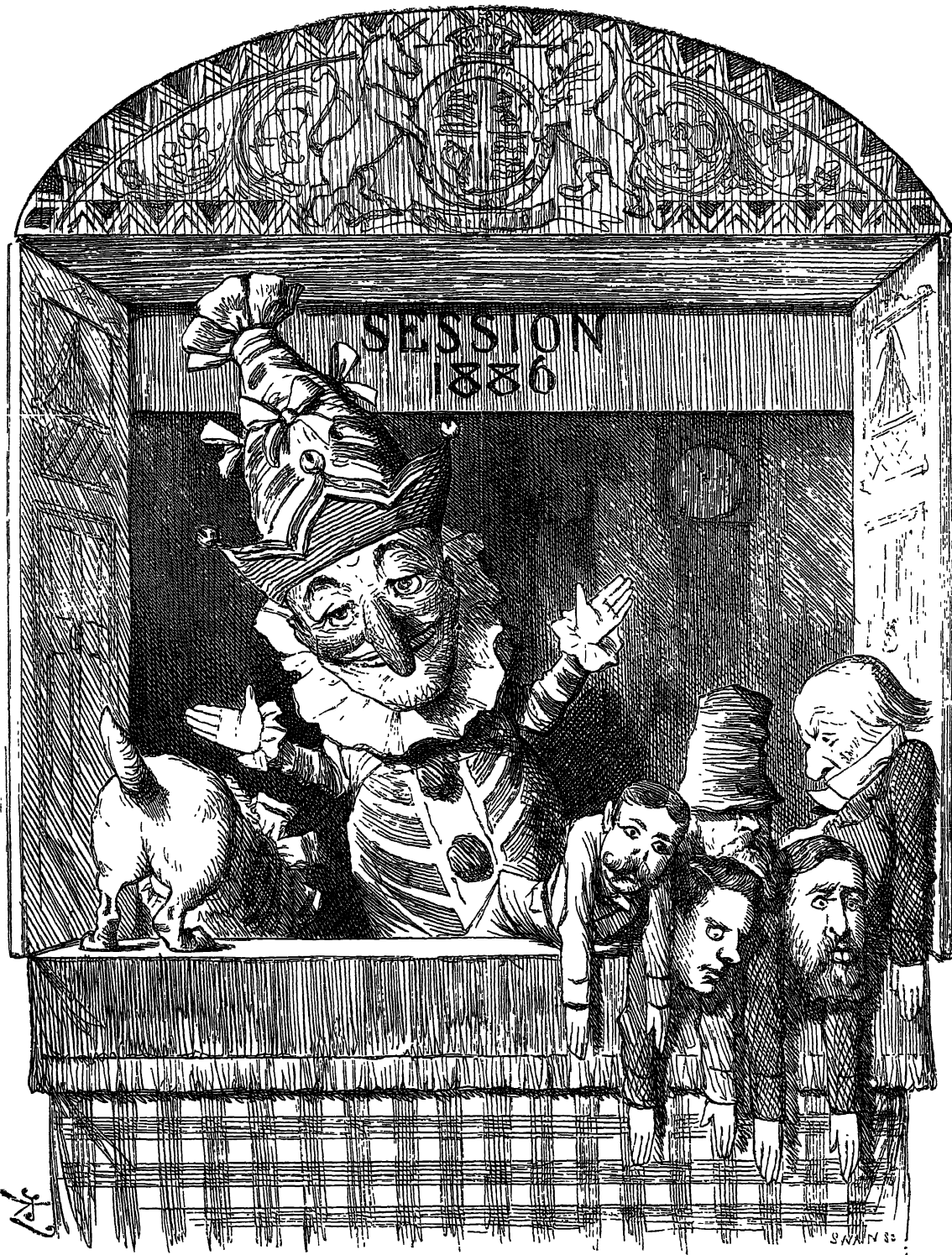
The Postmaster-General.—To make the sixpenny telegrams pay their expenses.

The Secretary of State for India.—To restore silver to its original value for the benefit of the Anglo-Indian officials.

The Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs.—To keep his eye upon BISMARCK, the Emperor of AUSTRIA, and the CZAR.

The Secretary of State for Home Affairs.—To look after SIR CHARLES WARREN.

And the Director-General of Everybody (Mr. Punch).—To conduct the affairs of the Universe as *per usual*.



“ALL OVER!!”

(PARLIAMENT PROROGUED, SEPTEMBER 25TH, 1886.)



"Pheasant-shooting in some districts will suffer through lack of birds. The wet weather has been fatal to the young broods."—*Shooting Reports.*

Head Keeper (on the First). "WERRY SORRY, MY LORD, BUT THIS 'ERE'S TH' ON'Y ONE AS WE'VE MANISHT TO RARE. WILL I PUT IT UP FOR YOUR LORDSHIP?"

NOT UNDER PROPER CONTROL.

NEW YORK, Sept. 20.—TOMKINS, the man who recently accomplished the feat of going over Niagara in a hip-bath, is not, as has been erroneously stated by one of your Contemporaries, a Cooper by trade. In reality he is an unsuccessful Author, chiefly on theological and political topics. Lately, having come down in the world, he has taken to writing sensational novelettes. In the course of an interview which he yesterday granted to a Reporter of the *Chicago Firebrand*, which styles him "The Hero of Niagara," he stated that he had for years past been trying to bring his name prominently into notice. He had at different times proposed wildly impossible political reforms, advocated gigantic trade swindles, and denounced the private character of most of the leading men in the country, especially preachers. With the same object in view he had written a disgracefully blood-curdling "thriller," containing fifteen forgeries and twenty-six mysterious assassinations, which had been described by the critics as "dull, and wanting in incident." He found that nothing had succeeded half as well as going over Niagara in a tub he had borrowed for the purpose. To write a sensational story took several weeks, whereas shooting Niagara only occupied a few seconds. He had, so far, netted 15,000 dollars by the transaction. In his opinion the Government ought to prevent any foolhardy persons trying to "cut him out," by emulating his exploit.

NIAGARA.—A Correspondent telegraphs, "Fifteen raving maniacs have just arrived here, stimulated by TOMKINS's recent success in shooting the cataract. Each of them has a different plan for going over the waterfall, and a good deal of money is being laid on the chances of any of them surviving. One is cased from head to foot in armour-plating, lined with india-rubber, and with thick belts of cork fastened outside. The Authorities show some signs of substituting a strait-waistcoat for this costume, but the madman's backers are very enthusiastic, and threaten to lynch anybody who interferes with the experiment being tried."

Later.—From our *Special Correspondent at the Falls*.—"It was generally thought that after the shocking deaths of the fifteen maniacs nobody would be rash enough to court almost certain destruction by an attempt to navigate the Niagara Falls or Rapids. A young man from Philadelphia, however, named JENKINSON, yesterday appeared on the scene, and declared his intention of doing the Rapids, seated on an ordinary sixteen-gallon beer-cask. The event came off this morning, in the presence of an immense concourse, most of whom were brought in special excursion trains to the Falls. The banks of the river were lined with picnicking sight-seers, and the scene was a very gay one. JENKINSON's young wife and four children hung round his neck, and implored him not to risk death; but they were removed by the police, as their cries proved annoying to the large and good-humoured crowd. At twelve o'clock a start was effected, and all was well till the whirlpool was reached. At this point the man was seen to throw his arms wildly into the air, and disappear

under the boiling waters. Much disgust was experienced by those who had liberally backed him, and angry cries of "Swindler!" were heard. When the body was got out, half a mile lower down, by means of grappling irons and a pitchfork, spirited attempts at resuscitation were set on foot by those desirous of seeing a second attempt made; but as the unfortunate man's back and neck were broken, as well as most of his ribs, and there was no sign of returning respiration, the efforts had to be abandoned. A subscription made afterwards for the widow and children realised six dollars. If successful, JENKINSON would have won ten thousand dollars. It is hoped (by the hotel-keepers of the neighbourhood) that another attempt will be made before long.

AN OLD FRIEND WITH A NEW NAME.

WHAT'S in a name? Well, the question sounds pithy, But if you would know, go and ask Bullock-Smithy (A name *Mr. Punch's* old readers remember), 'Tis just fifty years, come this very September, (See *Echo* of Stockport) that handsomer fame Bullock-Smithy aimed at in complete change of name. The new name, Hazel-Grove, it were hard to improve; 'Tis suggestive of filberts and pastoral love, In place of bucolical boorishness, once The stamp of that home of the clown and the dunce. Its Jubilee now Hazel-Grove means to hold; *Mr. Punch* drinks success to the enterprise bold; And, whether in mental or physical tillage, He wishes good luck to the Lads of the Village.

EXCITEMENT AT FOLKESTONE! LATEST NEWS!—"Terrible Explosion! The Mayor's bust in the public Library."

A Suggestion.

CANARDS so many in the Silly Season, Are set a-wing as wonders grave and solemn, That certain Journals with some show of reason Might start what could be called "A Flying Column." For truth and type-economy, though 'twere better, On second thoughts, to cancel the first letter.

MOTTO THAT RUSSIA WOULD FAIN WRITE ACROSS THE MAP OF EUROPE.—"Bear and for Bear."

THE REAL "LAND AGITATION."—An earthquake.



THINGS ONE WOULD RATHER HAVE LEFT UNSAID.

"ACH! CRACIOUS LATY, I HOPE ZAT MY LONG CHERMAN LECTURE ON ZE BORTICAL ASPECTS OF ZE BLIOCENE BERIOD DID NOT BORE YOU FERY MUCH ZIS AFTERNOON!"

"OH, NOT AT ALL, PROFESSOR WOHLGEMUTH. I DON'T UNDERSTAND GERMAN, YOU KNOW."

"QUITE A LITTLE HOLIDAY."

(A Page from a Royal Diary.)

Friday.—Arrived in England. Think I shall stay a fortnight. Managed to escape the Mayor on landing—nearly! Came up to London where I was received by a young gentleman, who told me that he represented his Father, his Grand-mother, his Uncles, his Cousins and his Aunts. Amiable youth, but seemingly rather impatient to get away. He saw me into the back rooms of Buckingham Palace and bade me farewell. Rather tired after my journey. Rested. Strange kind of place: Very bored. Puzzled at a tune I heard once or twice when I came across a military band.

Saturday.—Went out for a walk. Nice day, but nothing doing. Smoked cigarettes with my Minister. Took a stroll in the garden and found myself overlooked by people with telescopes. Received hearty welcome from the Entire Royal Family—by telegraph. Asked for the statue of the first Marquis Douro, but found that it had been carted off to Aldershot. Went to a Theatre in the evening. Bored. I think I shan't stay longer than thirteen days. Again heard the mysterious tune—what is it?

Sunday.—Dull place London. My Minister came to smoke cigarettes. Read me the *Observer*. Felt a little out of it. My Minister told me that Sunday was always considered rather *triste*—even by Londoners. Went to the "Colinderies." No one there. All the "niggers" had gone on an excursion to Claremont. Wished I had been asked too. Very bored. My Minister suggested the "Zoo." Rather amused with the monkeys. Shall get back to Lisbon in twelve days. Can't stand London any longer. Again heard that bothering tune—it was played by a band while I was dining. Seems familiar to me, and yet I can't recall it.

Monday.—Went to see some of the "sights." Bored out of my life. Can't possibly stay more than ten days. Buckingham Palace very dull. Wish they had offered me the Albert Palace instead. My Minister (who dropped in to smoke cigarettes) tells me it is not half bad. Went to a Theatre where I again heard the air. No, I can't remember it.

Tuesday.—Another turn at the "sights." I shall go melancholy mad if I stay in this place much longer. Made up my mind I must get away by Saturday. Passed the time in the morning in dictating letters to my Minister refusing to be photographed by four hundred photographers, and to take shares in four

thousand new Companies. Went over Buckingham Palace and consider it a hole. Not surprised no one will live in it. Smoked cigarettes with D'ANTAS. Guards' Band passed playing that puzzling tune. Where have I heard it?

Wednesday.—LORD MAYOR asked me to lunch. Very civil indeed. Awfully pleased. Really hospitable. Very good of him. Went to the City, and proposed his health, coupled with the names of the Lady Mayoress and Queen VICTORIA. Afterwards read him my translation of *Hamlet* by SHAKESPEARE. LORD MAYOR said it was "very nice." Good fellow the LORD MAYOR! Offered to recite to him my translation of other works by the same Author. Unfortunately, he had an appointment, so took my Minister back to Buckingham Palace, and recited them to him. He wanted to go away at eleven, but got him to stay on by presenting him, every time he grew restive, with additional decorations. At intervals the band in attendance played that extraordinary melody. Altogether, a good day. Still this place is dull to a degree. Might be bearable if I had been put up at the Mansion House. Have insisted upon going home to-morrow. Really won't pass another twenty-four hours in London.

Thursday.—Started! Hooray! Left Buckingham Palace accompanied by "travelling escort" of Horse Guards. No one to see me off at the Waterloo Station, not even the amiable young gentleman who met me on my arrival. Never mind; so long as I got away what did it matter? My carriage was tacked on to an ordinary train. Caught by the Mayor at Devonport, who would read me an address. Then he introduced me to another Mayor. Never mind; asked them to dinner! Ha! ha! They little knew what a revenge I had in store for them! Ultimately arrived at Plymouth, after being escorted by a detachment of the Commissariat and Transport Corps, and received with a royal salute of twenty-one fog-signals! So far as I could make out, my train had been converted, towards the end of the journey, into an excursion. Thank goodness, got back on board my corvette. In the evening had a real fine time of it! Read every line of my translations to the Mayors I had entertained at dinner! I taught them what it was to present addresses to me! All through the day was haunted with the mysterious tune which was frequently played to me.

Friday.—Hooray! On my way home! Just found out, after consulting my band-master, that the puzzling melody I have heard so often was various English versions of the Portuguese National Anthem! Adieu, hospitable England, for ever!

JOHN LIPHOT HATTON,

Composer of "To Anthea," "Simon the Cellarer," "Good-bye Sweetheart, Good-bye," "The Leather Bottel," "The Friar of Orders Grey," &c., &c.

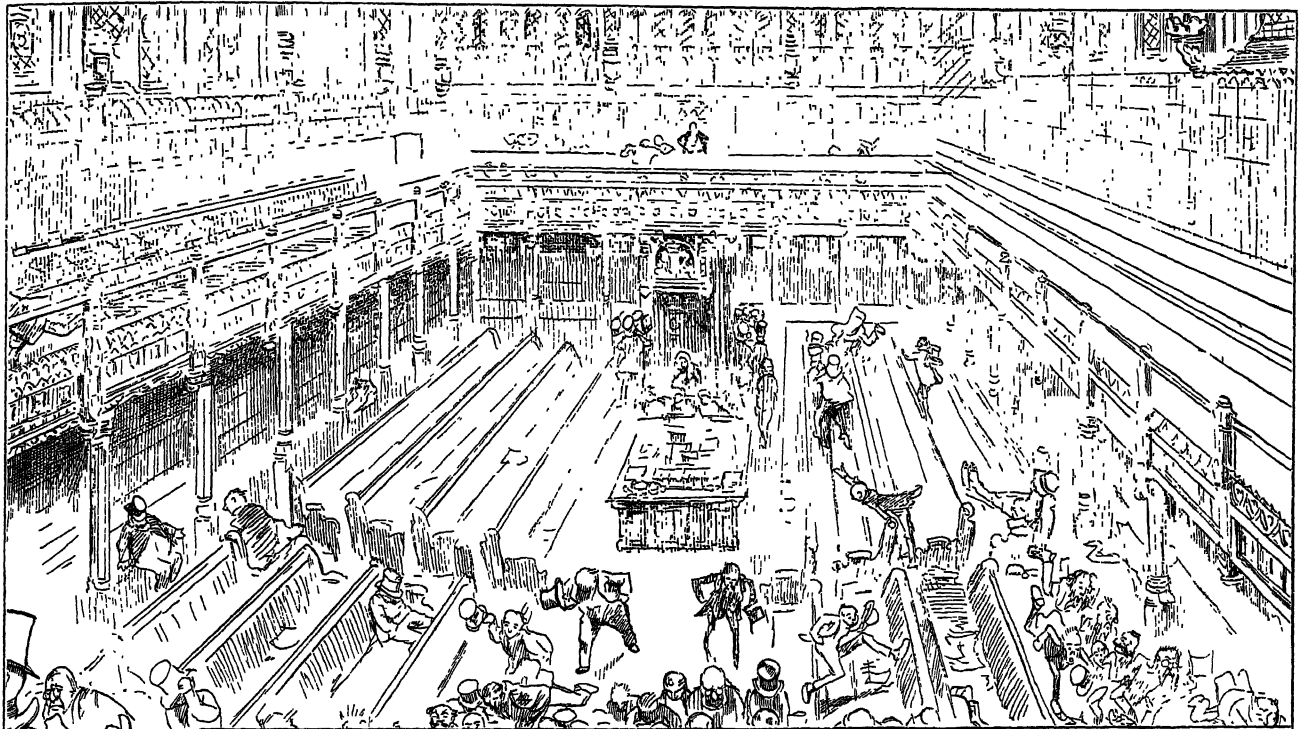
DIED MONDAY, SEPTEMBER 20TH, 1886.

GONE, genial writer of sound English Songs? Well, "Anthea's" fame to your memory belongs, And he served Merry England both wisely and well, Who first invented "The Leather Bottel."

Mary Anner on Orders and Decorations.

MARY ANNER is informed that in Germany they have instituted a new "Order for Servants," and started "Decorations for Domestics." As to orders, MARY ANNER is of opinion that she gets a precious sight too many already, more than she means to obey, Missus or no Missus. With regard to decorations she holds that *they* should be left—as they are not at present, wus luck!—to the domestics themselves. "Orders and Decorations, indeed!" cries our old correspondent, "Yus, orders to decorate ourselves with them ojus servant's caps! That's about the size of it, and there's nothink new in *that*! My reply to the orders is simply 'Walker!' and as to the decorations drat 'em!" We give MARY ANNER's remarks without comment.

COMPENSATION FOR DISTURBANCE.—They are looking forward with fearful forebodings to a severe winter in the Emerald Isle. But perhaps, after all, it may be the appointed means of giving *just ice* to Ireland.



PARLIAMENTARY VIEWS. N^o 10 THE BEST CLUB IN ENGLAND. EXEUNT OMNES, THE MEMBER FOR BOREDOM HAS IT ALL HIS OWN WAY.

SENSE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM
THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday Sept. 20.—Marvellous scene for mid-September. All the benches filled and even some of the seats in the side galleries. GLADSTONE back again, evidently prepared to take the bull by the horns. At first seemed as if HENEGUE was left to represent the Unity of Liberalism. But presently HARTINGTON strolled in.

"Awful bore, TOBY," he yawned at me; "might be in another and a better place. But must be down to keep an eye on RANDOLPH. No saying where he mightn't land us unless he's watched." So sat down, kept his eye fixedly on RANDOLPH for space of ten minutes, at end of which time was fast asleep.

Thus missed opportunity at question time of hearing GEORGE CAMPBELL's delicate inquiry about JAMES THE SECOND. Thirst for knowledge of "Hon. Baronet," as RANDOLPH always calls him, growing painful in intensity. Wants to know everything, and now suddenly comes down on PLUNKET with desire to know whether JAMES THE SECOND was removed from his throne for misconduct. PLUNKET not to be drawn. Question put without notice. Not to be lightly answered. So he gravely declared his inability to give an opinion on the subject. Pitiable to see CAMPBELL through rest of sitting; grown distinctly older. Moved aimlessly about; discovered sitting dejected in various out-of-the-way corners; always brooding over the unanswered question.

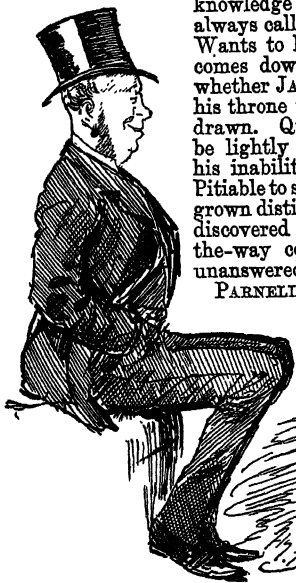
PARNELL moved Second Reading of his Tenants' Relief (Ireland) Bill. Rather a monotonous proceeding, broken now and then by his losing his place among his voluminous notes. Evidently learned 'em off; but lesson not too thoroughly at command. At half-past ten House waiting impatiently for GLADSTONE. GIBSON, Irish Solicitor-General, on his legs, pouring forth turbulent stream of words. So like and so unlike his illustrious brother! The same proneness to shout, the same flux of words,

the same inflection of voice, the same tendency to thump the unfending table. Lord SPENCER, dozing in the gallery, woke up once with a start and the conviction that Lord ASHBOURNE was a dream, and that EDWARD GIBSON, Member for Dublin University, was at the table of the House of Commons. But though the voice was the voice of EDWARD, the numbing flood of pointless commonplace belonged to JOHN GEORGE. Interesting to watch RANDOLPH's expressive face as JOHN GEORGE floated along to his own satisfaction and to the visible impatience of the House.

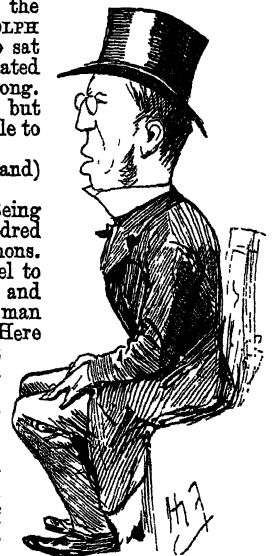
"Look out!" says BIDDULPH, eagerly watching performance from extreme edge of an opposite bench. "Another ten minutes of this, and RANDOLPH 'll pull him down by the coat-tails." GLADSTONE long ago lost his composure; tossed about on the seat; nervously clutched a voluminous sheaf of notes; flashed to and fro great glimpses of red stocking displayed above his shoe, as if GIBSON were the Bull of Bavaria, and he were trying to move him out of his soul-seething jog-trot of commonplace. But JOHN GEORGE went his way to the melancholy end, the House waking itself with a grateful cheer as GLADSTONE sprung up, and stood at the table. "Hoarse, but hearty," RANDOLPH said, disconsolately, to MATTHEWS, who sat by his side, and took note of his animated commentary as GLADSTONE pounded along. HOME SECRETARY followed GLADSTONE, but no great speeches. Evidently impossible to get up steam at this stage of Session.

Business done.—Tenants' Relief (Ireland) Bill introduced.

Tuesday.—The marvel increases. Being the 21st of September, over five hundred Members gathered in the House of Commons. Oldest inhabitant remembers no parallel to this. Conspicuous absentees, JOSEPH and JESSE and CAINE. HARTINGTON not the man to run away from difficult position. Here to-night, sturdy as ever, saying what he thinks, and letting people think what they please. Party prejudice aside, HARTINGTON admirable figure in our political scenery. JOHN MORLEY made able speech. HICKS-BEACH cantankerous; HARCOURT facetious; and JOHN DILLON unconscionably prolix. On the whole, proceedings dull, and lack of interest manifest. House wanted to hear precisely how GLADSTONE would treat the subject. GLADSTONE spoken,



"Look out!"



"How 'ard is my lot!"

and now all that was looked for was the Division. It might as conveniently have been taken at midnight. By One o'Clock in the morning the very last word had been said. But JOHN DILLON, having button-holed the House, would not let it go. On he went, from bad quarter of an hour to worse. Members left the House in scores. Those that remained, including GLADSTONE, tossed restlessly on their seats. They coughed and whispered to each other, and yawned and moaned in sheer weariness of spirit. But all done in modified tone. Had it been a poor English or Scotch Member, he would have been peremptorily shouted down after his first twenty minutes. But the humblest Irish Member not to be trifled with.



Joseph and his Guides. (G. O. M.'s Vision of a projected Holiday Tour.)

DILLON, if interrupted, would move Adjournment of Debate. There would be a wrangle, and then he would finish his speech, not abating one mile of his sentences. So Members sat and groaned in spirit, and the Unionists began to doubt whether, after all, it were wise to stand out against a Parliament in Dublin.

"Talk about Coercion," said MORGAN HOWARD, opening his mouth and shutting his eyes. "If there's any worse kind of coercion than this, then I don't mind trying it for a change."

Business done.—PARNELL'S Bill finally thrown out by 297 votes against 202.

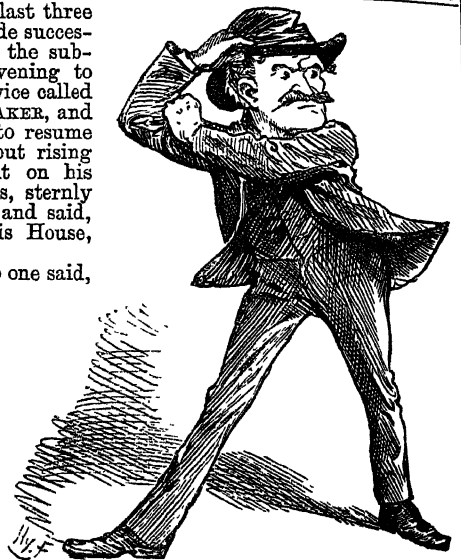
Wednesday.—House practically finished its business to-day, and quite time too. Hour or two before it was all over TANNER declared he had reached the end of the tether of patience. It came on about Father FAHY. Not the first appearance of the Reverend Gentleman.

Been off and on for last three weeks. TANNER made succession of speeches on the subject. Rose this evening to continue series. Twice called to order by the SPEAKER, and third time ordered to resume his seat. Did so, but rising immediately he put on his hat, folded his arms, sternly regarded SPEAKER, and said, "I shall leave this House, Mr. SPEAKER."

A brief pause. No one said, "Don't!" and, with somewhat disappointed air, TANNER strode forth. "It's no place for Irishmen," he added, by way of parting shot.

"Not of your kind," RANDOLPH whispered, softly.

In excitement of moment Father FAHY disappeared



"It's no place for Irishmen!"

from view, and before House quite knew where it was, CREMER was on his feet stirring the deep waters of Foreign Policy. But this was too much at the dinner-hour of a Wednesday at this butt end of September. RANDOLPH said a few words. WILFRID LAWSON and the Sage of Queen Anne's Gate delivered themselves, and then the Session quietly died out.

Business done.—Appropriation Bill read Third Time.

Saturday.—The old charade reacted in the Lords. The five cloaked figures on the Bench before the Woolsack went through the old business of bowing and uplifting their cocked hats. A few Members of the other House at the Bar; the Royal Assent given by Commission: the Queen's Speech read; the Commons bowed out; and the Assistant Sergeant-at-Arms, looking spicker and spanner than ever at the end of a wearisome Session, makes preparation for locking up the Mace.



"Au revoir!"



COMPARING NOTES.

WITH the departure of the warm weather music begins to reassert its sway. The Crystal Palace Concerts, ten in number, to be given before Christmas, promise to be unusually interesting, and Mr. AUGUST MANNS will resume the *bâton* on Saturday, Oct. 16th, when



Comparing Notes.

a new Spanish ballet, in seven short movements, by MASSENET, is to be heard for the first time in England. The second Concert will be a tribute of respect to the memory of LISZT, and consist almost entirely of his works. At the Covent Garden Promenade Concerts the evening of Sept. 29th was devoted to the music of English Composers. The Overture, by Mr. E. H. THORNE, which gained the prize offered last year by Mr. FREEMAN THOMAS, was heard once more; and there is no doubt that it is a work of considerable merit, if of little inspiration. Mr. GADSBY'S *Scène*, "The Forest of Arden"—this is down for performance at the Crystal Palace next year; an *Intermezzo* by Mr. E. HOPKINS OULD; and a *Scène de Ballet* by Mr. H. M. HIGES, were also given and conducted by their respective authors. The last-mentioned is a very original and taking production, containing much ingenious instrumental combination, and having, particularly in the first movement, *allegro*, an amount of "go" that is almost infectious. The Composer was loudly cheered, and had he been of the grasping order, might very well have construed the applause into an *encore*. As it was, it was nearly eleven o'clock when the second part of the programme was reached, and cutting and hacking was now perforce indulged in with a ruthless hand. Mr. COWEN'S "Language of Flowers," a piece which is generally overrated, to my thinking, and which conveys the suggestion of "scrappiness" rather than happiness; and Sir ARTHUR SULLIVAN'S bright music to "Henry the Eighth" helped to swell an absurdly long programme. Mr. FREDERIC KING and Miss ANNIE MARRIOTT sang, and Madame FRICKENHAUS gave a clear rendering of STERNDALE BENNETT'S favourite piano Concerto in F, being fairly well accompanied by the band under Mr. CALDICOTT.

The music of "Dorothy," at the Gaiety, is in itself a distinct feature of the season. Mr. CELLIER'S music is of that order, that it can stand by itself when once heard. Miss MARION HOOD is, probably, the only stage vocalist who could do full justice to the music allotted to *Dorothy*. Mr. CELLIER'S treatment of the orchestra, whether in accompaniments or symphonies, is, as usual, characterised by the refinement of earnest intelligence.

At the Alhambra the ballet "Cupid," composed by M. JACOBI, deserves by its high musicianly qualities, a far wider and more intelligent recognition than it is usual to bestow upon this class of work. There is more "stuff" in it, than in nine out of ten comic operas, and the graceful themes of which it is constructed, besides being treated with all the judgment of a practised orchestral writer, are frequently handled with a truly symphonic grasp.

NIBELUNGLET.

WITHIN (AND WITHOUT) THE GAIETY.

DEAR MR. NIBBS,

You may possibly be interested to hear that the Gaiety is gay no longer. Yes, the Gaiety of London is totally eclipsed; and the theatre now has somewhat the air of a reformed rake. It strives to be decorous and succeeds admirably—in being dull. It is remodelled and decorated with a lavish hand, that only required the guidance of good taste; the alterations in many cases are additions without being improvements. Newly-decorated *foyer*, new act-drop, new fittings, everything so new that it is a matter of surprise to find that the old frieze, painted by STACY MARKS, has not been replaced by something new and effective in red and gold lincrusta. Mr. PHIPPS, the theatrical architect, was in the House, and nearly had a fit when he saw the "improvements." So much for the Theatre, now for the Play.

Dorothy, is a Comedy Opera, not comic, you observe, far from it. Music by ALFRED CELLIER, words by B. C. STEPHENSON, who, as he seems only partially acquainted with the alphabet of libretto-writing, might be called "A. B. C. STEPHENSON."

The music is much better than the plot—not that this is saying much, and indeed as you will probably have an expert at work on this department, I shall say no more on this score—I mean on Mr. CELLIER'S score; but I fancy that Herr MEYER LUTZ must have received instructions not to indulge in any of his old burlesque frivolous ways, but to conduct the music gravely and sedately—which he did. I was wondering whether he was awake all the time.

The plot depends mainly on the chief characters continually disguising themselves by the simple process—as it appeared to me—of powdering their hair, which of course renders them perfectly unrecognisable until the last Act, when everybody finds out everybody else, and all ends happily. I am sure, speaking for myself, I was quite pleased when it was over.

Miss MARION HOOD looked very pretty, acted spasmodically, and sang delightfully; Mr. REDFERN HOLLINS, who sang, but couldn't act; poor Mr. HAYDEN COFFIN acts, but is not allowed to sing; and Mr. ARTHUR WILLIAMS, as a sheriff's officer, raised expectations of the greatest amusement, which however were not destined to be realised. He sings a song in the First Act about "The King's own writ I hold, Sir!"—the style and the metre recalling "The Vicar of Bray,"—which is unfortunate for the song,—and otherwise gives great offence to the villagers, who soon knock all the nonsense out of him. So he sings no more facetious songs, and subsequently retires into the background.

The unexpected introduction of a pack of at least twelve real live harriers,—unmuzzled, but well under control,—brings the Second Act to a sportive conclusion. I am informed that the idea of having the harriers out on a September morning in a hop-country is quite original, and, this not being a comic opera, the introduction of this pack—quite "a pack of nonsense"—does Mr. A. B. C. STEPHENSON all the more credit. What thorough sportsmen Messrs. CELLIER and A. B. C. STEPHENSON must be! Yet if they brought the hounds on the stage in anticipation of a run, I fancy they will find themselves rather "out of the hunt." On Saturday night, there were loud calls for Mr. HARRIERS, or HARRIS, or somebody whose name I couldn't quite catch. However, the rule on the Gaiety stage just now seems to be, "When in doubt play A. B. C. STEPHENSON," and so this gentleman came forward and bowed, much to his own satisfaction.

Each Act has its own elaborate set-scene, the second, Chanticleer Hall, being the most effective, and the Round Coppee, by Messrs. SPONG and BANKS—I have seen so many of the latter's stage pictures representing scenes of town and rural life, that I like to think of him as "London and County BANKS"—being the next best.

No expense—or material—has been spared by Manager EDWARDES on the dresses. The fair wearers (two words which seem to suggest "wayfarers," but this is "by the way") seem a little awkward in their long-trained silken skirts, and I fear they will not have time to grow accustomed to them.

There is a ballet, or dance of bridesmaids and groomsmen in the last Act, but it is conducted on the strictest principles, half the stage being occupied by old women—presumably *chaperons*—who keep up a sort of droning comment on the proceedings which effectually checks all hilarity.

The *mise-en-scène* is good,—better than the *misses-en-scène* mentioned above,—and the whole performance may be described as perfectly innocuous, warranted neither to give offence nor to afford much amusement.

Yours,

PENELOPE ANNE.

PUZZLES.—Last Friday the *Pall Mall Gazette* announced that it would give a prize for the best solution to an original puzzle. And then the Editor was so puzzled to invent a puzzle, that he advertised for an original puzzle to start with. But how he will prevent the inventor of the puzzle from also winning it, is another puzzle for himself. If a daily paper cannot sell without puzzles, why not make it all puzzles? Puzzle-leaders, puzzle-correspondence, puzzle-telegrams, puzzle-latest news! Why not? That's another puzzle. Now, here is an Art-Puzzle, of which *Mr. Punch* is ready to confess he does not know the solution:—Puzzle—How to deal with the Royal Academy Difficulty so as to satisfy everybody inside and outside the Academy.

SUMMING UP.—After several months' inquiry, the Police Commission arrived at the satisfactory conclusion that "accidents will happen in the best-regulated families," and have made a few suggestions,—such, for example, as the appointment of a few Chief Constables of good social position, without any previous special training for this kind of employment,—which, if adopted, will probably render the chances of a good muddle on any given occasion rather less improbable than it was before,—that's all.

INEVITABLE.—*Mr. Punch* knew how it would be. Since the election of the new LORD MAYOR he has been inundated with letters suggesting that as Sir REGINALD HANSON at the close of his speech said that his devotion to his duties would prevent him from being an entire failure in his office, he must remember that at the end of his mayoralty he will merely be judged by the old proverb, "HANSON is as HANSON does." [At least a hundred *beaux esprits* have all met over this epigram.]

RESCUED!

A ROMANCE OF RICHMOND HILL.



It was the Jerry-Builder Dragon,
And he up and says, says he,
"A finer spot for a Building Lot,
Mine eyes did never see."

And it was the Lass of Richmond Hill,
Who raised a doleful cry:
"O Gentles, your duty is rescuing Beauty,
Then save me ere I die!"

And oh, it was stout Sir FREDERICK LEIGHTON,
And valiant VICAR COLE,
Who, couching brush, came forth with a rush,
To save that Lass from dole.

And Major BULL, and Mr. HILDITCH,
To help did with success try;
It pleasant to tell is of WHITTAKER ELLIS,
And eke of the Richmond Vestry.

Likewise the Local Government Board,
At need were loyal found,
To do the thing handsome, by means of a
Of fifteen thousand pound. [ransom,

But then came forth the Good Knight Punch,
And brought his broadsword down,
In aid most hearty of the Rescue Party,
Of famous Richmond Town.

Then it was the Jerry-Builder Dragon,
Who from the late domain,
Of the bold Buccleuch, defeated flew,
Ne'er to come there again.

And oh, it was the British Public,
Who praised their pluck and skill,
Who the Dragon braved, and from danger saved,
The Lass of Richmond Hill!

Now let us shout at the Dragon's rout,
This dire defeat must dash him;
And when he next hath Beauty vex,
May we all be there to smash him!

VOILÀ "TOUTS."

CAB tout. Bravo, Sir CHARLES WARREN! quite right. Muzzle the dogs, and run in the runners who thrust themselves into houses on pretence of helping up or down the luggage, and then give you bad language for a good sixpence when one does employ them. Also delighted to hear that Mr. VAUGHAN gave a "cab tout," one of the pests of the Lyceum Theatre, seven days' imprisonment with hard labour. Mr. Punch begs to suggest that the police should license a large number of town porters, who might wear a badge, and have a regular tariff. And he further suggests to the Managers of theatres that a very much better system of cab-calling might become universal, if Mr. AUGUSTUS HARRIS's plan, of employing boys in uniform, "under proper control," to fetch cabs and carriages, were developed. Generally speaking, the scene outside a theatre, after the entertainment is over, is disgraceful; and many who have once experienced it are loth, even for "the greatest attraction," to encounter it oftener than they can possibly help.

HAMLET IN THE BATH-ROOM.

[A medical journal has been throwing grave doubts upon the need and utility, even the salubrity and safety, of that sacred institution, the cold morning tub.]

TUBBING or not tubbing, that is the question:
Whether 'tis nobler in a man to suffer
The stings and shivers of an icy sponging,
Or take up arms against a tyrant custom,
And by opposing end it?—To peel,—to plunge
No more; not, fresh from sleep, to undergo
The dull ache, and the douche's frigid shocks
That flesh so shrinks from,—'tis a consummation
Devoutly to be wished. To lie,—to sleep,—
To sleep! perchance to dream:—no shuddering scrub,
No dismal thought of what cold chills must come
When we have shuffled our pyjamas off,
Need give us pause! 'Tis the respect for custom
That makes the morning tub of so long life:
For who would bear the whips and stings of cold,
The tumble out, the hasty ice-breaking,
The pangs of the first plunge, the heart's delay,
The tremulous knee-knocking, and the "turns"
That quivering ganglions of the shower-bath take,
When he at ease his morning wash could do
In tepid comfort? Who would goose-skin bear,
To grunt and shake under a down-pour chill,
But that the dread of what the world would say—
That "unknown quantity," whose shadowy fiat
No fellow disobeys—puzzles the will,
And makes us rather bear the ills we have,
Than fly to comfort that we're wishful of?
Thus Custom doth make cowards of us all,
And thus the sense and comfort of ablution
Are sacrificed to false ideas of health;
And Sawbones' saws and sanitary twaddle
Make winter's mornings frigid misery,
All in the name of cleanliness!

M. HARDEN HICKY, editor and proprietor of *Triboulet*, has again sent his seconds to challenge somebody who has given him offence. M. HARDEN HICKY is a harden'd duellist, and being always a principal, he may fairly be described as, in these affairs, "nulli secundus," i.e., "Nobody's Second."

A NEW DECORATION.—"The Order of the Day,"—no, not "the Order of the Day." It is in the gift of Theatrical Managers, and is only granted as a distinction to the frequenters of Matinées.



THINGS ONE WOULD RATHER HAVE LEFT UNSAID.

She. "WE EXPECTED YOU TO DINNER LAST NIGHT, HERR PROFESSOR. WE WAITED HALF AN HOUR FOR YOU. I HOPE IT WAS NOT ILLNESS THAT PREVENTED YOU FROM COMING?"

He. "ACH, NO! I WAS NOT HONGRY!"

"DIVINE WILLIAMS."

HAMLET, served up en Omelette à la Comédie Française, seems, to have been a qualified success. The correspondents of the London papers differ in their accounts of the performance. The Parisian Correspondent of the *Times*—(does M. DE BR-W-RZ stoop to ephemeral theatrical matters?)—observes that "some suppressions are ill-considered," as, for example, "the arrival at the end of the play of *Fortinbras*' victorious army," which, he says, "is rather a grave gap, for at the fall of the curtain Denmark remains literally without any chief and without any government." But surely the management of the Français has only followed the English rule in this "*suppressio veri*," for, within the last thirty or forty years, what English manager, producing *Hamlet*, ever thought of bringing in *Fortinbras* and his victorious army? Which simply comes to this, what English manager ever played the piece as it was intended to be played, and so ending the play as SHAKESPEARE intended it to be ended? Some manager did, we believe, restore *Fortinbras*, but if it has been done within the last quarter of a century, we, having been present at most notable revivals, do not remember to have seen it. Perhaps *Fortinbras* and his victorious army may have always arrived late—like BUTCHER—and so did not reach the scene of carnage until the curtain was down and the lights out. The French authors are hardly to blame for this suppression, which is scarcely a novelty.

The *Standard* Correspondent notices an introduction about which "the rest is silence,"—or, strictly speaking, the rest are silent,—with the exception of course of Mr. Punch's Representative, whose eagle eye observes everything. It is that *Hamlet* after hearing *Horatio*'s account of the Ghost, has a flirtation scene with *Ophelia*, in which he presents her with that celebrated copy of verses which *Polonius* subsequently finds and reads to the King. This is an innovation with a vengeance.

The Critic on the *Figaro* thinks that the play is too long for a French audience, and suggests that after *Ophelia*'s mad scene there should be a considerable "cut," which would bring them as soon as possible to the fencing-match, which is evidently the feature of the piece.

One thing has surprised us, that nowhere have we read how Mr. IRVING in London, and Mr. W. BARRETT in America, telegraphed at once to M. MOUNET-SULLY saying, "English Dramatic Art wishes you success. Bless you! Go on and prosper!" On such an occasion we should have thought that "bang goes sixpence" for a telegram would have inspired the action of the generous histrions.

THE REAL "KNIGHTS OF LABOUR."—Costermongers or "Barrow-Knights."

A WATER COURSE.

IX.

One More on Untaire.

In the waters of Royat hadn't put plenty of iron into me, I don't think my nerves could have stood a second ride on Untaire. But the Colonel persuades me, and after a day's rest I am ready for the effort.

"It is the only way to know the country," says the Colonel, whose theory I admit is sound, but whose method of giving it practical effect is somewhat rough.

We start, and if the Colonel on Risette will only stick to road and rocks, I can follow him; but if he ventures on turf I feel that it is tempting the special Providence that has hitherto watched over Untaire. Every moment on grass with Untaire I expect to be off, and Untaire on me or on his back. And then?

Luckily the Colonel agrees with me, and prefers the rocky path. We descend through very wet bushes, the branches slapping our faces for our impudence. At last we are in a better road, a steep ascent, rather good going, and consequently any attempt at holding in Untaire being useless, away we go, I breathless, Untaire breathless too, but his head well forward, and his hoofs knocking the rocks like steel hammers.

THE START.—"From rock to rock,
With many a shock,
And bump and thump."

"The Contrabandista," Act I. Song
in the Key of "Gee."

How his shoes stay on is a marvel! I catch a glimpse of the Colonel as he darts round a sharp corner, and I only devoutly trust that I may make no mistake as to the exact turning, or I shall be lost in the wood. Round to the right we go, at such an acute angle, and at such a tremendous pace, that the sudden change in the direction nearly upsets us both, and Untaire, who has been galloping right foot foremost, now suddenly substitutes the left, in order apparently to save himself from coming down on his side; but he executes the movement with such a jerk, followed by such a heavy stumping action, that I begin to fear he must have dislocated his shoulder, or otherwise severely injured some portion of his frame. He recovers himself, however, and I become accustomed to the stumping movement, which is just as if he had got a wooden foreleg. No sign of the Colonel. Just as we reach the top I see the phantom Colonel vanishing round another corner half-way down the descent. Untaire has caught sight of Risette's tail, and hastens to rejoin her.

Full pelt down-hill, Risette kicking up the mud, and suddenly stopping, reined in with a jerk by the Colonel, as Untaire, whom I am unable to curb in his bold career, cannons against her. No injury done to men or beasts. What's the matter?

"*V'la!*" shouts the Colonel, roaring with laughter, as he points to a notice-board. "Eet ees La Pepinière. We are trespassing. In another moment will the gardener see us. No dogs, no horses allowed. Come back, or it will be an *amende* if they catch us. *Houp là!*" And without further parley he turns Risette and flies at a Dick-Turpin-to-York pace back again. Untaire doesn't wait to be guided, but goes round suddenly, as if on a pivot, and bolts after his favourite Risette. Sharp to the left, over some stumps of trees, across a small stream, over some rocks—up, up, up, until we find ourselves galloping on the hill above the beautifully-kept grounds of La Pepinière, where the gardeners and a *garde champêtre* are now keeping a vigilant eye on our movements.

"Ah! we will take first road to right," cries the Colonel. "There must be a way down."

There is. Such a way! I don't believe any horses have ever been on this trackless path before. It is all rock, and so steep, that even the Colonel is compelled to proceed at a careful walking pace. He has a plan for crossing by a wood below, and making for a village which he sees some way off, then round to Royat by a short cut,—always a short cut, as if we were in a desperate hurry on some matter of life and death, instead of being out for a quiet ride at four francs an hour.

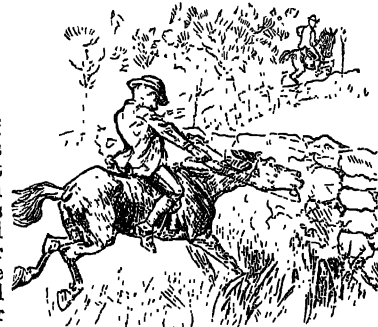
After effecting our rocky descent, we have a treacherous bit of mossy grass, but, thank goodness, not much of it, and we issue on to a road which leads us by orchards and fruit-trees, through a picturesque village, which is not the one the Colonel meant, but with which, as it is a village, he is equally delighted. Then we find ourselves on a high road, very white, very hot, and very hard.

This doesn't suit the Colonel, who instantly discovers a cross-country

route, and exclaims, "See! there is a way by those vineyards!" And before I can remonstrate, and point out that this is almost certain to be private property, he has urged Risette into a gallop and is half-way down a narrow path between two vineyards. I see in the distance the upper half of the Colonel above a low stone wall, which now borders the road.

Untaire catches sight of Risette and impelled by his strong affection for her, it occurs to him that he can break through all obstacles that separate them, and so, instead of waiting for the corner of the road, he makes straight for the wall in front of us, on the other side of which as it seems to his limited intelligence, he sees Risette galloping away in the distance. I pull at him, but to no purpose, but he had not reckoned on a blind ditch, and into this he goes with a dash that brings his nose sharp up against the wall.

Like the wondrous wise man celebrated in verse for the feat of jumping into and out of a quickset hedge, Untaire no sooner finds his fore-legs in the ditch, than he extricates them, backs himself on to the road, perceives the right-angled corner of the wall, and in order to rectify his error as soon as possible, makes for it at such a pace, that, before I can do anything in the way of guiding him, he has swerved round it so sharply as to bring my right boot in contact with



Untaire tries to see through a Stone Wall.



"Again he urges on his wild career."

Untaire Grazing—a Corner.



Result of Untaire's Exploit
—Separation of the Body
of the Boot from the Sole.

some projecting flints, which cut the sole as clean away from the upper leather as if the operation had been performed by a machine specially invented for the purpose.

Luckily, Royat appears in sight, and I am no longer dependent on following the Colonel's lead. This is my last performance on Untaire, as the Colonel quits Royat next morning. Dr. HAMMOND PUTTENY and the others have all gone, and Cousin JANE doesn't ride. Left to ourselves, we drive about the country, visiting among other places the wonderfully well-preserved ruin, the Château de Tournel.

Here, surveying the view from the top of the Castle in the company of a strongly garlic-and-tobacco-scented old guardian, I see Cousin JANE suddenly start back from the ramparts with a terrified expression, as if she'd seen a ghost.

"What is it?" I ask, anxiously. But by way of reply she can only point towards the massive old stone wall. I look, but can see nothing except the highly-



THE FINISH.—Riding quietly home.

I look, but can see nothing except the highly-

flavoured guide—one who comes under the "Highly-Flavoured Nation" clause,—who is leaning his elbow on the rampart.

"There! there!" she exclaims. "Don't you see those creatures!" If it had been a *viveur* who after indulging rather too freely, had exclaimed, "Look! those horrid creatures! See, there they are again! popping up!" I should at once have been able to trace his agitation to the probable cause. But with Cousin JANE who is almost a teetotaler, whose general health has been so much improved by the César baths, and her nerves by the iron in the waters, it is another affair, and I am, for the moment appalled as if in the presence of some frightful calamity.

But the Highly Flavoured One hits on the right solution as he points to some funny little yellow heads which are peeping up between the crevices of the old stones in the blazing heat of this tropical afternoon.

I am much relieved, and explain, as does the guide also, that they are quite harmless, and that this hide-and-seek is only their play.

"What are they called?" I ask.

"*Lézardines*," answers the guide.

Cousin JANE is indignant. She gives a sniff in the air, and observes that the man must take us for fools to try and impose on us in this way.

I am mystified, and so I ask him again what is the name of these creatures, and he makes the same answer, "*Lézardines*."

"There! '*Les Sardines*!'" exclaims Cousin JANE. "As if we didn't know what sardines were. Nonsense!"

Cousin JANE has certainly been benefited considerably by the waters of Royat.

THE ORACLE EXPLAINED.

PRINCE BISMARCK, questioned by the Mayor of Reichenbach as to his views on the Eastern Question, laconically advised him to "read *Faust*." The Prince, it seems, has since relieved a puzzled world by pointing out the particular passage in *Faust* which he refers to. Mr. Punch, still further simplifies the matter by presenting, to the Prince and others, his adaptation of the passage in question. It is not slavishly literal, but it probably expresses the Chancellor's views none the worse for that:—

In cynic mood there's nought I take delight in
Like hearing gossips prate of war's array;
(And of my plans the purblind fools affrighting,)
Whilst round poor Turkey's lingering decay
The beasts and birds of prey are fighting.
I sit, look on, and shape things to my ends,
And watch all sorts of interests colliding,
Unto all which ironic zest it lends
To talk of mutual trust and peace abiding.

This slightly resembles TAYLOR's version of the same passage. But it is *Sartor Resartus*.

"GIVING HIM SNUFF."—In the *Daily Telegraph's* interesting Leader on the DUC D'AUMALE's splendid gift to the French Institute as trustees for the nation, it is recounted how a certain Prince in merry mood administered a pinch or two of snuff in a bumper of champagne to a "*drôle*," who died of the effects, and whose death was "of no consequence," since he was only a "*drôle*" the less. Messrs. J. L. TOOLE and GEO. GROSSMITH, who bask in the smiles of Royalty, must thank their lucky stars (and garters, when they've "got 'em on") that they live in the "so-called nineteenth century," and not in the seventeenth; but were the trick ever tried on either of them it would not succeed, as they are both well "up to snuff."

EXTRA-OFFICIAL HEROISM.—Life-Guardsman BENJAMIN ROBERTS may, for dutiful pluck, pair off with Constable COLEMAN. He, alone among a lot of bystanders, went to the assistance of a Policeman who was attacked by some two hundred roughs, and, at the cost of considerable knocking about, and the loss of three teeth, rescued the Constable from his cowardly assailants. Mr. Commissioner KERR, very naturally expressed a wish to reward BENJAMIN ROBERTS. Mr. Commissioner PUNCH does reward him—with an honourable place in his immortalising pages.

TO THE FUNGIVEROUS.—If it be true that Colonel GASCOIGNE, of Parlington Hall, near Leeds, has planted certain yards of manure, lying idle, with mushroom-spawn, and obtained from 122 of them, a crop which he sold for £106, clearing a profit on total expenses, rent included, over cent. per cent., then sing Farmers all, "Away with melancholy!" for where agricultural depression now exists there will be mush-room for improvement.

GOOD OMEN IN IRELAND.—It is a noteworthy coincidence that Moonlight is disappearing with the dawn of DAY. Moonlight, let us hope, will vanish altogether, much to the daylight of the terrorised tenant-farmers.

BACK TO TOWN.

Back to Town, and it certes is rapture to stand,
And to hear once again all the roar of the Strand;
I agree with the bard who said, noisy or stilly,
By gaslight or daylight, he loved Piccadilly;
The wanderer's heart with emotion doth swell,
When he sees the broad pavement of pleasant Pall Mall.

Some folks like the City; wherever they range,
Their hearts are still true to the Royal Exchange;
They've beheld Alpine summits rise rank upon rank,
But the Matterhorn's nothing compared with the Bank;
And they feel quite rejoiced in the omnibus ride,
As that hears for the living rolls up through Cheapside.

The mind of a man is expanded by travel,
But give me my house on the Kensington gravel:
The wine of the Frenchman is good, and his grub,
But he isn't devoted to soap and the tub;
Though it may be my prejudice, yet I'll be shot,
If I don't think one Englishman's worth all the lot!

With Germans I've no disposition to quarrel,
Though most of their women resemble a barrel;
And, as for myself, I could never make out
The charms of their *schnitzel* and raw *sauer-kraut*;
While everyone owns, since the last mighty war,
Your average Teuton's too bumptious by far.

I think it's been stated before, that you roam
To prove to yourself that there's no place like home,
Though lands that are lovely lie Eastward and West,
Our "Tight little Island," believe me, 's the best;
Through Paris, Berlin, and Vienna you've passed,
To find that there's nothing like London at last!

"WHAT'S SPORT TO HIM," &c.

A SPORTING Correspondent furnished the P. M. G. with some curious details of stag-hunting in the neighbourhood of Exmoor. He says that the stags are "*fat and lazy, and, when hard pressed, make their way to the beach and swim out to sea, when they are captured, towed ashore, and have their throats cut.*" This, regarded as "sport," is so extremely peculiar, that it fairly staggers the mere outsider. It is, however, suggestive of a new departure in the shape of a Hunting Chorus, and might be handled effectively somehow thus:—

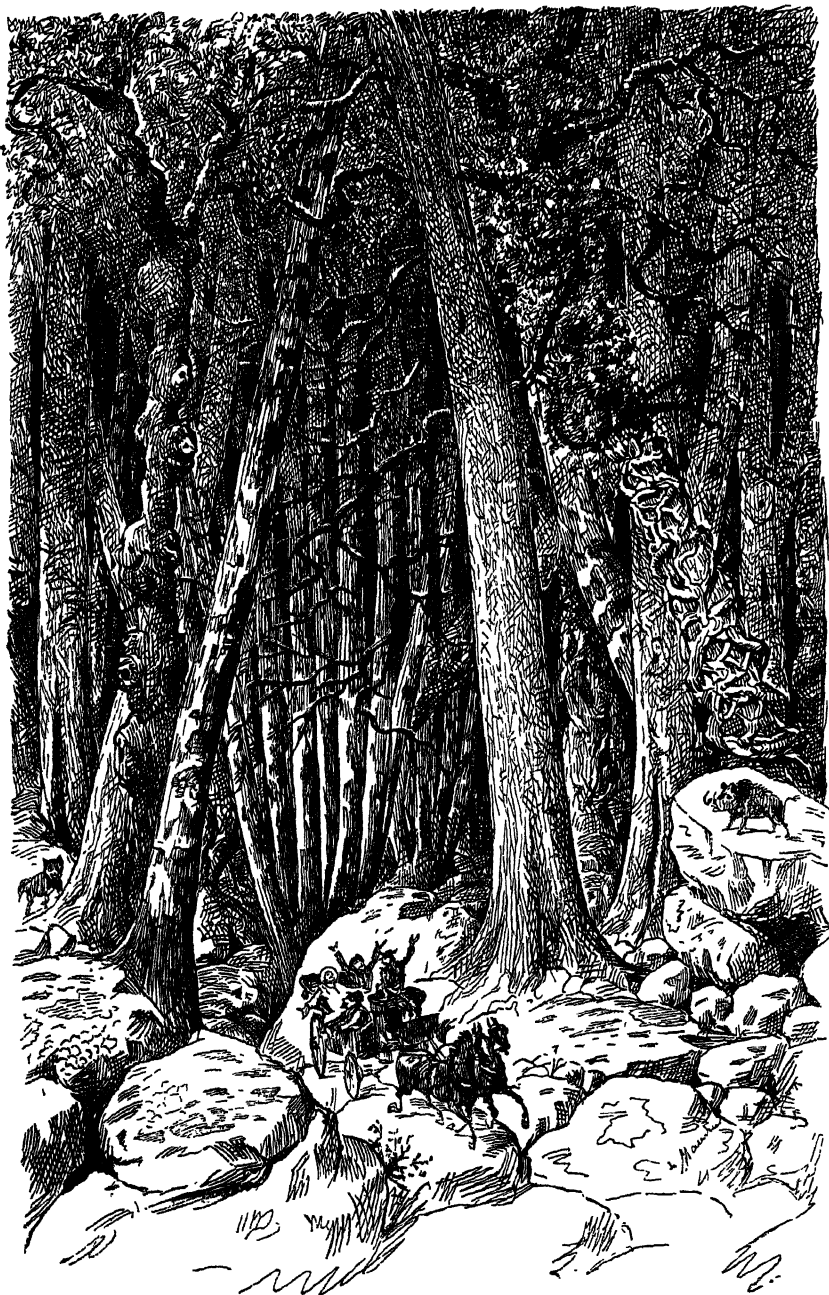
What ho! for the blast of the hunter's horn!
He'll blow, though the sport of its "go" be shorn.
For what cares he what the stag may be at;
He knows full well that, grown lazy and fat,
He'll make for the beach, caring nothing for him,
With his eye to the sea, and bent on a swim.
When ho! for the hunter, he takes his boat
And follows the stag, and cuts its throat.
And it's "Ho!" he shouts, as he tows him ashore!
For what on earth can the hunter do more?
For though not exactly first-rate sport,
He may think that it's something of the sort.
So'treat not the quaint hunter's blast with scorn,
As, ho! he endeavours to wind his horn!

THE Rev. J. G. PATON, a missionary who has spent some years at the New Hebrides, in writing of those just now interesting islands, says that, thirty-seven years since, "the whole population were nude cannibals," but that owing to the missionary influence, about 20,000 are now sufficiently civilised "to wear less or more clothing." Seeing that these original islanders had nothing on at all, it is not easy to understand how they can well have worn less, though it is not difficult under the circumstances to conceive the possibility of their wearing a little more. It may be that the choice of patterns submitted, may not have found favour with the Cannibals, in which case no time should be lost in obtaining the services of Messrs. BENJAMIN, SAMUEL, or HYAMS, who would no doubt be able to take the matter well in hand; and, with an efficient staff of tailors at his back, Mr. PATON would soon find his most improving *protégés* adopting good habits.

Paradoxical, but True.

"Good times for the Turf!" cries the prophet. No doubt,
For the sharp, the swell jockey, the trickster, and tout.
But for sport, honest men, and good horses, we know
That good times will not come till the *better* times go.

NEW FRENCH ANNEXATION.—They've just annexed an English hamlet.



SOUVENIR DE FONTAINEBLEAU.

BROWN, JONES, SMITH, AND ROBINSON PENETRATE INTO THE INMOST RECESSES OF THE FOREST, UNDER THE EXPERT GUIDANCE OF THAT PARAGON OF COACHMEN, *MONSIEUR AUGUSTE*.

IN THEIR ADMIRATION OF THE TREES, THEY ARE UNMINDFUL OF THE OCCASIONAL ROUGHNESS OF THE WAY—AND AS FOR THE WILD BOARS AND WOLVES THAT HAUNT THESE FAMED GLADES, OUR ENTHUSIASTIC BRITONS DON'T EVEN NOTICE THEM!

(N.B.—We have been obliged to exaggerate the size of the Carriage, and its Occupants, in proportion to the Trees, otherwise it would be scarcely visible to the naked eye.)

ELIGIBLE ROYAL OPPORTUNITY. A THRONE TO LET.—Owing to its having become recently vacant through the sudden and somewhat unexpected collapse of the late occupant, the Proprietors of one of these highly desirable and valuable Seats, situated in an exhilarating neighbourhood in Eastern Europe, are anxious to meet with a new tenant willing to accommodate himself to the peculiar and agreeable features of the tenure with which it is intended that it shall be henceforth associated. The Applicant, who should have a decidedly robust constitution accustomed to night-surprises, must be thick-skinned, not over scrupulous, and have a thorough acquaintance with the cipher of the Russian Foreign Office. He will, moreover, be expected, when occasion requires it, to combine with some outward display of independent military swagger all the antics of a

subservient and abject puppet, whose movements are controlled and directed by the wire-pullers at St. Petersburg. The salary is not large, but if he can manage to make himself popular by a strict adherence to the above programme, he will probably, as the enthusiasm of the local army is a remarkable factor in the situation, be able to take his carriage exercise on the shoulders of his officers. No *BATTENBERG* need apply. All communications to be addressed, under seal, to the Russian Consulate, Sofia, where any further particulars may be obtained by intended applicants, in strict confidence.

THE LATEST TRICK.

AN amateur Wizard, of character shady,
A conjuror doubtful, though wearing a crown,
Is trying the trick of the Vanishing Lady,
Which lately so greatly has taken the Town.

A very old trick in a somewhat new setting,
But possibly little the worse for its age.
After going the rounds, it appears to be getting
A place on the foreign political stage.

'Twixt conjuring skill and diplomacy's dodges
The difference really seems wondrously small.

Great HOUDIN could puzzle the Cockneys and Hodges;
The wily diplomatist jockeys us all.

The juggler is frankly a juggler, he tells us;
His object hard cash, and his mode sleight of hand;

But 'tis for our good that diplomacy sells us,
Its motives are lofty, its objects are grand.

Our Autocrat-Wizard, in trying it on so,
Is playing—who doubts it?—a fatherly part.

Perhaps when false *Imogene* diddled *Alonso*,
She jilted the youth in pure kindness of heart.

But even Imperial Jugglers must juggle
With deftness of passing and swiftness of stroke,
And he will need smartness and skill if he'd
smuggle
That form unsuspected from under that cloak.

Finesse with effrontery, palming with patter,
Must go to the making a Royal VERBECK.
He who thinks that brute forcing will settle
the matter,
May make a mistake, and may meet with a check.

Hey presto! Bulgarians' freedom to banish
Were quite *à la Russe*, a true Romanoff deed.

But what if this Vanishing Lady won't vanish?
The trick is a taking one. Will it succeed?

"Then it's Up with the Bonnets of Bonnie Dundee!"

At a gathering of the Dundee Town Council on Michaelmas Goose-Day, an unsuccessful attempt was made to refuse to pay the sum charged to the burghers for procuring cocked-hats for the use of the Bailies, on the occasion of the official visit to the Edinburgh Exhibition, "to have the honour of meeting Her Majesty the QUEEN." The vote was carried sanctioning the disbursement by eleven to three. No doubt the majority were influenced by the consideration that on such an occasion, "no bonnets would be admitted," and consequently some substitute head-gear would be necessary!



THE LATEST TRICK.

WILL IT SUCCEED?



MR. PUNCH DRINKS TO SIR REGINALD HANSON
THE LORD MAYOR ELECT.

ROBERT AT THE LORD MARE'S ELECTION.

AGAIN, and wunce more, for about the six hundred and ninety haith time, as I was kindly hinformred by the City Serliciter, who reelly seems to know exactly about everythink, and everybody, did the sewen thowsand Liverymen, but all out of Livery for this himportant ocashun, assemble together in their hundreds at Gildhall on Wensday larst—all comming through separate little wickets, so that the several Beedles mite have a good look at 'em to see if they was all rite,—to perform the most sollem dooty of their whole Livered existence, wiz., the election of the LORD MARE for the year as is to come. And agane did the hole Court of Aldermen, all in the skarlet panoply of their dignified existence, march in full state out of the Hall before the Election begun, for fear as the other-wise bold Liverymen mite be so awed by their presence as to choose the rong man. Not as there was mutch chance of that being done this time, wotever there was sum few years ago, for everybody knowed that as Sir REGINALD HANSON was willing for to be the nex LORD MARE, the nex LORD MARE he would be.

Does anybody arsk me why? Why because, as BROWN says, and I quite agrees with him, he's wot we calls a reglar Staggerer. Am I still arsked why? Why becoz in the first place he's a Alderman, that must cum fust. In the second place he's a X Sheriff. In the third place he's a Colonel. In the forth place he's a leader in the werry noblest, and most charitablist, and most prosperousest of all our 89 Livery Companys, and fifthly and larstly, but suttlenly not leastly, he's a Master of Hearts of Cambridge! BROWN tried werry hard to perswade me as he was also a mere Feller of sum place, but I wasn't a going to bleeve sitch a hinsulting thing as that.

Well, I should think as that's somethink like a good charakter for the place, I couldn't git another chanse of arsking the City Solicitor, or I dessay he coud ha' told me, whether among his 697 ancestors afore him, there had bin one who coud beat him in this respec. I should be inclined to say of him, if I dared to do sitch a think, that if ewer he has to play at other things beside cards during his rain, however much others may win by tricks, he 'll always be sure to win with honours. Witch I thinks is wun to me. Well, after the Aldermen had all left, all but the few as was left in their right, a werry sollem-looking gent asked permission to ask the candidates jest a few questions, but wen Sir REGINALD strode boldly forth to anser him, the pore feller in the crowd seemed so nervous that I coudn't hear a word he said, but Sir REGINALD did, and ansered him rite off the reel, and then storked away. The show of hands was then taken, and woud suttlenly have made a better show if they had all a been carefully washed. I didn't quite understand how it was, but the Sheriffs told us as too Aldermen was elected, but I'm sure as they was quite rong, for Sir REGINALD had amost all the hands held up for him. However, the Court of Aldermen soon put that rite wen they was told on it, and all marched back into Gildhall and told sum

grate swell to tell us as it were all right. So then, just I suppose to keep the pore old LORD MARE in good sper-rits on this to him meloncolly ocasion, we all guv him a reel arty wote of thanks for his parst serwices, and then, jest to make ewerybuddy quite cumfural, we did the same for the too departin Sherryffs, pore fellers! who had had their butiful scarlet gownds and gold chanes stripped off 'em, only the day before, as the werry larst dooty of their late gorgehus footmen. And then cum one of them werry moving pare of Specktacles when they was all a leaving the All, that I never heard of taking place outside the sacred City.

The old Lord Mare and the new Lord Mare, wisely hiding the several feelinx as must natrally have filled their manly buzzoms, the won of bitter regret, and the other of becomming pride, acshally marched out together, side by side, a larfing and a chatting like two Bryde-grooms, which they most suttlenly warn't, and went and dined together! Do we see this noble display of the werry hiest feelinx of our humane natur at the West Hend of London. Suttlenly not. Wen too Prime Ministers meet under similar surkumstances, do they march out together harm-and-harm, and a larfing and a chatting together, and then go and dine together like too Lord Mares? Suttlenly not! *O contrair*, as the forreners says. For instance, do Lord SORLSBERRY and Mr. GLADSTONE do so wen they gos to Winsor? Don't we all kno that the strictest orders is given by the peace-loving Queen that they shood never be aloud to be in Winsor Carsell together for fear of what mite foller. Ar! if the West wood but take exarnpel from the Heast in hevery 'thing else as well as in Dinners, wot a different world it woud be! But this is one of them glorious thorts as we can only dream about, noing too well as it is far too grand hever to real-lies.

ROBERT.

PAPER-KNIFE POEMS.

(By Our Special Book-Marker.)

"ENGLAND AT WAR."

A GLORIOUS record these volumes contain—
Our Army, its growth, and each noted campaign,
By DAVENPORT ADAMS, who chronicles here
Our Battles, from Flodden to Tel-el-Kebir!

"THE CRUISE OF 'THE BLACK PRINCE.'"

A RARE sea-story, full of pluck,
Of fight and privateering luck—
Boys, old and young, will dote upon
This tale by LOVETT CAMERON!

"JACK AND THREE JILLS."

F. C. PHILIPS here sketches the pleasures and ills
Surrounding, confounding a *Jack and Three Jills*:
You'll find it amusing—the story, though slight,
Has plenty of "go," and uncommonly bright!

THE TRUE MUZZLEM POWER.

THE Muzzling Regulations have Mr. Punch's un-qualified approval.

Let dogs delight to bark and bite, | And any dog unmuzzled might
For 'tis their nature to, | Bite either me or you.

And not only me or you, Sir CHARLES, but the animal
either of us may happen to be riding or driving. The
muzzle on curs who run at the horses' heels, "comes"—to
adapt the poet—"like a boon and a blessing to horsemen."

And children we should never | Lest dogs unmuzzled on them
let | set,
Walk out if we are wise, | And tear out both their eyes.

But why should not these excellent regulations be
applied all over the country? The danger is as great in
the provinces as in the Metropolis.

TOBACCO QUERY.—*Theory*: The practice of smoking
tobacco tends to shorten life. *Fact*: The longevity of
Mr. ENTHOVEN, "the oldest inhabitant at the Hague,
and eldest curiosity-dealer in the world," now in his
101st year, who is in perfect health and smokes his pipe
all day long." This is only an argument for the puffing
of churchwardens and German pipes. Would he have
lived as long if he had "smoked his pipe all day short?"



CHRONOLOGY.

Old Gentleman ("putting a few questions"). "Now, BOYS—AH—CAN ANY OF YOU TELL ME WHAT COMMANDMENT ADAM BROKE WHEN HE TOOK THE FORBIDDEN FRUIT?"

Small Scholar ("like a shot"). "PLEASE, SIR, TH'WORN'T NO COMMANDMENTS THEN, SIR!"
[Questioner sits corrected.]

THE SLAVE OF THE WHEEL.

"THE HIRE PURCHASE SYSTEM.—At the Thames Police-Court a poor-looking woman asked Mr. LUSHINGTON's advice respecting a sewing-machine which she had on the hire system. She was to pay £6 10s. for the machine, and had paid the whole of that amount with the exception of 7s. 6d., which she had been unable to pay through misfortune. The collector, a few days since, came and asked to look at the number of the machine. Applicant showed him the machine, when he caught hold of it and took it away. The consequence was that she had not since been able to obtain a livelihood. Mr. LUSHINGTON informed the applicant that if she could get a portion of the 7s. 6d. owing, he would send one of the officers of the Court with her to the people she had the machine from, and he would try and get it back for her, on the understanding that she should pay the remainder as soon as she could."—*Pall Mall Gazette*.

THE Song of the Shirt was a sorrowful lay,
And pictured a pitiful scene,
But would there be much that is jocund and gay
In the Song of the Sewing Machine?
What a heart of bronze, what muscles of steel
Should the woman have who is Slave of the Wheel!
One pities the pallid and pain-racked girl
Who is thrall to its ceaseless monotonous whirl.
Suffices it not to spoil,
With harsh and merciless toil,
The grace and glee of girlhood's life,
To stunt the maiden, to cripple the wife
With the palsyng treadle's ceaseless spin?
That the ruthless hirer steppeth in
With his precious System? Toil and pay,
Poor want-pinched woman! There comes a day
When the wearied limbs, the shuddering soul,
Slacken and stop 'ere the final dole
Is paid,—and poverty forfeits the whole!
Law in a law-abiding land!
Principle of Supply and Demand!
Easy Purchase System, planned
All for the good of the toiling poor!—
So men babble, and shut the door
Fast on hope. And yet, and yet
Mercy thrills with a mild regret,
Tender eyes are a trifle wet,
To think earth's god, the great Machine,
Hath changed so little the pitiful scene;
To see 'tis but one tyrant more
To plump the rich and harry the poor.

AUTUMNAL REFLECTIONS.—Mrs. RAMSBOTHAM walking through the lanes, and noticing the elderberries brightening the hedgerows, wonders "what on earth becomes of the younger ones?"

"IT'S NICE TO BE A (CITY) FATHER!"

THE visit paid the other day by the Corporation to Clissold Park appears to have been altogether a very charming sylvan affair. Descending from their "handsome drag," the happy members, so said a letter to the *Times*, "went carefully over the whole estate," having "lingered beneath spreading cedars," and "strolled down the meadow," till, "congregating on a slight knoll," they finally "lounced up the path by the water's edge beneath the beautiful chestnuts," till it was evident that "they were all charmed with the beauty of the spot." Nothing is said about any pause for refreshment, but it is to be presumed that the "handsome drag" of the Corporation was not unprovided with a hamper or two suitable for the occasion, on which the residents in the North of London are to be congratulated, inasmuch as the portly visitors expressed their opinion that it would "be a great advantage to preserve Clissold Park as an open space for the recreation of the public for ever." Evidently the members of the Corporation had a most enjoyable time of it, which, if in the midst of their lounging, and lingering, and strolling, they managed to throw in a brief conventional pic-nic, they must have found pretty well perfect.

"THE EJECTED MINISTERS."—Under this title there was a considerable correspondence last week in the *Times*. Judge the disappointment of a majority of Conservative readers when they found that the letters were about the Nonconformist tinkers, tailors, singers, and cobblers, evicted from benefices in 1852, and contained not a word, not even a syllable, of scandal about Mr. GLADSTONE, Sir W. HARCOURT, Sir CHARLES RUSSELL & Co., "the Ejected Ministers" of 1886.

HOW DO THEY DO IT?

THE private lives of the new Sheriffs, Mr. Alderman ISAACS and Lieutenant-Colonel KIRBY, promise respectively to be of a very magnificent and altogether sumptuous and peculiar character. At least such is the judgment that would be formed by anyone reading an account of some clothes that they have apparently been ordering for their men-servants. The "state-coats" of those of the former

"—are of rich maroon silk velvet, laced with gold lace of the 'feather' pattern, and the fronts, sleeves, back, &c., embroidered in gold with an artistic design of the 'convolvulus' pattern; the waistcoats and breeches being of white buckskin, richly trimmed with gold lace. The semi-state coats and waistcoats are of superfine cloth of the same shade as the velvet, and are tastefully trimmed in a similar manner to the state-coats."

The "state-coats" of the latter are even more striking, being

"—of rich bright green silk velvet, with lace of the 'wave' pattern, there being a stripe of crimson silk in the centre of the lace. The body of the coat is handsomely embroidered in gold with the 'Rose, Thistle, and Shamrock'; while the waistcoat and breeches are of white buckskin, heavily trimmed with gold."

And it adds, in conclusion, that—

"The semi-state livery is entirely novel, both in form and in ornamentation."

The question naturally arises, in the face of all this splendour, how on earth do those who are to be daily associated with it propose to live up to it? Will Mr. Alderman ISAACS breakfast daily on a service of gold-plate in the presence of forty guests? and will Lieutenant-Colonel KIRBY lunch lounging on an ottoman and quaffing superior brands of Imperial Tokay out of jewelled goblets? It is difficult to conceive any sort of existence that will pull them up to the level of their retainers' state-coats.



SCENE FROM THE METROPOLITAN SENSATIONAL DRAMA OF "THE LONDON SCHOOL BOARD; OR, THE BOGIE INQUISITOR."

BY PRIVATE INQUIRY.

POPULAR agitators are never tired of insisting that whatever progress the country professes to make on the pathway of equal liberties for all alike, there is yet too often one law for the rich and another for the poor; and to judge by the latest exploit of the London School Board, they would certainly seem to have some reason for their outcry. That august body has issued a sort of "Inquisition" paper, for the purpose of ascertaining the circumstances of the parents of non-paying children, that would do credit to the instincts of the consulting attorney of the sharpest Loan Office. The document in question plunges with prying acumen into the secrets of the home-life of the family for which it is destined, and it remains to be seen whether it will be respectfully filled up and returned, or consigned, as Mrs. WESTLAKE hinted it would most likely be, with contempt and indignation, to the neighbouring gutter. Meantime it might serve to throw some light on the tactics of the Board to imagine its action extended to a higher social level, and conceive the possibility of a similar "Inquisition" into the circumstances, say, of the Upper and Upper Middle Classes who patronise our great public schools. It might be useful, especially in the case of delayed payment of the half-yearly bills, for the governing bodies of Eton, Winchester, Rugby, Westminster, and Harrow, for instance, to form a sort of syndicate, for the purpose of getting at the parents, with a circular similar in spirit and character to that just prepared by the London School Board. Something on the following lines might be tried with effect:—

1. Are you a Duke, or Member of the House of Lords, and if so, state whether you have ever figured in the Divorce Court, or have arranged your affairs by liquidation.
2. If a Member of Parliament, or having business in the City, have you had to put down your carriage, give up your footman, diminish the number of your dinners, or in any other way curtail your ordinary expenditure?
3. If so, state for how long, and furnish particulars in each case.
4. What is the present amount of your unpaid bills, and on what terms do you stand respectively with your butcher, your baker, your bootmaker, and your tailor?
5. Have you been recently posted at any of your Clubs for non-payment of subscription, and if so, state at which, supplying any extenuating circumstance or excuse that you may be able to furnish.

6. When you visit a Theatre do you pay for Stalls, or get in by an admission for two to the Upper Boxes?

7. Is your Mother-in-law one of the recognised members of your household?

8. Add any further particulars of your private family history that you may think necessary, specially giving the number and names of your poor relations, the amount of your return to the Income-tax Commissioners, the price you pay for a new hat, the sum total of your washing, cigar, and cab bills, and any other details that may occur to you as bearing on your possible insolvency.

It can scarcely be doubted that if the above list of questions were briskly distributed at a number of West-End addresses, the best results would follow. Anyhow the idea of serving up to the gander in the squares, the same sauce that is considered good enough for the goose in the slums, is worth consideration, and might just now be acted upon with considerable attendant success.

COLEMAN OF LEICESTER.

Who talks about Ajax? That muscular Greek
Was out-heroed by COLEMAN of Leicester last week.
Great Ajax objected to fight in the dark,
But Constable COLEMAN, the stalwart and stark,
For two long night hours like a bull-dog held on
To that tiger-like convict. Brave Bobby, well done!
What feat of a classical hero, a Viking,
Or Paladin plucky, was ever more striking?
WAKE-HEREWARD's splendid set-to with the bear
Was a fight with which COLEMAN's may fitly compare;
But Bruin was less of a brute, on the whole,
Than the biting burglarious NUTTING. The roll
Of Constables brave holds no worthier name
Than COLEMAN of Leicester! *Punch* drinks to his fame!

AN EXTRA LABOUR OF HERCULES.—"At the earnest request of the Government," Sir HERCULES ROBINSON CRUSOE, G.C.M.G., has undertaken the attempt to arrange matters in the Mauritius. His Secretary is not *Friday*, but Mr. ROUND. Messrs. CLIFFORD LLOYD and POPE HENNESSEY might try to square ROUND.



H.R.H., AS JULIUS CÆSAR, WISELY DECLINES "THE COLINDERIES" TESTIMONIAL.

"Why there was" a testimonial "offered him; and being offered him, he put it by with the back of his hand, thus; and then the people fell a-shouting." *Julius Cæsar, Act I., Scene 2.*

"SIR HAMLET ESQUIRE," AT THE THÉÂTRE FRANÇAIS.

MY DEAR MR. NIBBS,—You expressed a wish to learn what SHAKESPEARE'S best-known tragedy would be like when a translation of it was produced in Paris. To hear with me was to obey, and like the trusty but misguided Knights, who assisted HENRY THE SECOND, in ridding him of an ecclesiastical difficulty, I sallied forth determined to overcome all obstacles—be they what they might—in ministering to the wishes of my theatrical Lord and Master. I braved the tedium of travel getting from Victoria to Dover, the dangers of the vasty deep on my passage to Calais, and the terrors of illness, if not death, at a buffet on the other side of the Channel. But I got to the Français and was present at the first performance of *Hamlet*. And now, deeply respected Sir, you shall know all about it.

The audience was what the London papers would call a "brilliant one." The *fauteuils d'orchestre* were filled with Frenchmen in evening dress, looking as Frenchmen always do *en grand tenue*, like foreign waiters at a City dinner. The *loges* contained a number of ladies in the most elaborate *toilettes de bal* tempered with garden-fête bonnets. There were celebrities here, there, and everywhere. This in spite of the dull season of the year. "But what?" you will say, "has this to do with *Hamlet*?" "Nothing," I reply, "save this—the front of the house to many of those present, was more attractive than the play beyond the footlights. SHAKESPEARE was *triste*—society charming!" But to return. In a silence the curtain rose showing indistinctly the ramparts of the castle. Then there was a whisper. There was a ray of light—was this for "the spectre?" No. The Ghost appeared and had a little glimmer all to himself. Then came the explanation. M. MOUNET-SULLY, so it was announced, had protested against giving up any of his lime-light to M. MAUBANT. *Hamlet* was jealous of his murdered father! So the ray was reserved, in Scene III. (*L'Esplanade*), for the portly person who played the Prince of Denmark.

The translation of DUMAS PÈRE and PAUL MEURICE proceeded. We had the Scene in the Palace with the Court assembled—everyone appearing in costumes of very gorgeous material, but like other Paris fashions "quite new and never before worn in England." The audience after appreciating the spectacle, seemed unutterably bored, until *Hamlet's* confidential chat with the Spectre, when the solution of the burning question of the limelight for a moment excited curiosity. The instant "*le Spectre*" and "*son Altesse*" appeared together it was found that M. MOUNET-SULLY, like a greedy boy, was to have all the rays of the moon to himself, and his poor ill-used parent not one of them!

That you may judge how very listless the spectators were, I may inform you that the first genuine round of applause came when *Hamlet* put to rest "the perturbed spirit" of his "mole" of a father by allowing the shadow of the hilt of his sword to rest upon the ground beneath which his parent was urging him and his friends to swear.

The play continued. The scenery was feeble and commonplace, and the acting indifferent. Had I not known that I was in the first Theatre of France, and consequently the World, I should have imagined I was assisting at a performance somewhere in the Provinces. The *Polonius* of GOT was not to be compared with COMPTON in the same character, and REICHEMBERG in *Ophelia* was merely the ordinary *ingénue* of French Comedy grafted into a Tragedy. GOT had evidently shared with the Actress this view of the proper reading of the part, as he treated the unfortunate "*Ophélie*" with a roughness denoting supreme contempt for her sweet imbecility. Here I may note that to improve upon SHAKESPEARE, MM. DUMAS and MEURICE caused "*son Altesse*" to give his "*Mees*" a love-letter in the presence of the audience. The Prince with a "*tiens!*" thought for a moment with his forefinger on his brow, and then "knocked off an *impromptu*" on his tablets. He tore out the leaf, folded it up neatly, and with a courteous smile handed it to "*Ophélie*," (who received it with what the French dramatists call "a movement") and then, evidently well satisfied with his literary performance, sauntered off apparently to communicate his amorous manoeuvre to *Horatio*. To continue my ideas about the merits of the company.

The portly representative of *Hamlet* produced a portrait of FECHTER painted in hysterics. He was always gasping or fainting, and although he had a good piece of "business" in the fencing-match—disarming *Laertes*, and offering courteously his own foil in exchange for the poisoned one—he rendered the scene utterly ridiculous by killing the *King* a second time by making him drink the dregs of the deadly wine after he had stabbed him. For the rest, the *King* was dull, the *Queen* colourless, and the *Gravediggers* witless. And here let me observe that although we hear a great deal of the "equality" of the Artists at the Français, the *First Gravedigger* being played by COQUELIN CADET, and the Second ditto by a less distinguished actor called ROGER, the name of the former was printed in large letters four places higher up in the programme than his colleague. So much for "*Egalité*" and "*Fraternité*" behind the footlights.

The audience were roused once or twice. The finale of the Play Scene produced a great effect, and was rewarded with three or four rounds of applause. Here M. MOUNET-SULLY actually used a modern fan (it looked as if it had just been bought at the Grand Magasin du Louvre at 3 f. 75 c.) to conceal his features as he crept up to the throne of his much-hated uncle. This fan he took from *Ophelia*, who immediately produced another, of a different fashion, with the dexterity of a *prestidigitateur*. This was the cleverest thing she did during the whole piece, and argued that she was not such a fool as she looked. Again the audience were aroused to something like enthusiasm when the fainting *Hamlet*, after assisting at the funeral of *Ophelia*, refused to be comforted by his mother. The allusion to "*ma mère*" was too much for the Parisians, and they considered it "very fine." Once more the audience appreciated the piece of business with the foils and "*Laërte*," to which I have already alluded. But after? Nothing!

There were the usual calls customary on a *première*, but that was all. I fancy the audience, had they seen *Hamlet* in English played by our best Actors, would (could they have understood the language) have thoroughly enjoyed it; but with a mutilated version in feeble verse, played by the old stagers of the Théâtre Français, they were, during three-fourths of the representation, simply bored. They woke up at the situations, they applauded the sentiments, but they had no chance of grasping the real meaning of the grandest of our poets. Whatever gush may be written about French acting by our home-made critics, I can confidently assert that a third-rate English company would have played *Hamlet* better than the Sociétaires and Pensionnaires of the "House of MOLIÈRE." And if anyone doubts my word, let him go—and judge for himself.

CHARLES—YOUR FRIEND.

EXTRAORDINARY VERDICT.—The verdict of a Coroner's Jury at an inquest lately held at Nottingham. A., during a drunken quarrel, struck B., and got pushed down. Fatal accident from fall. Verdict: "Justifiable Homicide." So it was; but don't Coroner's Juries in such a case generally find it "manslaughter," and send a prisoner for trial to be acquitted on the plea of self-defence by a Jury in a Court of Justice? Those exceptional Nottingham Jurors, what an opportunity they missed of exercising their precious privilege of subjecting an unlucky man to the anxiety and expense of standing a trial for Felony! Scandalous contempt of precedent!

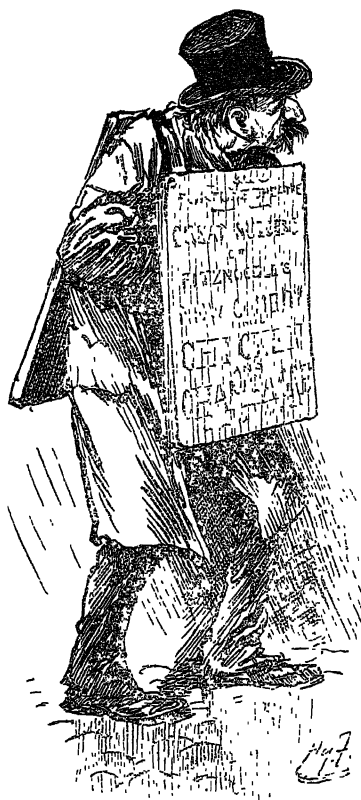
REDUCTION IN PUGH RENTS.—Mr. LEWIS PUGH PUGH has announced a rent remission of 50 per cent. to his tenants on his Abermaed estate, Cardiganshire. We have not heard whether his tenants have gratefully accepted the reduction, or "pugh-pugh'd" it.

INDIAN PRESERVES.—Last week JAM ALL, son of another JAM, was arrested. The first JAM took refuge with a Khan. Won't Mr. GLADSTONE have something to say to this? He used to be great on the subject of jam.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—In no case can Contributions, whether by a Stamped and Directed Envelope or Cover.

MS., Printed Matter, or Drawings, be returned, unless accompanied Copies of MS. should be kept by the Senders.

THE LAY OF THE LOST CRITIC.



YES, Sir, you're right; I have come down. Thanks. Three of Irish cold.

Well, like the fox who lost his tail, I've little to unfold.

Thank you, I don't mind if I do. My dear, the same again.

—I was a Critic once, who lived on "Chicken and Champagne."

You see me now, a Sandwich-man! Me! who was once a scorner Of SIMMS's dramatised low life, of peasant pride in WARNER: The author's skill, the actor's art, were caviare to me, A Boardman now—a Woodman once who didn't spare the Tree.

The pallid playwright, sick with care, would angle for a smile, The actor, like a pricked balloon, would sink his side awhile; My pen blackmailed the wretched Pro's, like levelled pistol's muzzle; I had a price, and got it too. Law! how I used to guzzle!

Whene'er I hear the captive cock that from the area crows, (For down our court they keep a lot to trouble my repose,) Whene'er I pass the bottle-shop, my tears I scarce restrain, They mind me of those bygone hours of Chicken and Champagne.

I thought myself a power indeed. Nor was I all to blame, For men I scarcely knew by sight would conjure with my name.

—“A great night at the Club to-night; JACK BOUNDER's coming down!”—They called me JACK behind my back, and trembled at my frown.

Oh, happy days of pleasing toil, of feasting on the best, When conscious pride of guerdon earned gave every meal a zest! Loud was the laugh that ever met the oldest joke from me, And mine the health that always went with rousing three times three!

And so the prosperous years sped on, till on an evil day I spurned the Critic's easy throne, and thought to write a play. I'd prove to flattering crowds that still fresh laurels could be won, And show poor playwrights how the thing ought really to be done.

And I would wed a chorister, a slender, fair-haired thing. I thought that she might act—in time. (I knew she could not sing.) I pitched upon a German farce to start my honest life, Picked all the “plums” from all the parts, and wrote them for my wife.

Gods! how they hissed and hooted! You could scarcely hear a word; —The *artistes* turned in wrath on me, because they got “the bird.” And she, my destined bride, remarked, with irony abstruse, “You've had so much of Chicken, that you ought to welcome *Goose*.”

And so the spell was broken. Oh, what a fool was I To risk the unassailed success of those who never try! No more obsequious Managers besought me for a play, And meanest mummers ceased to care a rap what I could say.

Then down and ever down I sunk; dropped out of all my Clubs; And in a year or two I came to “prossing” round the “pubs.” But, venal still, I made a bit by penning spiteful “pars” On those who had not half-a-crown when “whispered” at the bars.

But that is past—and here I am; and few things make me sore, Save when at luncheon-time I chance to pass MILANO's door, And see the Drama's minor lights sail in in silk and satin; —The pride of learning haunts me still—in Greek and Latin.

Good-bye, Sir. Thank you kindly. It is time for me to go To advertise FITZNOODLE's play with measured tread and slow. FITZNOODLE! whom I slated so, it turned his hair half-grey! —And now I carry boards about to advertise his play!

Farewell, farewell! but this I tell to thee, thou stranger host— He writeth best who writeth least, and yet you praiseth most. He writeth best who findeth good to praise in great and small, For fools who can't tell good from bad make game alike of all.

PAPER-KNIFE POEMS.

(By Our Special Book-Marker.)

“A NORTHERN LILY.”

MISS HARRISON here has to tell, A touching tale and tells it well! She knows full well there is no doubt, The people that she writes about, And plies a graphic clever pen, That's not too Scotch for Englishmen!

“A SHADOWED LIFE.”

WITH incident and mystery you'll find this story rife, And KING unusual power shows in this—*A Shadowed Life*.

“QUEER STORIES.”

A good story-teller, he seldom a bore is— So we welcome, from *Truth*, a dozen *Queer Stories*.

“BY WOMAN'S WIT.”

IN MRS. ALEXANDER's tale Much art she clearly shows, In keeping dark the mystery Until the story's close!

FIT FOR THE FORCE.

It having been, in conformity with the recommendations of the recent Committee of Inquiry, determined to appoint a certain number of new “Chief Constables,” to act as Departmental Chiefs of the Metropolitan Police Force, and it having been further decided that those eligible for the post shall be retired Officers of the Army who shall have served with merit, and occupy a “certain social position,” the following paper of inquiries to be answered by the Candidates for the posts in question, and calculated to test their fitness for fulfilling the duties attached to them, has been carefully drawn up by the Authorities at Scotland Yard:—

1. Mention your rank in the Army, stating whether you have ever served as Field-Marshal or as General of Division; and, if under any distinguished circumstances, furnish them in detail.

2. Are you a K.C.B., and, if so, have you pledged the jewel? If so, state when and where, and say what you got for it.

3. Are you a Duke, Member of the House of Peers, or connected with any titled or country family? If so, trace your family tree up to your great grandfather's great grandfather, and mention if you can any of your ancestors who fell at the battle of Hastings, Agincourt, or in the Wars of the Roses.

4. Have you moved much in society in Bayswater? If so, furnish any extenuating circumstances you can think of, to explain your having done so.

5. Do you dine out frequently during the season? Give not less than fifteen addresses within a mile of Belgrave Square to which you have been invited.

6. Supply any further particulars you can, that you fancy might establish the fact of your “good social position.” Do you get asked anywhere into the country for the shooting, and do you show in the park in the season on a hired hack? Have you ever managed to get your name mentioned in the column of Fashionable Intelligence in the *Morning Post*?

7. Have you had any facilities of becoming acquainted with the working and ways of the Police, other than that of having been locked up in connection with a night-charge. If so, give the full particulars, and state whether you have ever played the part of a Policeman in a Drury Lane Pantomime.

8. Draw a section of, and describe the construction of, an ordinary dark lantern, and explain the methods of using the whistle and the truncheon. Have you ever handled the latter, and, if so, with what effect?

9. Do you understand the “Dog Question”? How many people must a rabid animal bite to constitute him as being “not under proper control”?

10. Give a rough sketch from memory of Scotland Yard, and supply some suggestions for your possible uniform, specially with a view to the adoption, or the contrary, of an electric-lighted cocked-hat, cuirass, high jack-boots, and cavalry sabre, as integral portions of the costume.



HAPPY THOUGHT.

(WHAT SHALL WE DO WITH OUR BOYS?)

The Admiral. "BRAVO! CAPITAL NOTION OF SIR CHARLES WARREN'S. THE CHIEF CONSTABLES ARE TO BE MEN OF SOCIAL POSITION,—RETIRED ARMY AND NAVY OFFICERS!—AND THEN OUR BOYS CAN BE OUR AIDE-DE-CAMPS, YOU KNOW. CAPITAL!"

The Two Superannuated Majors. "HURRAH! HURRAH!"

"WORTH ITS WEIGHT IN (GERMAN) SILVER."

"It is to be hoped that the German officers who visited Aldershot on Friday, will now, on their return to Germany, no longer 'pooh-pooh' the English Army, as they have for so long been inclined to do, but spread abroad what they saw for themselves."—*Daily Paper.*

Colonel (resident in Berlin). And so my friend, you saw Aldershot?

Lieutenant (returned from England). Indeed, I did. In a couple of hours I learned the whole genius of the British Army! Ah, it was never to be forgotten!

Colonel. But tell me are not the desertions enormous?

Lieutenant. Yes. But the deserters have good reason for their conduct. I cannot hear them "pooh-poohed"—they are most sensible, and never sufficiently-to-be-esteemed.

Colonel. And the Commander-in-Chief—why he is a civilian—what-you-call a Mr. SMITH!

Lieutenant. A Mr. SMITH is a most-excellent-and-well-opinioned-man. Besides he is sometimes helped by the Duke of CAMBRIDGE.

Colonel. But the Duke is always attending to his gout or his deer-shooting. Is it not so?

Lieutenant. A thousand million pardons, but I will not hear him "pooh-poohed." He is a most amiable gentleman, and takes a great deal of interest in the War Game.

Colonel. Does he not fear the rain, and always use an umbrella?

Lieutenant. Pardon! I cannot consent to hear his umbrella "pooh-poohed." It is an article never-to-be-left-at-home-when-the-clouds-seem-threatening.

Colonel. But were not the Infantry Regiments half-full of boys, and the Cavalry about a third of their proper strength?

Lieutenant. It is the *spécialité* of the country to have boys for soldiers, and weak squadrons. I really cannot hear the British Army—

HIBERNIA AT HAWARDEN.

WERE I great VIRGIL my brain I'd cudgel,
Or Grecian HOMER, or our TOMMY MOORE,
To tell a story that for love and glory,
Would make the siege of ancient Troy seem poor.

For poet's walk I pine, so friendly Porkipine,
Lend me your quills, my boy, 'tis you that can,
To pen not curses, but pleasant verses,
Anent the ladies and the Grand Ould Man.

HIBERNIA'S daughters had crossed the waters,
Like beauteous mermaids on the ocean foam,
And were so grateful they'd brought a plate-ful,
Of love and compliments from those at home.

They went to Hawarden and in the garden,
Stood great ACHILLES just outside his tent,
Or like ULYSSUS with PENELOPE his missus,
Likewise TELEMACHUS that bright young gent.

"What lovely features! What beauteous creatures!"
Cried noble GLADSTONE with a bow polite.
"To judge by faces, you are the Graces,
Or else the Muses, if I count you right."

"We're not the Goddesses of pagan *Odysses*,
But, if you please, I'm Mrs. SULLIVAN,
Here's Mrs. MOONEY and Mrs. COONEY,
We're all Home-Rulers with you to a man."

In casket commodious the names melodious
Were placed, the list was long as HOMER's ships,
They had JOB's patience, hearing long orations
Before a bite or sup had crossed their lips.

'Twas mighty pleasant to get a present
Of photographs and autographs so long,
They got their lunch there, but had no whiskey-punch
there,
And that's the mournful ending of my song.

"THE COLINDERIES."—H.R.H. the Prince of WALES has decided that the present Exhibition shall close on the evening of Wednesday, November 10th. Tuesday being Lord Mayor's Day, there will be a fine opportunity for a final flare-up. Time no object, on this occasion; the West End can pay a graceful compliment to the East, and speed the parting and welcome the coming LORD MAYOR. Banqueters from Guildhall can finish the evening in Kensington, weather permitting, and All's Swell that Ends Swell, will be the motto of "The Colinderies."

Colonel. Yes, I know. But how about discipline? Is it not true that within a week of your visit there was a serious mutiny, in which some three hundred men indulged in a free fight?

Lieutenant. That may be so. But, pardon me,—I must insist. After having spent a whole afternoon—you understand, a whole afternoon—at Aldershot, I really cannot, no, really cannot, allow the British Army to be "pooh-poohed!"

Colonel (good-naturedly). Pooh-pooh!

Consolation.

(To a Girton Girl who has failed in her Exam.)

CHEER up! At the critical moments of strife
It bothers a man to be beaten or "chucked;"
But girls, after all, are the roses of life,
And roses were made to be plucked.

CHURCH CONGRESS AND STAGE.—Professor *Punch* presents his compliments to the Dean of MANCHESTER, and begs to inform him that "the Stage" has never been under the ban or "under the protest" (whatever that may mean) of the Church. If the Dean will read an article in the *Fortnightly Review* for September, 1885, entitled "Councils and Comedians," he will find therein some references to authorities which will considerably enlighten him on the subject. Such a statement as this of the Dean's assists in perpetuating a mischievous error.

A SOUDAN IDEA.—In honour of the recent victory, and to distinguish him from his English comrades, every Soudan "Friendly" is to be known in future as "TAMAI ATKINS."

BEGINNING EARLY.—A duel was stated by the *Figaro* to have taken place in Italy between a M. MORELLO and a M. BABY. POOR BABY!

A ROYAL REVENGE.

A FRIENDLY APPEAL.



REQUEST for Banishment! A large reply
Worthy the heart's intrinsic Royalty
That Crowns give not, nor can discrowning
take.

France, is there nothing in this gift to shake
The poor resolve of policy that bows
To persecution? On a nation's brows
The steadfast calm of magnanimity,
That ruffles not at every factious cry

Of foolish fear or bitter Party hate,
Sits better, in the judgment of the great,
Than gilded laurels. Not the fretful fume
Of small squint-eyed suspicion, prompt to
gloom

With hasty jealousy, not the fussy fear
Of hot fanatics, honours Freedom's sphere.
Liberty should be large, or let the name
Be from her banner torn in honest shame.

Room, room for bolder faith and franker trust!
Let the sword only fall when fall it must.
The exile's doom be only then decreed
When plain occasion points the urgent need.
Weakness will never strengthen Soul or State,
Nor littleness make Man or Nation great.
The princely gift you take. Dare you not
too
Take the large lesson it should teach to you?

A WATER COURSE.

X.

Ascent of the Puy de Dôme, and Grand Finale.

"Salut, Mossieu' et
Médame!"

WE are preparing for final retirement, and a wizened figure in black, like a rag-doll as a pen-wiper, presents us with our little bill for twenty-one days' washing, insists upon giving us sweet-scented flowers and unripe fruit, and then with her money in her pocket, shows herself out of the room, saying with plenty of bobs (and francs) and curtseys at the door, "*Salut, Mossieu' et Médame! Salut, Médame et Mossieu!*" and so ringing the changes on this formula, she disappears. We both took a great fancy to this old lady, who was full of chatter and gossip, but on subsequent consideration, Cousin JANE begins to question whether the work of the *Blanchisseuse* is quite the most reasonable of the charges, which as a rule are decidedly moderate at Royat. Afterwards, in driving about, we come upon the Grotto where the Nymphs wash and pummel the linen. If the amount of iron in the water is the same as that in the Source Eugénie or César, then the work of the *blanchisseuse* is an economy of time and labour, as in the Spring of the Grotto they do both the washing and the ironing at the same moment.

Coming on to the roof of our hotel, after a long drive, I hear a voice, exclaiming, "Hallo! What *you* here!"

Why is one Englishman always utterly astonished to meet another Englishman, and a friend, anywhere abroad? Wherever they meet it is "Hallo, old fellow! what on earth brings *you* here?" or, "Who'd ha' thought o' seeing *you* here?"—as if you had taken an unfair advantage of him somehow, or as if your presence anywhere was, in itself, a suspicious circumstance, and demanded instant explanation. In this case it is a Scotch friend, who has arrived for the benefit of his health. He is accompanied by another friend, also a North Briton, who has come to see him safely started in the Water Course, along which I have been sailing pleasantly enough; and after that he intends to return to the Highlands, where, at the sporting season, his heart naturally is and "not here;" his heart, according to the old song, being engaged in "Chasing the wild deer, the (something, I forget what) and the roe. Oh! my heart's in the Highlands wherever I go." This patriotic sportsman is the Chieftain of a Clan, at the sound of whose pibroch (I am not sure of my Scotch terms, and do not venture them in his presence) a thousand stalwart Highlanders, kilted and claymor'd, spring from the heather, and shout something equivalent to "O ieroe!" and then execute wild dances by torchlight, in celebration of having killed



The Nymphs of the Grotto.

something or other on four legs, which must be considerably larger than a hare. I mention four legs, because I do not think they have any midnight revels after killing a sixteen-pound salmon.

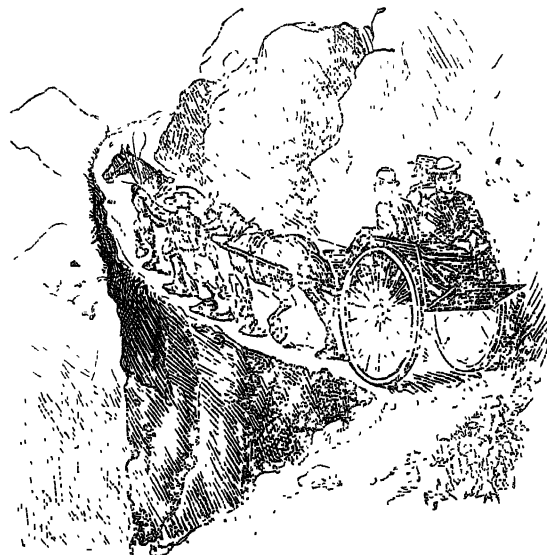
However, I admit my ignorance of Highland customs, and am glad to be instructed. Delighted also to partake of the savoury venison.

The Chieftain, who, with his friend the McINVALD, dines with us to-night in the *salle à manger*, where the number of guests is daily diminishing, expresses his delight with Royat, at finding it so like Scotland. As a Chieftain who would have his foot on his native

heath if he could, he is burning to climb a mountain, to ascend the steep and craggy rocks, and bound lightly from point to point like a gay chamois. "Can we not,"—he suggests, considerably turning towards the McINVALD,—"before you begin your baths and drinks, can we not ascend the Puy de Dôme?"

Yes. Why not? Nothing more simple. Order a carriage; drive over there to-morrow morning; "take luncheon with us," says the McINVALD. "By all means," returns the Chieftain, "and make the ascent." Though disliking climbings, and detesting, in a general way, going up any high places, whether a belfry, a tower, or a mountain merely for the sake of a view, I cannot refuse their friendly offer of a seat in the carriage and a share of the lunch. So I accept. The McINVALD has a guide-book, likewise the Chieftain has one. I tell them that I have a book which will be of service to me as a beginner in the act of going up mountains, but not to them as experts. "What is it?" "Well—it is only a Grammar; it is, in fact, Cardinal NEWMAN's *Grammar of Assent*."

Thus lightheartedly I prepare for the dangers of the morrow. I dismiss the Excursion in two pictures which present a fair idea of the pleasant sensations we experienced in going up the mountain. The hardy mountaineers didn't like it. The Chieftain sat behind, and



A Royat-1 Ascent.

Happy Thought.—"I say, suppose we meet anything coming down!"

his chances of escape, in case of an accident, were somewhat better than ours in front, though we were all three boxed into the seats, and aprons tightly fixed. One comforting thought was, "How many have been up here before, and yet lived to tell the tale!" But, on consideration, such a theory could only be supported by our having implicit faith in the word of anyone who told us that he had made the ascent.

Unlike *Box and Cox* we did not meet anyone "Coming up-stairs, as we were going down, or going down-stairs as we were coming up." And it was fortunate for us that we didn't. When we reached the top there was an Observatory, where we made several observations,—strong ones too, some of them, on tumbling up and down the stairs. Here the seamanlike Observer pointed out to us all that was to be seen, and that didn't require pointing out, and told us of a great deal more, including "Jerusalem and Madagascar, and North and South Ameriky," which would have been plainly visible to the naked eye had we only been up here yesterday, or the day before, or in fact at any time except the very day we had selected. We saw the French soldiers practising firing in the fields below—and that was all.

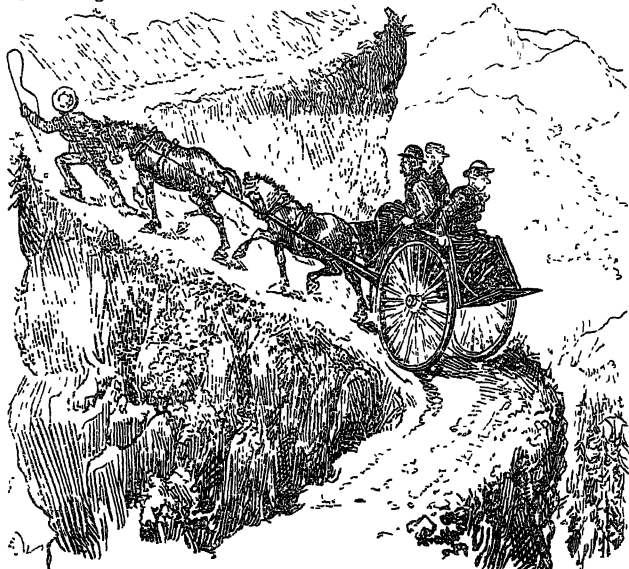
We had lunch previous to the ascent, which proceeding we subsequently decided was a mistake; and the Chieftain chatted freely and pleasantly with the peasants on our return. The McINVALD was deeply interested in their habits and customs, and,—his idea as to the dinner-hour being founded on the practice of the London season,—he wished to know what time they dined, and when they breakfasted, and was much exercised on being informed by the chatty matron, that they had dinner at eleven in the morning, and "soup" at about six in or so in the evening.

"*Et dites donc, Madame, s'il vous plaît*," says he, regarding the mother of the family with the deepest interest, "*ne prenez-vous pas du thé à cinque heures alors?*"

He couldn't understand that at the foot of the Puy de Dôme, within reach of an Observatory, not more than a mile off perpendicularly, and within fifteen miles of Royat, this good lady should not have her "day," and her "five o'clock tea."

It quite saddened him to think to what a state of ignorance a peasantry might come, if only left out long enough in the country. And to think that they shouldn't take tea at all, but "*la soupe*," before they went to bed! Such a derangement of a menu!

This weighed on the MCINVALID, and for some time after we had



Delightful Ascent of the Puy de Dôme. "So glad we came!"

started on our road home he was saddened and downcast. But presently it began to mizzle, and fog swept over the heather, and then both the North Britons revived.

"It is like Scotland!" cried the Chieftain, beaming with pleasure as they both wrapped their plaides about them, and revelled in water-proofs.

On our arrival at the hotel, a gigantic retainer, one of the Chieftain's Highland Body Guard, or Six-feet-three-Highlander, opens the carriage-door. Where has DONALD been? He has just been up "what they call in these parts a mountain, but it's nae better than a hillock, ye ken, in Scotland."

"You got a good view, eh?" inquires the Chieftain.

DONALD considers a second or two before answering, and then replies,—

"Aweel, when I got oop to the top o' the thing they ca' a mountain."

"What did you see?" asks the Chieftain, cutting in quickly.

"Aweel," answers DONALD, looking a bit puzzled, "I just saw a Frenchman." And this seemed to have impressed the Highlander more than anything in the whole course of his journey abroad.

The next morning we bid Dr. REM good-bye; Cousin JANE decidedly improved, myself undecidedly improved, and not yet out of the *traitement*, but looking forward to results to be hereafter apparent.

"You won't feel the benefit of the place all at once," says Dr. REM. He is quite right—I don't. Perhaps I am getting it in bits, and I am what is expressively termed "mending."

I have seen the process of "mending." Even with the best housewife it's a slow business. But still, for anæmic persons who are over-worked and weary, it would be difficult to find a better (and, mind you, a more moderate) place than Royat, with its vineyards, its lovely country, its magnificent air, its pine-forests, its picturesque environs, its amusements (they've stopped the *baccarat* and *petits chevaux*), its rides, drives, and walks, its *douches* of all sorts, and, in a general way, its Water Course.

RATHER "A QUEER CUSS."—"Mr. SMITH's disapprobation," as the *Admiralty and Horse Guards Gazette*, calls the Secretary of State for War's condemnation "conveyed to all concerned," in the presentation of colours to the Royal Irish Regiment, will probably cause some stir in "Service circles." From Sir RALPH THOMPSON's letter to that well-known military critic, "the Rev. Dr. BADENOCH," it appears that the Ex "Lord of the QUEEN's Navee," is about "to examine into the whole question," which suggests that Mr. SMITH may have some intention of taking the affair entirely into his own hands, and for the future blessing the colours himself. This would be most unwise, as the proceeding would be sure to increase the friction already unhappily existing between the War Office and the Horse Guards. He had far better leave the matter to the Duke of CAMBRIDGE who (especially when anything goes wrong at an inspection) is an admirable judge of the kind of benediction best suited to the requirements of the British Army.

A GOOD BOY'S DIARY.

(Fragment found between London and Berlin.)

WHAT a good boy am I! Off to "Abroad." Where's Abroad? Large place—but I shall be all there. "What larks!" Should like people to think I'm somewhere else when I'm wherever I may happen to be. "Why warn't there an *alleybi*?" Immortal old *Weller*. Stay! I see it, not an *alibi*, but an *alias*,—and a disguise. First-rate. *Alias! Alias!*—let me see, I do remember an apothecary—no, I mean the name of "ALIAS" on a playbill, as a costumer. Will send for him, also for NATHAN. Remember NATHAN when at the University—rather—lots of 'em. Send also for theatrical perruquier—CLARKSON was his name? Think so. However, Secretary will see about that. While he's gone, will think what name I shall take, and then I can settle how I shall make up. "Make up!" Ha! ha! I'm "making up" for lost time *now*. Again, I say, "What larks!" Wonder what the Old 'Un's doing? "What's in a name?"—SHAKSPEARE. I won't call myself GLADSTONE, in large letters on Gladstone bag. Won't even "carry the bag"—which wouldn't be out of place for a Chancellor of the Exchequer, by the way. "Only a wicked wag" would say such a thing as that; yet at Dartford I got some laughs for a quotation or two in that line. No—not GLADSTONE's name. "GUPPY?" Let me see—"young man of the name of GUPPY." No—"GUPPY" would stick to me afterwards. SMITH? BROWN? JONES? ROBINSON? No—all played out as *aliases*. What shall it be? CHAMBERLAIN? No—no—won't do without police protection, and I don't want to go everywhere "under proper control."

Friend looks in at this moment. He says, "Expensive going abroad, eh?" I reply hastily, as he has interrupted my meditations "D—n the expense, Sir!"—Ha!—in a second—I have it—Happy thought!—there it is—there's my name—Eureka!—no not Eureka, I explain to friend who has taken up his hat and is hurrying backwards out of the room—"Not Eureka—that's a hair-wash—but Ex-Spense—Sir—see?—Ex-SPENCER. Drop the Ex—and there you are, SPENCER!" I'm going off as SPENCER. Don't tell. I swear my friend to secrecy, and he departs—down-stairs three steps at a time—a bang—a crash—he has run full tilt against a small man with bonnet-boxes, and another with wig-boxes—who are just coming in. "Welcome the coming, speed the Parting Guest!" They are the Costumiers and Perruquiers. Come up. * * *

Disguises selected. Trick-wigs, noses, five changes on the road. All boxes labelled "SPENCER." Had a mind to write "BOBBY," before it: but again thought of "*Old Joe* kicking up behind and afore, *Bobby Blue* a kicking up behind *Old Joe*." Off! Very much off! But the Session has been such a lark, and I have been such a good boy, I deserve a holiday.

On Continent. Not discovered yet. *A Berlin!* In hotel found another Mr. SPENCER. Got his bill. Less than mine. About to pay it, but, on second thoughts, refer 'em both to "The Other One," before leaving! Having interview with BZZZY. He remembers DZZZY! Your health, BZZZY! Grand Old Chap. We are both disguised. We are becoming more and more disguised as evening progresses. . . . don't know if talking Germanorenglische . . . hoch—so—potstausend in pillarposten

[The remainder is, we regret to say, illegible, but we have done the best we could to decipher the remarkable document so far.—Ed.]

"THE QUALITY OF MERCY."

"[At the solicitation of the Queen Regent of SPAIN, the capital sentence upon General VILLACAMPA and five other insurgents has been commuted."—*Daily Paper*.]

SHAKSPEARE, who sang of mercy *con amore*,

Would have considered that this queenly act

Added more truly to CHRISTINA's glory

Than many a warlike deed or peaceful pact.

From a Queen's clemency to men disloyal,

France, who expels her bravest sons, might learn

All is not quite remorseless that is Royal.

Blest with a heart which can with pity yearn,

May the bereaved young Monarch still be seen,

In strength as softness, "every inch a Queen."

L'Été DE ST. MARTIN-IN-THE-FIELDS.—At the "Colinderies" they call the second spell of blazing weather a Col-Indian Summer.

Rhyme by a Radical.

(After reading Sir T. H. Doyle's amusing "*Reminiscences and Opinions*.")

ONE's joy in a capital book it won't spoil,

To see Tory scribes, with a gloat and a grin eager,

Point out with joy GLADSTONE's "portrait in DOYLE—

With a pretty large sprinkle of Vinegar!"



DOUX SOUVENIR DE FONTAINEBLEAU.

THE "PREMIERS DÉJEUNERS" OF MESSRS. BROWN, JONES, AND ROBINSON. CAFÉ AU LAIT, CRISP ROLLS, AND FRESH FRENCH BUTTER! SCRUMPTIOUS!!!

"SWAG!"

Or, *The Political Jack Sheppard.*

HARRISON AINSWORTH's dauntless *Jack*,
Ever ready a crib to crack,
A man to fight, or a girl to kiss,
Popularity did not miss.
But was there ever a hero like this?
Every Tory has now his head full
Of the political *Penny Dreadful*,
Published at Dartford—suitable spot!—
Full of sensation hot-and-hot,
Telling how this burglar bold
Broke into the Liberal hold,
After the swag he had long forsworn,
Cocked his nose at in cutting scorn.
Chaps of the craft of *Mr. Sikes*
Have their likes and their dislikes,
And if ever a big strong-box
Safe appeared, with its bars and locks,
Safe from the jemmy of modern *Jack*,
This was it. Such a crib to crack
No one ever expected *him*,
Though acknowledged a burgling limb.
No one? Well, we will say but few,
Shrewd observers—just one or two,
Had an idea that this burgling wag
Coveted most this identical swag.
So, when the House is hushed and lone,
Most of its usual guardians gone,
Whilst the few remaining are fast asleep,
What does young *Sheppard* but quietly creep,
With lantern dark and skeleton-keys,
And professional jemmy, as sly as you please;
And lo! the Liberal strong-box wide,
And *Jack* the master of all inside!

"Horrible, isn't it? Murder! Police!
Can't an Old Gentleman slumber in peace,

After so tiring and trying a time,
Without the shock of this scandalous crime.
Awful precocious depravity this!
Never a bit of the swag does he miss;
Out he bundles them, one by one,
Will the young vagabond never have done?
All the Old Gentleman's treasures lie
Under the urchin's irreverent eye,
Tossed pell-mell. There are documents there,
Pet possessions and manuscripts rare;
Pride of the burgled old boy and his friends.
"JOSEPH, JOSEPH, see how it ends,
Your strange consorting with doubtful
strangers!

Told you the practice was full of dangers.
Feel you not sorrow that cannot be stifled,
To see our joint treasure-chest opened and
rifled?

Yours the reversion of much of this fruit
Of our labours, which now this young rascal
will loot.

See! there's your own pet Programme gone!
O JOSEPH, JOSEPH, what have you done?
Are you not moved to generous grief,
To see this rascally juvenile thief
Your old employer thus ruthlessly rob?
Or, JOSEPH, is it a put-up-job?"

Dreadful depravity! Youth is a dasher,
Terrible pity to see him turn "smasher."
One more result of the feverish rage,
For startling Sensation, the vice of the age.
Boy has been reading "*Bold Highwayman*
Ben,"

That Tory Turpin and smartest of men,
Who dished the Whigs in the brave old days,
Hopes to eclipse him and share his bays.
Plenty of people still in our time,
Who'll shout, "Bravo!" at successful
crime;

Plenty of fools to hooray with a will,
For thieves—at St. Stephen's or Tyburn
Hill.

But wise men otherwise measure the gain's
worth.

Of aping the hero of HARRISON AINSWORTH;
And cleverness may have mistaken its tack,
In playing the part of Political *Jack*.

A Crown without a Head.

APPARENTLY the temper of the CZAR has
recently been so eccentric that the Doctors
have become completely puzzled about the
state of his Majesty's health. The Emperor
talks to himself (showing that he must be
fond of very bad company), sketches im-
possible policies, and even speaks with ap-
proval of the conduct of General KAULBARS.
From this it would seem that his Majesty is
in need of retirement. If he were in England,
he might head his letters with the Russianised
word "Colneyhatchoff," to denote that he
had lost a tile, and found an appropriate
resting-place.

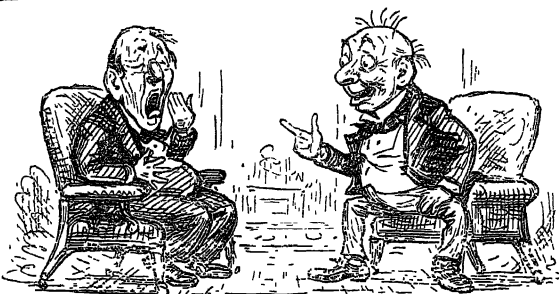
Board-School Nursery Rhyme.

HEY, DIGGLE, DIGGLE!
The pedants may giggle,
And swear your new rules are a boon;
But the People won't laugh,
They're too angry by half,
And they'll dish you, my strife-stirring
spoon!

INTERNATIONAL FRATERNITY.—The Eng-
lish and French fishermen have freely inter-
changed smacks.



OR, THE POLITICAL JACK SHEPPARD.



PHEASANT PLEASANTRY.

OUR SPORTIVE ARTIST, D. CRAMBO, JUN., SAYS THAT THE UNFAVOURABLE REPORTS FROM THE BREEDING DISTRICTS HAVE BEEN GREATLY EXAGGERATED. NOTWITHSTANDING THE LATE PREVALENCE OF "GAPE," THERE IS A FAIR SUPPLY OF "LONG TALES."

COUNTRY COUSINS—PERSONALLY CONDUCTED.

MY DEAR MR. PUNCH,

I HAVE to return you my grateful thanks for allowing me to have had the delightful duty of escorting your Cousins from the Country round the sights of Town, as it has given me an opportunity of renewing several most pleasing memories. Thus I have once more seen Westminster Abbey (now open to the Public free of charge and vergers on Mondays and Tuesdays) and the Tower, and have also "done" Kew Gardens, Hampton Court (where we got a very admirable meal at the "Mitre"), Gravesend (new line there, with cheap trains at half-a-crown First Return, L. C. & D. R.), and the South Kensington Museum. Your relatives seemed greatly pleased with all these delightful sights, and I have no doubt would have been glad to have repeated them, had not your welcome packet of tickets arrived in time to furnish an object for the exploration of fresh places of amusement.

Our first visit after this thoughtful gift was to the Albert Palace, a very fine institution, adjoining Battersea Park. I believe it was originated by Alderman Sir ROBERT CARDEN, who has left, in the illuminated grounds and *al fresco* entertainments, evidences of that gaiety of temperament which has justly earned for him the festive title of "the most jovial Citizen in London." The worthy and mirth-promoting Magistrate has been succeeded in the Management by Mr. WILLIAM HOLLAND, a gentleman who, I am told, is known amongst his intimates as "the People's Caterer." Certainly, when we entered the establishment there was no lack of recreations. We assisted at a most excellent Circus, wherein a very talented damsel, with long yellow hair, balanced herself on a slack wire, and performed various feats with metal balls. This obliging individual was followed by a jockey who rode without a saddle, eight ladies and gentlemen who danced a quadrille on horseback in the most courteous manner imaginable, and many other vastly entertaining performances. Besides the Circus, Mr. HOLLAND had prevailed upon a very large number of Cats, and a Giant Baby ("pronounced by members of the Medical Profession the Wonder of the World"—see Programme), to exhibit themselves to an audience as remarkable for its numbers as its enthusiasm. There were also some extremely intelligent Fleas (one, I fear, was suffering from a slight cough), a Diorama, a Marionette Theatre, and "LOTTINA, the Beautiful Sylph of the Air." This last, a most pleasing female, was said, by the Programme, to be patronised by Lieut.-Colonel THORNEYCROFT, the Earl of ROSEBURY, the Duke of EDINBURGH, and others.

After leaving Battersea we visited the Exhibition of the Photographic Society of Great Britain, and absolutely revelled in its rollicking contents. I can scarcely imagine any grander display of Art, although I was told by one of your Cousins that it was scarcely so interesting as a previous display of a year or two ago, when a large autotype of three boys artistically grouped in an arm-chair had been the centre of attraction. The great success of some of the sun-pictures displayed at this artistic exhibition, made us all hope very earnestly that such eminent painters as Mr. MARCUS STONE, Mr. GEORGE CRUIKSHANK, Jun., and M. TISSOT, would some day be encouraged to finally discard their palettes in favour of their cameras. Leaving Pall Mall East, we went to the Royal Westminster Aquarium, where we found Professor LEON taming horses somewhat after the fashion of Mr. RAREY. The experiments were highly diverting, and would no doubt have held us spell-bound for hours, if not for days, had we not wished to see the Vanishing Lady disappear at the Egyptian Hall under the immediate personal superintendence of Mr. BERTRAM. The self-abnegating gentlewoman who was induced to thoroughly efface herself for the convenience of visitors, was a Madam PATRICE, who by her name it will be seen conclusively established her foreign nationality.

We had now exhausted your tickets with the exception of two—the first entitling us to a view of the Constitutional Club, the second allowing us to inspect the Dairy Show. We were amazed at the splendour of the *cercle* invented by that most gallant of veteran warriors, Lieutenant-Colonel EDIS of the Artist Rifle Volunteer Corps. The "hero of a hundred sites," (the dashing officer is not only a soldier, but an architect) had made a feature of the electric lighting, which certainly was of excellent elevation, and equal, if not superior to oil or gas. The furniture too was of most admirable quality, having been supplied from his own establishment by a prominent member of the Committee. Now that the Constitutional is opened for the admission of members, I shall not be surprised to hear of the total collapse of White's, the Junior Garrick, the Marlborough, the Grafton, Boodle's, the Greenroom and others, with equal claims to the highest social distinction.

We now wended our weary way to the Agricultural Hall, Islington, (which is not to be compared with "Olympia," the coming—from Paris—hippodrome of West Kensington) and were simply amazed at the magnificent display of cheese, in the Dairy Show. The butter too was a most impressive sight, and reminded some of our party of the weird beauties of the far North, and others of HUDSON'S establishment under the shadow of St. Paul's.

Having shown your entertaining relatives the above instructive sights, the youngest of their party volunteered to take me in hand, and offered to "put me up to a thing or two." Gratefully accepting his invitation, I dined at FRANCESCA'S, visited the Alhambra and the "Colinderies," and finished up with ROMANO'S and the Cavour. The next morning, if I ignore a splitting headache and a settled melancholy, I never felt better in my life.

Believe me, dear Mr. Punch, most gratefully,

A PERAMBULATING PLEASURE-SEEKER.

THE AUSTRALIANS' FAREWELL.

[Most of the members of the Australian Cricket Team which has been playing here this year left last week for home.]

FAREWELL to the land which once glowed with our glory!

Good-bye to the fields which once rang with our fame!

'Tis faded, that fame, and that page in our story

Turned o'er, and the next one reads not quite the same.

We have played against teams that have beaten us badly,

Have oft had to own that the best side had won.

The season is o'er, and our team departs sadly,

Not, *not* quite the team that past wonders had done.

Farewell to thee, England! We left them behind us,

Those heroes who rivalled the pick of thy land.

The scores of those matches serve but to remind us

Of MURDOCH—the touch of his strong (vanished) hand;

Of PERCY McDONNELL, who beat your best bowlin',

Of BANNERMAN brave, with defence like a rock;

Of artful old BOYLE, with the game his whole soul in,

Of MASSIE the mighty, who never would "block."

Ah, SPOFFORTH! He knew not our depth of disaster,

Who dealt that unkindest cut-over of all.

'Tis true you have bowled, but the hand of the master

Has ne'er been the same in command of the ball.

Oh, BLACKHAM! your hands must have lost half their cunning,

Now never too sure of a "stump" or a "catch";

And BRUCE, Sir! your bowling at home was thought "stunning,"

How is it you have not "come off" in a match?

Ay, JONES may have scored, and GEORGE GIFFEN done wonders,

And PALMER and SCOTT may have "laid on the wood";

But why in the field such a number of blunders?

Why "rots," that our forerunners ever withstood?

Farewell to thee, England! But, on our next visit,

You'll see our old Champions who triumphed before.

For the present you need not much wonder why is it

We boast of those once-vaunted "ashes" no more!

ARTISTIC.—It is understood that Mr. MILLAIS, the painter of "*Chill October*," is hotly—very hotly—indeed, in fact 90° in the shade—at work upon a companion picture, a subject suggested by the recent tropical autumnal weather. It will be a landscape with figures, the landscape broiling in the full blaze of a lingering but potent Phoebus, the figures all at perspiration point. The title of the picture will be "*October with the Chill off*."

THE introduction of WOLFE TONE into Mr. GLADSTONE'S correspondence on Ireland sounds like a tone of disloyalty which the Ex-Premier would be the first to disavow. But even a semi-Tone of this Wolfish sort would have been a note of disaffection; and Mr. GLADSTONE doesn't want this sort of thing "to give a tone" to his speeches or writings.



DIFFERENT PEOPLE WHO, WITHIN THE LAST TEN DAYS, ABROAD, HAVE BEEN MISTAKEN FOR LORD RANDOLPH CHURCHILL.

THE ANATOMY OF SHOOTING.

MEN WE NEVER MEET.

1. THE man who makes no excuses for shooting badly; such as—1. The light was in his eyes; 2. He was bilious; 3. There was something wrong with his cartridges; 4. Too many cigars the night before; 5. Some particular eatable or drinkable taken the night before; 6. Or that morning; 7. He was afraid of hitting that beater; 8. We were walking too fast; 9. He hadn't got his eye in; 10. Or his eye was out; 11. He didn't think it was his bird; 12. It was too far off; 13. He always thought there was something the matter with *that* gun.

2. The man whose dog hasn't a good nose.
3. The man who can't "shoot a bit sometimes."

4. The man who hasn't some particular theory as to—1. The very best gun; 2. Cartridges; 3. Charges of powder and shot; 4. Best tippie to shoot on; 5. Best sort of boots; 6. Gaiters; 7. And equipment generally.
5. The man who doesn't change the said theory every season.

6. The man who hasn't sometimes said he couldn't shoot after lunch.

7. Or that he could shoot better after lunch.

8. The man who on your remarking that your friend GEORGE LAKE is a good shot, doesn't answer that you should see BILLY MOUNTAIN (or someone else) and then you would know what shooting really was.

9. The man who hasn't a friend who "can't hit a haystack."

10. The friend who owns it.

11. The man who doesn't like to be considered a good shot.

12. The man who, being a bad shot, doesn't comfort himself by thinking he knows a worse.

13. The man who hasn't made a longer shot than anyone in the company.

14. The man who, having made it, doesn't tell the story.

15. And who, having told the story, doesn't tell it more than once.

Finally, Mr. Punch is never likely to meet the man who, having read the above, will not own that it is strictly true of those who pursue the pleasant pastime of shooting when, as the eminent BURTON puts it, "they have leisure from public cares and businesses."

"WHAT IS A PANSLAVIST?"—Well, you just ask a Maid-of-All-Work in a lodging-house—she'll explain.

BLACK AS A COLLIER.

MR. PUNCH, remembering his special family connection with Italy—though it is a common error to suppose that he is of purely Italian, any more than he is of purely Indian, origin, his glorious ancestral records going back to a time when the protoplasm of evolutionists were uncommonly jelly-fishy—was particularly delighted at seeing in the *Times* of Saturday last, a Correspondent signing himself "ANGLO-ITALIAN," indignantly yet courteously repelling the odious charge brought against Italian gentlemen by Miss COLLIER, in her book "*Our Home by the Adriatic*," a charge which, in the course of its review, the *Times* had admitted without comment, in this objectionable form,—"Italian gentlemen do not hesitate to beat the female members of the family."

Mr. Punch not unmindful of certain sad passages in the domestic history of his own family,—to which he alludes with poignant feelings of regret, though it is but fair to say that there were faults on both sides,—was thunderstruck at seeing such a statement in our leading journal remaining for one whole week uncontradicted. If an educated English lady can say such things of Italians, how can we be surprised when a certain class of French writers still declare that the English sell their wives at Smithfield.

Italian chivalry is made to look very black under the touch of a COLLIER,—in fact the charge itself is rather suggestive of the habits and customs, not of the South, but of a Northern English Colliery.

At the Church Congress last week there was, beside "Cheers," a considerable amount of "Dissent." This speaks well for the broad views of the Church Congress.

THE French *Figaro*, last week, had one of the inevitable articles on *L'Anglais à Paris*. True, there is such a person as the *Anglais pour rire*—"who's a deniging of it?"—but the fact is that "Too many Cooks spoil the Continent."

MRS. RAM visited a Ritualistic Church one day, and said the smell was just the same as in the churches abroad after some service when they'd been burning insects.

WHAT IS "THE HESSIAN FLY?"—Is it a new sort of cab? If so, how much an hour? Is it provided with a Hessian "boot" for luggage?

INGOLDSBY IMPROVED.

IN consequence of recent revelations concerning the emphatically "fishy" state of the mains of the East London Waterworks, a modified version of "*The Knight and the Lady*," is in preparation, brought up to date and adapted to the habitat of the modern eel. The concluding passage in which *Lady Jane*, the tall and slim, reconsigns her drowned lord to the pond, in the honourable and useful capacity of an "eel-trap," will now run as follows:—

"Eels a many
I've ate, but any
So good ne'er tasted before,
They're a fish of which I'm remarkably fond,
(Especially served à la SPIERS AND POND)
Go—pop our beloved Sir THOMAS again
Into the East London Waterworks Main—
Poor dear!—He'll catch us some more!!!"

DRURIOPLANUS IN FORO.—MR. AUGUSTUS HARRIS has been summoning the Vestry of St. Martin's-in-the-Fields, who have refused to remove the dust from Drury Lane Theatre on the plea that they regarded it as "trade-sweepings," which they declined to cart away unless paid at the rate of six shillings a load for the service. Unless Mr. HARRIS has been chopping up his scenery, properties, box-fittings, or benches, and consigning them to his dust-bin, it is not easy to see how the combative Vestry could prove their point. And indeed they failed to do so, for, on samples being produced in Court, and these not containing even any unreturned MSS. left at the stage-door, the Magistrate, Mr. BRIDGE, after inspecting them, decided that they were only "sweepings from a theatre," and not "trade refuse," and that the accumulated dust must be removed accordingly. The Vestry, however, not regarding Mr. BRIDGE as that golden one by which they might retire gracefully from the contest, have given notice of an appeal, the result of which Mr. HARRIS, who is said at least to be bringing down the dust at the exchequer in the front of his House, may probably await with all confidence.

VERY ALARMING INTELLIGENCE.—It has been generally stated in the papers that "Mr. PARNELL has made arrangements to spend the winter in the South of France, and will not return till the opening of Parliament." This is startling for us in the North. Why doesn't he come and live quietly among us in London, and then we should have been pretty safe during the winter?



"THE CANINE SCARE."

Mabel (with subdued ecstasy). "OH, CLARA! WHAT D'YOU THINK! WE'RE GOING TO PARIS AT LAST! PA THINKS HE'S BEEN BITTEN BY A MAD DOG, AND HE WANTS TO SEE M. PASTEUR!"

SQUARING ALL ROUND.

Two exceedingly pleasant statements were made at the late Congress of Railway Servants. The first is, that, owing to the present complicated system of railway signalling, it is quite impossible for signalmen to avoid making mistakes. The second is, that, when they do make these inevitable mistakes, it is their practice to avoid being reported by "squaring" the engine-drivers who detect them. The signalman's argument, expressed in the vernacular, doubtless is, "If I don't 'square' the engine-driver, the engine-driver will 'round on' me." Fine subject for an allegorical design to adorn the walls of the Railway Servants' Congress:—"Sleepy Signalman trying to Square a Circle—of wide-awake Engine-Drivers."

Meanwhile, of the consequences of threatened "rounding," and the actual "squaring" the public has to run the risk, and often, it is to be feared, to suffer the effects. The public will probably come to the conclusion that this kind of "squaring" is not "on the square." The sooner it takes sharp measures to impress that conclusion, and its legitimate inferences, upon the mind—or perhaps one should rather say the pockets—of the Railway Companies, the better for its own interests. It is ingenuously admitted that a suggestion that "squaring" should be put a stop to, "did not find much favour with the Congress." This naïve announcement will naturally raise the indignant ire of the railway-traveller.

But perhaps, after all, it is not the poorly paid victims of excessively long hours, and a complicated system of signalling, who should be attacked, but rather the complacent monopolists, who are responsible for the long hours and the complexity. A system which results in overworked drudges continually putting people's lives in horrible danger, and then "squaring" other overworked drudges, in order to escape detection, is self-condemned, and must be sharply inquired into. There is a great deal too much of this nefarious "squaring" going on all round us nowadays; and he is a true friend of the public who ruthlessly exposes it wherever found.

MRS. RAM says it is delightful to roam out of an evening in the country fields, and hear the sheep-bells tinging.

A NEW VERSION OF AN OLD STORY.

(Written for translation into Russian.)

THE General travelled through the fields until he met some reapers. He offered them gold, and told them to say that the whole country belonged to the CZAR.

They accepted the money, and there was a slight tremor in their left eyes.

Then the gallant diplomatist entered a town. He addressed the citizens, and informed them that if they desired to see their grievances redressed, they must appeal to the CZAR.

Again there was a slight trembling of their sinister eyelids.

Once more "he urged on his wild career," and came across the Army.

"My Brothers!" he exclaimed, "your Master is mine, and mine yours. He is the most powerful in the world. Be good enough to shout for him!"

But still the eyes winked in the familiar, too familiar fashion, and the self-appointed Envoy called them all together.

"Now, Nobles, Citizens, and Army, take your time from me," cried the General. "Shout 'Long live the CZAR!'"

But everybody laughed, and then there was a resounding cry of "Flourish Bulgaria!"

And as this was not exactly what he expected, the General sulked, and came to the conclusion that he had had his labour for nothing.

Moral.—It is not every brute who, like *Puss in Boots*, can secure respect and popularity for a *Marquis of Carabbas*!

THE undefeated P. M. G. obtained from different actors three opinions as to the effect of the long runs on their health. MR. GROSSMITH evaded the question (so like him), and tortuously replied that he only felt the effect on the first night. Evidently he has experienced the result of a long run on his head, for he couldn't have managed it on his Sim-Tappertitian legs. By the way, how admirably "G. G." could make up for *Sim Tappertit*. It doesn't matter what may happen to actors, since, as a rule, they are pretty sure to come right "in the long run."

THE LETTER-BAG OF TOBY, M.P.

FROM "MR. SPENCER."

Berlin, Monday.



EAR TOBY,

I FIND your letter on going back to the Kaiserhoff, after seeing HERBERT. (Of course I don't mean *our* HERBERT. Strange, isn't it, that there should be two Grand Old Men, one in Germany and one in England, and both with sons named HERBERT?) I am delighted with what you tell me of the stir my mysterious disappearance has made. "Such larks!" as Joe Gargery said to Pip. I quite understand that, as you say, since the disappearance of the late Mr. LEFFROY there has been no such sensation in London. The fact is, I was getting a little

bored at the Treasury. I wanted a diversion. One cannot, in present circumstances, race across Westminster Bridge, as I once did, what time the clock struck the quarters and midnight. Nor can I very well go making cart-wheels along the pavement in Pall Mall. Must do something; so I thought of this, and it has answered all my expectations. Most amusing to read the German papers, or rather to get TRAFFORD to translate them for me.

I have been to Varzin, and had a couple of hours' chat with BISMARCK. He's a very able man, of course; but a little lacking in humour. He doesn't see any fun in my going about under an *alias*. "Ten thousand thunders!" he growled, looking down on me with a fearful scowl, "why on earth couldn't you come here in your own name? What do you mean by dodging from railway station to railway station, disguised in a big cloak, as if you had stolen a watch or murdered a man, and feared the police were after you?" Then he lapsed into German, and I lost the thread of his conversation, but rather guessed it was not complimentary.

This was not a favourable opening to the conversation, but we presently got on a little better. I promised BISMARCK I would back him up. Told him GLADSTONE was finally played out, and that I would keep SALISBURY straight. But he didn't seem so gratified as I had expected. Wanted to know whether I was sure of carrying the consent of the House of Commons, and what would HARTINGTON say, and how far would CHAMBERLAIN keep in step with me? He doesn't seem half so easy to get over as the Markiss. Once I tried a little bullying with him. Blazed out upon him like I do upon Grand Cross. Seriously, TOBY, dear boy, I thought he would have taken me up and put me out of the window. So hastened to explain that it was only my fun; whereat he again lapsed into the German language, which I think very effective for saying bad words in.

Of course I tell you all this in confidence. What I want Europe, and more particularly the Electors of South Paddington to understand is, that I'm moving in a mysterious but most potent way—that I and BISMARCK, in secret council, in which I take the leading part, are arranging the affairs of Europe, and that we will make Emperors and Sovereigns generally sit up. DISRAELI was a moderately shrewd man. He saw the advantage of taking a personal part in the direction of foreign affairs. But then he went to Berlin in commonplace fashion, with an ordinary Cook's ticket, the time of his departure from London and the hour of his arrival in Berlin openly stated. But my flight by night, the total disappearance of Lord RANDOLPH CHURCHILL in London, and the mysterious movements of Mr. SPENCER in Berlin, form, I flatter myself, quite a new thing.

I think as I am here I may as well make the round of the Capitals, and settle matters generally. A little over-awing might do Russia good. Austria is inclined to be flighty, and as for France the government of the Republic must be made to understand that a new FRTT has come to the front in English politics. It's all very novel and very exciting, and as I said before "such larks!" I send you in cypher, as agreed, my address. Be careful to post your letter yourself and see that you are not watched. MATTHEWS is equal to anything, and knowing that we are likely to be in correspondence, it is quite possible that you are under surveillance.

Ever yours faithfully,

RANDOLPH SPENCER.

ALL ABROAD.

THE following specimen extract, taken from the *Travelling Conversation Book*, compiled in French, German, Greek, and Arabic, for the use of Mr. CHAMBERLAIN during his projected European tour, by the accomplished Ex-Detective who is accompanying him, shows how judiciously the linguistic necessities of the distinguished Liberal-Unionist have been provided for. Subjoined is a page, headed, "ON A RAILWAY JOURNEY," that furnishes a good idea of the rest of the text. It proceeds as under:—

Are you sure that Mr. GLADSTONE is not travelling *incognito* by this train?

Is the foreign-looking gentleman, with a fur-collar, seated in the corner of the carriage, a *bond fide* passenger, or an Irish Nationalist in disguise?

Is my life safe in this compartment?

Let us ask the Ex-Detective, whom I have brought with me, and who is seated in the next compartment, for information on the subject.

Who is that on the platform, with a gardenia in his button-hole and an eye-glass in his eye, apeing my manners, in a suit of my own clothes? Can it be RANDOLPH CHURCHILL, playing me a practical joke?

This stuffy second-class railway-carriage reminds me very much of the atmosphere of the House in August.

It will, however, add to my Parliamentary experience to study the country, as we pass along, from the window.

The land on each side of the line, to judge from the occasional artificial divisions that meet the eye, appears to me to be disposed of in allotments.

I have seen a great many acres, but have not yet come across a single cow.

Ha! here is one acre containing seventeen cows.

I think, if I point it out to him, the sight will be pleasing to JESSE COLLINGS.

But I must discuss the subject of Free Education with this Station Master.

It is strange that neither of these two gendarmes has ever heard of Local Self-Government.

Ha! here we are arrived at the end of our journey, and this crowd is evidently waiting to receive me respectfully.

It is curious, though, that the luggage-porter appears never to have heard of Birmingham and the Caucasus.

If I take this fly, harnessed to two execrable screws, will it not render my entry somewhat symbolical?

Never mind; I will make the head-waiter thoroughly acquainted with the present position and prospects of the Liberal-Unionist Party, and fully explain to him the peculiar nature of my relations with it.

But here is the Ex-Detective with a bed-candle, suggesting that perhaps I had better retire to rest.

Randolph the Radical.

It tries your loyal Liberal's composure,
To see Lord CHURCHILL going for the Closure;
But before him leal Rads must veil their brows,
Who promises *six* acres and *two* cows!

SACRED MUSIC AT THE PROMENADE CONCERTS.—Why not? Why shouldn't an Oratorio become an 'Arry-torio? Mr. FREEMAN THOMAS announces that in consequence of the success of *The Messiah*, he will now give *Elijah*. Whatever happens, in this Oratorio there must always be a very big Profit.

MRS. RAM says, that lately she has been in a part of the country, where she was awfully bitten by the Midgets.

ETON FOOTBALL.

(By Dumb Crambo Junior.)



Mixed Wall "Game."



Four Shies to Love.



The "demons" took part in the game.—Newspaper Report.

Furking out the *Bawl* from the Bullies.

A CURE FOR GAIETY.

MY DEAR MR. PUNCH,

FEELING that my recent visit to the Exhibition of the Photographic Society of Great Britain had caused nervous exhaustion from over excitement, I consulted my Doctor, who ordered me what I may term a "travelling sedative."

"My dear Sir," he said, after feeling my pulse, "there is no doubt that you have been living too fast, and that the proper thing to do is to look in at the Fine Arts Exhibition at Folkestone for an hour or so. If you do not feel immediate relief, I would advise crossing over to Boulogne on a particularly rough day, and staying for a short time in that favourite watering-place out of the season."

Thanking my medical adviser for his kindness, I hurried off to Folkestone, leaving London at eight in the morning (thus, at my very door, commencing his treatment, as the anxiety of procuring a cab at so early an hour, was in itself in the spirit of his prescription) and was soon in the temporary home of the Fine Arts. I was doomed to disappointment. So far from finding the display calming to my nerves, I became deeply interested in the many beautiful objects, and renewed, nay, increased the excitement I experienced in Pall Mall East.

So tearing myself away from the Folkestone Exhibition, with its thousands of treasures, I betook myself to the Lees, and to my great satisfaction discovered that the weather forecast "squally—in places a gale" was amply justified, by the condition of the ocean. The sea was dashing over the end of the pier, and the fishermen's smacks were dancing about in the most eccentric fashion. In a word those who desired to cross the Channel, were sure to have what is known as a very "dusty passage." Delighted at this pleasant prospect, I went down to the sea-shore, and was soon on board that excellent steamer the *Louise Dagmar*.

Nothing could have been better than what followed. The boat rolled and plunged, and soon nearly everyone of the crew, after lending his waterproofs, was busily engaged in attending to that peculiar requirement of the passengers, usually supposed to be the exclusive care of the steward. But I am sorry to say, that by the mistaken kindness of an official before starting, I had been placed in a chair in such an advantageous position, that I did not, in spite of being a bad sailor, feel the motion of the vessel sufficiently, and therefore reached Boulogne in fairly good spirits. Knowing how important it was to me to encourage a calming melancholy, I envied the fate of a jaunty gentleman in a felt helmet, who had come on board with a demeanour suggestive of utter indifference to the condition of the elements. When I first saw him he was holding two hard captain's biscuits in one hand, and a glass of stout in the other, evidently believing that in these simple articles of food he possessed an infallible remedy for sea-sickness. Ten minutes later I again looked at him, and noticed that he had dropped the biscuits on the deck, had relinquished the glass, and was gazing in a stony manner at a sailor who was bending over him full of tip-suggesting sympathy. Later still I saw a person with an orange-coloured face with chocolate eye-balls, stretched at full length near a broken chair. At first I did not recognise the distorted features of this poor wretch, although they seemed familiar to me, however, when, at the invitation of the Steward, the unhappy sufferer commenced searching for his ticket

feebly under the shapeless mass of a crushed felt helmet, I felt sure that I was looking on all that remained of the jaunty passenger who had been so full of hope and confidence in biscuits and stout a long, a very long, two hours before.

On landing, we found the train from Paris was standing beside the quay, and it was interesting to note how eagerly the passengers bound for Folkestone scanned our expressive countenances. As the gentleman with the saffron face, chocolate-coloured eye-balls, and crushed felt hat appeared from the gangway, a thrill of horror ran like a wave along the expectant *voyageurs*.

Once arrived in my capital hotel (with a name similar to that of one of the most celebrated of Parisian hostelrys) in the Rue Victor Hugo, I was met with the most cheering intelligence. The bathing had ceased, the theatre had not yet opened, and the Casino was deserted. "There was nothing doing, and not a soul in the place." This was scarcely an exaggeration. I went to the old *Établissement*, where "The last Grand Concert of the Season" was announced. I entered. All that remained of the *Cercle* and the "little horses" was the negro page; the "Exhibition of Pictures" was about to be removed to supply the prizes for the "*Tombola*"; and the Orchestra (the makers of the "Grand Concert") were gathered together in a small room, playing (a dozen strong) to three spectators!

I walked through the deserted streets, finding house after house "*A louer*," and ended my promenade by approaching one of the most "lively" of hotels, bearing an *affiche* announcing that it was immediately to be sold by auction.

For three days it rained hard, and on the fourth I felt that the over-excitement caused by my visit to the Photographic Exhibition had all but vanished. Boulogne at this moment may be safely recommended to those who are in search of inspiration for an epic poem in two thousand cantos, or a tragedy in nineteen Acts. The shops are full of last year's bonnets: the streets contain only ancient residents, suggestive of the days when the place was a refuge for the poor or the proscribed; the hotels are absolutely empty.

To complete my cure, I left by the steamer for Folkestone, feeling delighted at being able to exchange for the unutterable sadness of a deserted French watering-place the wild adventures of a "dusty passage" across the Channel, with a long railway journey to follow.

The voyage was all, nay even more, that I could have desired. I spent the greater part of two hours and a half in being unexpectedly thrown from one side of the *Louise Dagmar* to the other. I was accompanied on these impromptu little expeditions by a bride and bridegroom, an aged archdeacon, and a portly French gentleman who was crossing the Channel for the first time.

In conclusion, I cannot help making the following suggestion. The Emperor of RUSSIA is said at this moment to be "eccentric," to talk fiercely to himself, and to wander about his palaces in a savage mood at night. If he could only be kidnapped, like the ex-Prince of BULGARIA, and taken to Boulogne, I feel sure that he would be soothed into the most settled melancholy in half a dozen hours. At least I know that I was.

I still remain, Your obedient Servant,
A PERAMBULATING PLEASURE-SEEKER.

BEERS AND "SKITTLES."

THAT a painter who possesses the power shown in such pictures as "*The Death of Jacob Van Maerlant*" and "*A People's Gratitude*" (The Death of JACQUES VAN ARTEVELDE), should stoop to play "such fantastic tricks" as JAN VAN BEERS again revels in at the Salon Parisien, seems more than a little pitiful. Poppinjay Art is plentiful enough. It is the trick whereby mediocrity antics itself into a sort of notoriety, and cynical cleverness indolently plays the fool with an easily-humbugged public. It is probably calculated—perhaps with some reason—that these stagey tricks, and lime-light effects, and dismal draperies, and bogey surprises, and peep-show horrors will perplex people into a foolish wonder, if not into an impossible enjoyment or an honest approval. Maybe that is all which is aimed at? But what an aim for anything calling itself Art!

Posturing Pierrots and smirking skeletons, goggling phinxes and giggling cocottes, cadaverous surprises and ensanguined startlers, all the parade of nightmare and nastiness, pall upon the mind, as the phantasmagoric effects and sickly scents do upon the senses, of the visitors to the Salon Parisien. Whim and fantasy are all very delightful in their way. But this is not Wonderland, it is the world of drunken delirium and the Witches' Sabbath. A girl with emerald face, purple hair, and vivid vermilion lips, peeping between amber *portières*, is an inoffensive though purposeless, and not very interesting *bizarrierie*. But such gratuitous ghastlinesses as "*Will o' the Wisp*," "*Felo de se*," "*Vive la Mort!*" and particularly the offensively named "*Ecce Homo*," are simply revolting horrors. Somebody has hazarded the statement that they are Edgar-Poe-ish. Pooh! POE was creepy sometimes, but he was an artist, an idealist, subordinating even occasional horror to the beautiful in his daring dreams. No, Mr. J. V. B., Art, like life, is not all BEERS and "Skittles."

PUCK'S PEREGRINATIONS.

(Adapted from "A Midsummer Night's Dream.")



"UP AND DOWN, UP AND DOWN, I WILL LEAD THEM UP AND DOWN.
THOSE THINGS DO BEST PLEASE ME THAT BEFALL PREPOSTEROUSLY."

SCENE—Nowhere in particular. Enter PUNCHIUS on one side, and PUCK on the other.

Punchius. Either I mistake your shape and making quite, Or else you are that shrewd and tricky sprite Called—Mr. SPENCER, say. Are you not he That puts the Correspondents "all-agle,"

(As might be said by Mr. ROBERT BURNS)
And plays the Specials all sorts of ill turns
Shifting as though you had old 'PROTEUS' charm,
Misleading them, and laughing at their
Those that do call you the political *Puck*,
You fog their wits and put them out of luck.
Are you not he, sweet imp?

Puck. Thou speak'st aright
I am that merry wanderer day and night.
The jest is excellent, it makes me smile,
When the quill-driving quidnuncs I beguile
I lure them on and leave them in the hole.
By Jove how I confound the gossip's soul!
He pictures me with BISMARCK hob-a-nob,
Or with astute KALNOKY "on the job,"

Or greeting TSZA with a hearty "hail!"
 Then I skedaddle and upset his tale.
 For fifty travellers he mistaketh me;
 At Dresden I turn up, down topples he.
 And "Hang it!" cries, whilst critics grin
 and chaff, [laugh,
 And all his readers hold their hips and
 And pass it as a mirthful "wheeze," and
 swear, [to wear.
 That *Bottom's* now! the scribblers ought
 Such larks! I'll put a girdle round the earth
 In forty days, and so fill up with mirth
 The dull recess. I'll lead the dolts a round
 Through Central Europe to their heart's
 desire;
 They will not track or spot me I'll be bound,
Puck can the sharpest Special fog and tire.
 My whereabouts and purpose they would
 learn,
 But faith, I'll baffle them at every turn.
 Up and down, up and down,
 I will lead them up and down:
 On through many a foreign town,
 I will lead them up and down:
 British Public, listen, mark!
 Is not this a jolly lark?
 They'll go daft ere I have done,
 Fogging fools is splendid fun;
 And those things do best please me,
 That befall preposterously. [Exit.

ILLUSTRATION OF "DRY HUMOUR."—
 Sir WILFRED LAWSON'S.

THE MAYOR OF LONDON TOWN.

(With Mr. Punch's Apologies to the "Lady
 of Shalott.")

On either side the River lie
 Long streets whose tenants always try,
 As soon as Lord Mayor's day is nigh,
 To see the gilded coach go by

Of him who wears the Civic Crown.
 And everywhere the People swarms,
 Gazing where the men-at-arms
 Guard from popular alarms
 The Mayor of London Town.

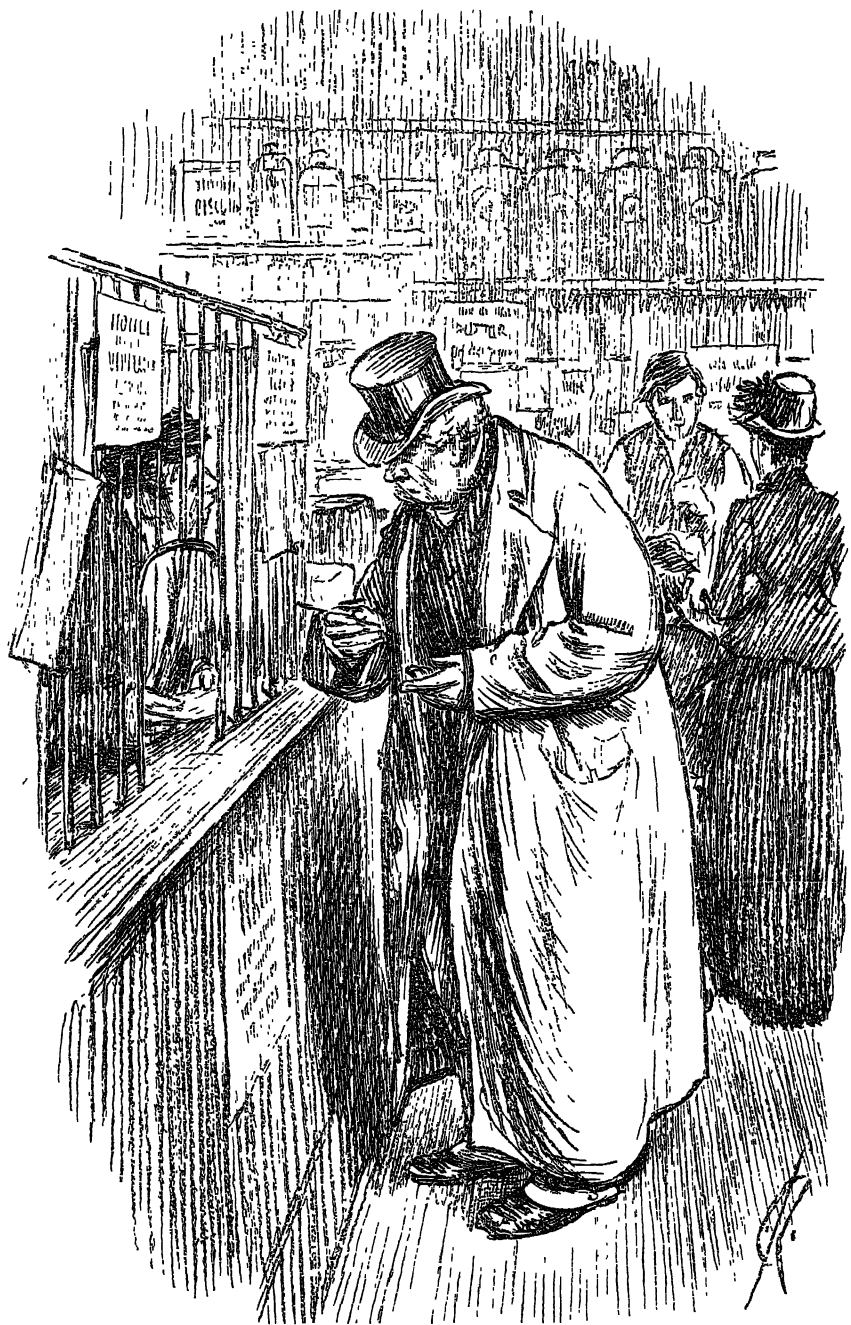
The Mayor himself doth take delight
 To think of that November sight,
 The crowds, and flags, and helmets bright,
 That shall be his by ancient right,—

Especially the great renown;
 On turtle and champagne he's fed,—
 It's useful practice for the head;—
 "I am half sick of turtle," said
 The Mayor of London Town.

Meanwhile, outside, a Democrat,
 A "Social" one, he waved his hat,
 And told his trusty followers that
 Here was the chance they wanted, pat,
 To "Cook the Tyrants very brown.
 When through the streets the Sheriffs bold
 Are borne with trappings manifold,
 We'll be there too!"—he up and told
 The Mayor of London Town.

He left his lunch, a turtle treat,
 The Lord Mayor did, he left his seat,
 He peeped out on the public street,
 And there what should his optics greet
 But HYNDMAN's democratic frown?
 Down-stairs at race-horse speed he hied;
 Fled were his dreams of coming pride;
 "The curse is come upon me," cried
 The Mayor of London Town.

Straight to the Tower Pier he flies,
 And there an empty shallop spies;
 Past wharves and stately argosies,
 Dead-pale beneath the lowering skies,
 Silently he floateth down.
 But HYNDMAN smiled, and walked away;
 He said, "I thought that it would pay
 To raise a bogey to dismay
 The Mayor of London Town."



SURPLUSAGE.

Telegraph Clerk (reading over telegram). "TO MRS. GRABET, MARGATE.—HEAR—WITH—
 GRIEF—DEATH—OF—AUNT—JUDITH—WILL—IN—OUR—FAVOUR." TWO WORDS TOO MANY,
 SIR."

Mr. G. "EH? OH—EH!—UM—UM! OH, WELL, LOOK HERE!—CUT OUT 'WITH GRIEF'!"

"SMALL BY DEGREES AND BEAUTIFULLY LESS."

As the "Colinderies" draws to its close the Executive Council become more and more anxious to extend its benefits to the masses, already School-Board children and their friends have been admitted at a rate "within the reach of the poorest pockets," and now it is not improbable that the charge for admission will yet be further decreased. We append a tariff which, although no doubt in immediate contemplation, has not yet received the official sanction. When actually issued it will probably be ante-dated to April 1st.

Charges for Admission to the "Colinderies."—Professional persons, two for three halfpence. Superior ditto (including Medical Specialists, Popular Preachers, and Q.C.'s), twopence each. Publicans, Artists, and Pawnbrokers, ninepence the dozen. West End Tradesmen, five for a shilling. East End ditto, sixpence the gross. Soldiers, Sailors, and Marines, half-a-crown a thousand. Infant Schools and Reformatories, one penny the ton. And Foreign Royalties, (including Special Illuminations and sometimes a dinner) nothing.



THINGS ONE WOULD RATHER HAVE LEFT UNSAID.

Guest. "YOU'RE NOT TAKING ANY DINNER, MRS. MEREDITH!"

Hostess. "THANKS—I'VE HAD SOME OF EVERY DISH!"

Guest. "WELL—THAT'S NOT MUCH!"

"WHAT OF THE NIGHT?"

(See Mr. Punch's Cartoon.)

WHAT of the Night? The shadows climb and lengthen,
The clouds swarm up like ravens to their feast.
No star of hope the Warder's heart to strengthen,
No hint of dawn suffusing the far East!
Winds sweep the waste with a low sound of wailing;
Below is darkness, and above what ray?
The fire of baleful stars, their lustre paling
Not yet, not yet before the glow of day.
No promise gleams of the long-coming light;
Aurora slumbers still. What of the Night?

What of the Night? How long the watch and weary!
Alert and armed the Warder gazes forth,
Dim all below, and all around is dreary,
A fiery portent blazes in the North.
No pole-star this, that o'er the billows beaming,
Guides the lost shipman o'er the watery waste:
A bale-fire rather, whose malignant gleaming
Calls up the hounds of war in hideous haste.
Their bay is on the air, a boding cry.
Will the dawn break, and the black shadows fly?

As some old Magian, from his tower out-peering,
The starry oracles of fate perused,
So stands the watchful Warder, wondering, fearing.
The signs conflict, the omens are confused.
There, where the Bear around the Pole is wheeling
In spreading bulk, the aspect bodeth ill.
What hidden mischiefs there await revealing,
To tax firm courage, test unshaken will?
None answers; and the silence doth enhance
The need of valour and of vigilance.

Darkness, and muttering thunders, and the shining
Of planets sinister the moment mark.
The starry oracles defy divining,
No eye may pierce the thick and threatening dark.
But the tired watcher may not shrink from facing
A dread alternative, a need abhorred,
Those high-raised ramparts resolutely pacing,
With eye unslumbering and unsheathed sword.
Shadows may fly before the coming light,
But, till the dawn shall break, What of the Night?

A WELSHMAN'S WAR-SONG.

HEAR the song of GRIFFITH, hearken to the stave that GRIFFITH sang,
GRIFFITHS? No, not he—that Safe Man,—to the harp's melodious twang.

At the Bistedfodd Rhyfodyddelol, where a prize his verses gained,
Which he wrote against the Rector, for his tithes who had distrained.

Fiery was the face of GRIFFITH, like the fresh boiled lobster's mail;
"Ho!" he shouted, "to the Tithe-War, it is in Llangwmgloch vale!"
GRIFFITH is a tenant-farmer, serious in his views and ways,
And he goes to Ebenezer, weekly; and his Pastor pays.

"March!" he cries, ye sons of MERLIN, "let us make an end of tithes,
Raised upon our stocks and produce, and our sickles and our scythes,
It is my abominations, Squire has made returns of rent,
Parson too must yield abatements, look you, twenty-five per cent.

"Though I don't deny the former when my balance-sheet is gain,
I detest to pay the latter, hard it goes against the grain.
Mr. MEREDITH I sit under, splendid preacher, deep divine.
But the Reverend M. B. MUGGERIDGE is no Minister of mine;

"Tithes were in my rent allowed for. 'Tis no matter. Get away!
Altogether from religious scruples I object to pay.
Qualms of conscience is my reasons, why I lift my voice aloud.
England's Church be disestablished, England's Clergy disendowed!"

"In the clouds with us the spirits of our sires to battle rides,
There's CADWALLADER, CADWALLO, URIEN, many more besides.
OWEN GLENDOWER and MODRED, smites the titheowners with dread,
When they sing the magic song that makes Plinlimmon shake his head.

"Tithes is burdens, impositions, swindles, I'll no longer stand,
Cymry button up your trousers, till we've kicked them off the land.
Burst your bonds, and fling your fetters to the winds and to the gales.
Flout the skies with Freedom's banner; fight for little gallant Wales!"

THE BEST "QUOTATION" FOR A FOREIGN GOVERNMENT LOAN.—
"It may be for years, or it may be for ever!"

BURTON, HAIL!

SO Sir RICHARD BURTON—the real Arabian Knight!—after over forty-four years of service—and such service!—contemplates retiring into private life. When one reads his record, almost as marvellous as one of the *Thousand and One Tales*, thinks of his perilous pilgrimages, his daring adventures, his travels in wild, turbulent, and malarious regions, his labours as soldier, explorer, polyglot linguist, and prolific writer, &c., &c., one wonders, not that at sixty-five he should seek relief from an unhealthy and unthankful post (as Consul at Trieste, where he has held on for over fourteen years), but that he has any health and strength left to make his well-earned retirement, as Mr. Punch trusts it will be, not only welcome but enjoyable and of long duration.

Promotion has not assiduously dogged the heels of Sir RICHARD as it does that of certain favoured servants of the Crown. If it had done so, even in proportion to his deserts, he would probably now have little to seek for or desire. As it is, the Public will assuredly say that he has earned his retirement, and something more—something considerably more. Rest should not be the only guerdon of long and dangerous toil in one's country's cause! Think of the snug pension a man may secure for condescending to sit for some months on a comfortable Woolsack! Mr. Punch, in the public interest, and with the public's certain approval, pleads for large and liberal dealing with the man who, among other notable feats too numerous to name here, made the marvellous pilgrimage to Mecca, explored the Lake Region of Central Africa, and was selected to go in search of poor Professor PALMER and his companions, murdered alas! by the Bedouins.

The usual official pension might satisfy the Circumlocution Office, to which probably a Consul is just a Consul, whether he be a Burton or—well, not a Burton. But it will not satisfy Sir RICHARD's admiring countrymen, who feel that he has claims upon all that the Fount of Honour and the Civil List can do to secure his future comfort and consideration.

NO "PUZZLE" FOR THE P.M.G.—How to obtain a private memorandum confidentially prepared for a Governmental Department.

“WHAT OF THE NIGHT?”



SAUCE BÉARNAISE!

FOR the same reason that induces some persons to turn their money by the light of the new moon, that is as a sort of spell to ensure



"Highly Recommended."

expressly to enjoy Mr. EDGAR BRUCE's company, is taken off, willy-nilly, to hear the declamation of Mr. WILSON BARRETT. Was there any subtle agency at work which perverted the cabmen's minds, so that when somebody directed them to drive to the "Prince's," they at once insisted on taking them straight to the "Princess's"? Be this as it may, we may sing to a recently-popular air,—

The excuse of EDGAR BRUCE for taking a new address is, Folks declare, to drive straight there a cabby could not be had. When you said, the "Prince's," then they took you to the "Princess's," Which, though fun for WILSON B., was driving poor EDGAR mad.

And at the Prince of Wales's Mr. BRUCE has lately produced *La Béarnaise*, a Comic Opera,—it rains Comic Operas just now,—music by M. ANDRÉ MESSAGER, libretto by Mr. ALFRED MURRAY from the French of MM. LETERRIER and VANLOO. M. MARIUS is responsible for the stage management; and in spite of the conductor of the orchestra bearing the ominous name of SLAUGHTER, the music is not murdered, but, on the contrary, considering that the piece fell dead in Paris, Mr. SLAUGHTER seems to have put new life into it, and to have extracted as much melody from the work as it is capable of yielding. For, honestly, it is not a Golconda of melody, though the music, on the whole, is sufficiently pleasing and bright to carry the action along to the end.

Two gems of the piece, the *berceuse* sung by Miss FLORENCE ST. JOHN, and the trio between Miss MARIE TEMPEST, Miss FLORENCE ST. JOHN, and Mr. SNAZELLE, are in the Second Act; but the best thing of all, which, for words, music, and comic acting, is worth the whole Opera put together, is the military duet and march in the last Act, between *Snazelle Perpignac* and *Jacquette St. John*, disguised as a full private. Her drill, her march forward to the footlights, her march backward from the footlights (this especially), are inimitable and irresistible.

The next best performance is Mr. HARCOURT's as the feeble *Duke*. Neither a new character to create, nor a difficult one to sustain, but very easy to overdo. His weakness is his strong point, but Mons. Le Régisseur MARIUS, *comme metteur en scène*, ought never, after the First Act, to have let this *Duke* appear on the stage without a chair, even if the chair were a *chaise à roulettes*, when its movements in the *finale* of the Second Act, with the *Duke* in it, would have a novel and very comic effect. The *Duke* on his legs and taking part in the action, having to advance and retreat with the Chorus, after all his inanity and infirmity at the commencement, is a mistake.

The plot of *La Béarnaise* is not too whimsical for the purpose of Comic Opera, nor are the characters themselves unwarrantably extravagant, but, with the exception of those represented by Miss FLORENCE ST. JOHN, Miss TEMPEST, and Messrs. SNAZELLE and HARCOURT, they are played as if they were the *dramatis personæ* of a thorough *Opéra Bouffe*.

Mr. LONNEN's *Girafio* is something between the grotesque sprite and the stereotyped comic policeman of the pantomime, while Mr. DALLAS is the inevitable comic chamberlain, who, in the days of the old-fashioned extravaganza, invariably used to exit dancing with the King, and who, in the *Opéra Bouffe* era, now somewhat on the wane, has been revived with most of his ancient prerogatives. For it is to *Opéra Bouffe*, and not to Comic Opera, that these two characters, as now represented, really belong. But whose fault is this? Is it due to the original authors (certainly not, if, as I understand, it was

produced at the Bouffes), or to the English adapter, who styled it a "Comic Opera," or to the actors and the stage manager, or to the public? If the public will not be content without its *GRANDS*, its pantomime and music-hall element in an entertainment which makes an attempt at being Comic Opera, then, as "those who live to please, must please to live," let all combine to give them what they demand: only don't call a grotesque extravaganza by the honoured name of "Comic Opera." The First Act is "no great shakes," except in respect to the aspen-leaf *Duke*, but in the

second there are the *trio*, *berceuse*, and *finale*. After the duet in the Third Act, which I have already praised, some of us were congratulating ourselves on the absence of the irritating "topical song," for which the only proper place is the music-hall, when the comic pantomime policeman entered, and finding himself in possession of the stage, he, I regret to say, took advantage of the opportunity to indulge in a melancholy specimen of the kind of ditty just alluded to,—which most certainly does not belong to M. MESSAGER's Opera, nor does the very commonplace tune sound as if it were the work of the French



Composer. Miss MARIE TEMPEST has a nice voice, and a merry face, but she has nothing much to sing, though for what she has, her vocalisation obtains an encore. The costumes are brilliant, and the scenery in the First and Third Acts, highly effective.

Mr. SNAZELLE is always heard to advantage; but he will be seen more to advantage when the others have made up their minds as to whether the piece is a comic opera or a *bouffe*. Mr. SNAZELLE's mind being disturbed by conflicting doubts on this subject, he is at one moment doing his part as well as his natural powers as a comedian will permit him, and then finding that Messrs. DALLAS and LONNEN, for example, are indulging in all sorts of extravagant drollery, it occurs to him to try a few eccentric waggeries on his own account, so as not to be quite out of it. Receiving no encouragement from his companions, he assumes an air of moody indifference, from which he is only roused by FLORENCE ST. JOHN in the military duet, when he wakes up again, and pretends to play Mr. Snazelle and Miss St. John. It's *Nasal* and Military. the drum and fife both at once, and march about as though he were really enjoying himself. But, *O Firenze la bella!* without thee, fair FLORENCE, and thy *sauce béarnaise*, this *pièce de résistance* would hardly be worth retaining in the ill of fare.

What's in a name as long as it succeeds? Did it fail at the Bouffes Parisiens because it wasn't *bouffe* enough? and is that why here they call it a comic opera and play it as a *bouffe*? Perhaps so. Only don't let us flatter ourselves that we are recording the success of a Comic Opera, that's all. Have something ready to produce directly the business drops, Mr. BRUCE, but, for the present, don't Be-arnaisy, says Yours, T. QUELL NIBBS.



ISAAC WALTON'S STATUE.—A handsome subscription will be raised before the statue is erected. An inscription is wanted for the pedestal. "Something about a rod" is generally proposed. *Mr. Punch* suggests—a single line.



"NO FRINGE NEED APPLY."

(See daily advertisements for Housemaids.)

Jemima Hann. "Ho, HINDEED! THE HIMPERENCE! WHAT'LL MY YOUNG MAN SAY!"

THAT THERE PENNY!

An East End Remonstrance.

Yes, I filled up the paper: and down my way,
Like myself, you 'll soon find there's a many
Who 'll all have just as much as I have to say,
When not one of 'em pays that there penny.

Can't I manage it? No, that I can't. D'you think
That we've got it, but grudges the giving?—
Are spending too much on mere victuals and drink?
Well, step round, you, and see how we're living.

Come in. Here's the room that we rent. Them two
cheers,
That there table, the straw that we lie on,
That makes all our stock. If it's seized for arrears,
We've only the floor left to die on.

There's six mouths to feed! Ah! the job you might
shirk,
When all life seems but set for bad weather;
Your good man for seven long months out of work,
Bound to keep soul and body together.

A struggle, I tell you. When sickness comes too,
And you're worn with a busy day's charing,
To sit watching fever the lonesome night through,—
Well—the stoutest would find a bit wearing!

Our clothes? Well, there ain't very much left behind,
For we've pawned every rag that's worth selling.
You stare: but the world knows, I tell you you'll find,
Tougher work than the teaching of spelling!

So how do you think, with a home such as this,
We can pay for this 'ere Education
The price of a meal, when its barely we miss
Keeping out of the sheerest starvation?

There! worrit no more. I'd pay up, if I could;
But your fees,—you must go without any.
When we wants daily bread, it ain't any good
Saying you only wants "that there penny!"

ARTILLERY AND ARBITRATION.—The settlement of
Bulgaria is a question of International Law; which,
being defined, is Cannon Law.

"SOMEBODY'S LUGGAGE."

French Idea.—Plan of Egypt. Draft treaty for conceding Antwerp in exchange for desired equivalent. Proposal to give up New Hebrides on condition of France assisting in a joint insult to Russia. British gold for bribery.

German Idea.—Map of Bulgaria. Autograph letter of H.M. relating to restoration of Prince ALEXANDER of Battenberg. G.C.M.G., K.C.S.I., and G.C.B. for Prince BISMARCK. Proposal to surrender Cape Colonies on condition of Germany consenting to insult to Russia. British gold for bribery.

Italian Idea.—Map of Suez Canal. Autograph letter from the Marquis of SALISBURY to the POPE. Proposal to surrender Suakin in exchange for King of ITALY's consent to English occupation of Constantinople. British gold for bribery.

Turkish Idea.—Map of India. Box of decorations for the Sultan. Ditto for the Prime Minister. Ditto for the Sublime Porte. Ditto for all the Embassies. Proposed Loan (guaranteed by English Government and ROTHSCHILD) in exchange for SULTAN's support for objects in blank. British gold for bribery.

English Idea (after consideration).—BRADSHAW's Continental Railway Guide. Portmanteau. Pot hat. Umbrella and just enough British gold (his own) to defray his travelling expenses.

"MAKING A DOMESDAY BOOK!"

ON Monday the 25th of October Domesday Book is to be commemorated by "the Committee and those taking part in the proceedings" (as the commemorators are rather vaguely termed in the *Times*) visiting the Public Records Office, where they will assist at a lecture by "Mr. HUBERT HALL, F.R. Hist. Soc." Until the following Friday they will haunt Lincoln's Inn Hall, listening from time to time to an occasional harangue from gentlemen whose names are not particularly familiar to the public, until the celebration is brought to a triumphant conclusion by the reading of a paper on

"the Materials now available for re-editing the Domesday Book." As *Mr. Punch* fancies that the subject of the Lectures are not sufficiently local, he suggests a few more to assist in the compilation of the new volume:—

"On the Origin of Kensington, and when it ceased to be Brompton, Bayswater, Hammersmith, and Kensal Green."

"On the Line dividing Putney from Wimbledon, with the Views of the Local House Agents thereon."

"On Belgravia and Pimlico, their limits and ancient rights, tracing the rise of Grosvenor Place from Pimlico, and the development of St. George's Square into South Belgravia."

"On the Origin of Bedford Park, with some account of Turnham Green before it was merged with West Kensington."

"On the Disappearance of Notting Hill, and the loss of Bayswater."

When Lectures on these subjects have been prepared, *Mr. Punch* will be happy to suggest others of equal importance.

CONTEMPORARIES CORRECTED.—In the current number of the *Contemporary Review* an article, signed "ELIZABETH ROBSON PENNELL" [any relation to *Mr. Punch's* friend, author of *Puck on Pegasus*?] says, *à propos*, incidentally, of the decadence of Pantomime, which, it may have been noticed by the student of theatrical history, has always been decaying within the last ten decades, and is never a bit the worse for it, that "At Drury Lane last Christmas there was no Columbine." The learned Authoress is in error, there *was* a Columbine in the Drury Lane Pantomime last Christmas. By the way, it has been reported that, in consequence of the success of the *Run of Luck*, AUGUSTUS DRURYOLANUS will produce the Drury Lane Pantomime at Her Majesty's. Nice as a compliment to Her MAJESTY on the eve of her Jubilee Year,—but a mistake. Drury Lane without a Pantomime at Christmas! Forbid it, ye gods—in the gallery! But *Mr. Punch* has the authority of AUGUSTUS MAGNUS himself to state that it is not improbable he may take *A Run of Luck* to the Empire, where it will be most welcome.



A TROUBLED CONSCIENCE.

"MUMMY, I'VE GOT A WICKED THOUGHT!"

"WHAT IS IT, DARLING?"

"I USED TO THINK YOU WERE THE MOST LOVELY WOMAN IN THE WORLD—AND NOW I DON'T!"

KIND INQUIRIES.

THE order made, on the motion of Mr. THOROLD ROGERS, by the House of Commons for certain returns relating to the Universities of Oxford and Cambridge, does not appear to have been attended with very satisfactory results. This, no doubt, may be partly owing to the disinclination manifested at the Universities themselves, to furnish the information required, though at the same time it is quite obvious that the chief source of the failure has been the injudicious character of the questions put to the various Professors, Readers, and Lecturers, whose affairs formed the subject of the inquiry. Great vagueness too, seems to have attended the examination of the present position, and status of the "Married Fellows," to whose concerns the investigation in question was purposed to pay a special regard. In fact, to judge from the irritated and inconclusive nature of the replies to the examination paper drawn up to elicit information under this particular head, it can hardly be denied that that document must have been framed with a singular want of tact and judgment. Probably, however, a still further inquiry will be made, when a few direct and trenchant questions admitting only of simple and straightforward answers, will be put with far greater effect. A paper of inquiry for instance on the following lines could not by any possibility wound any prejudices, and as it would elicit the facts to be ascertained in a familiar and comprehensive fashion, it is confidently placed at the service of the Commissioners.

Have you ever filled the chair of the Bodmin Professor of Polynesian Technology, and if so, state how many years it is since you have had a single attendant at any lecture.

If you have never given any lecture at all, mention some services that you have rendered the University as a set-off for drawing your salary, particularly stating whether they have taken the shape of a periodical visit to the Botanical Gardens, the contribution of a portion of a dictionary to a local publishing firm, or the sending of an occasional double acrostic to a Society journal.

Would you still continue to consider yourself entitled to the emolument attached to your Professorship if unable to discharge its duties owing to having—

(1) To attend to a large practice as a Chancery Barrister.

(2) To act as permanent Captain on one of the General Steam Navigation Company's Boulogne Steamboats.

(3) To work out a sentence of seven years' penal servitude?

Are you a "Married" Fellow? If so, state when and where the ceremony took place, give a list of your wedding-presents, particularly mentioning the number of paper-knives presented to you on the occasion, and describe, as well as you can from memory, the bridesmaids' dresses and the general appearance of the cake.

Have you any children? If so, say how many, furnishing their respective ages, and referring to such proclivities as they possess likely to influence the quiet, or the reverse, of College life.

If you have any boys, have they yet managed to get into the College fountain or hide in the Chapel reading-desk? If so, has that proceeding met with the sanction and approval of the Governing Body?

Have you ever been summoned away suddenly in the middle of a lecture to hold the baby? If so, state how often, and mention any extenuating circumstances that you can allege in each particular case in excuse of the proceeding.

Have you been met, if at Oxford, in the High Street, or at Cambridge at the College Backs, pushing about a double perambulator?

Is your mother-in-law a member of your family? and have you, on the strength of that arrangement, had to provide her with rooms "in College"?

If you pay an after-dinner visit to the common room, does she ask you what "low place" you have been to, and threaten to come with your wife, and wait for your coming out of Hall, if it happens again?

Do you consider the life of a "Married Fellow" one to be envied, and, on the whole, a happy one, or do you recall with regret the days when you were an engaged or even a single fellow?

Such are a few of the proposed leading questions, which, if answered in the same spirit in which they are asked, could not fail to give a practical turn to Mr. THOROLD ROGERS'S inquiry that would be attended with the best results.

CONVIVIAL SENTIMENT FOR THE EAST LONDON WATER DRINKERS.
—No Eel Taps.

IDEAL AND REAL.



FANCY GERMAN PORTRAIT OF GENERAL SIR SMITH,
THE BRITISH SECRETARY OF STATE FOR WAR.



THE REALITY—
W. H. SMITH, ESQ., WAR OFFICE.

TO M. LESSEPS.

At eighty-one,
When most have done
With work and take toddling steps,
He journeys afar,
To Panama,
The Brave Old Monsieur LESSEPS.

CONSOLATION STAKES FOR A RESTAURATION. — The Empire — not the one on which the sun never sets, but M. NICOLS'S Empire, on which the Licensing Justices sat last week — has been refused its licence as a Music Hall, in rivalry to the Pavilion and the Alhambra, by thirty-four votes to twenty-five. M. NICOLS, of the Regent Street Restaurant, had better take this re-buff *à la mode* pleasantly, as he ought to be satisfied with his *café complet*, and not hunger for an Imperial stake in Leicester Square. If, however, he intends keeping it on as a Theatre, let him open with some plays which will be quite in his line belonging to the period of "The Drama of the Restauration."

"QUEEN OF THE POOR."

"Touch me; that will relieve me." (Exclamation of a hopelessly and loathsomely diseased inmate of the "Œuvre de Calvaire" to the Queen of GREECE, affectionately known as "Queen of the Poor," who was visiting that beneficent institution, among many others of the great Charities of Paris, to the inspection of which she has devoted several days.)

'MIDST the Gay City, Queen of Art and Pleasure,
A Queen more royal yet by far, employs
Days she might well devote to golden leisure
In looking—not on light Lutetia's joys,
Its pomps, its pageantry, its winning graces;
She turns aside from these to search and see
The broken lives, the scarred and shame-stamped faces,
That fill its hidden haunts of Charity.
Hidden? Not from the eyes that mark more keenly
Than critic cold or pharisaic fool;
Nor from her sympathy whose soul right queenly
To sorrow, sin, and shame dares go to school.
"Touch me; that will relieve me!" Cynic mocking
At courtly charity stands silent here.
Soft-nurtured souls might find the ordeal shocking,
Might shrink with loathing, or might pale with fear.
She shrank, she paled perchance, a Queen though kindly,
Yet took the stricken leazar's withered hand.
Men flatter slavishly, or curse half blindly,
The sceptred favourites of fortune bland;
But here's a crown that hath no cruel glitter;
The stoutest democrat, the coarsest boor,
Need scarce assail with fervor bravely bitter
The royallest of names—"Queen of the Poor!"

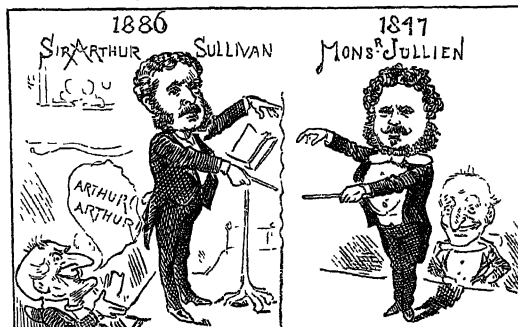
LAW AND LOGIC.—A noble Lord, writing to a newspaper, repeats a statement which he made at the Church Congress, that in certain States of America the law permitted a man to marry his Wife's Daughter. This, he adds, "is the logical result, as pointed out some years ago by the late EARL RUSSELL, of any relaxation in the degrees of affinity prohibited by the law of England." Has it, then, resulted from Colonial relaxation of the English marriage-law? If not, isn't the logic of prejudice confuted by the logic of facts?

LAST Saturday a "par" in the *Standard*, speaking with par-ental authority, informed us that "A College for the training of Actors has just been founded at Berlin, in imitation of similar institutions at Paris, St. Petersburg, and Vienna." Mr. Punch says: "Friends of the Drama in England, please copy."

ANNUAL Exhibition at the Inner Temple this week—"The Chrysanthemumeries." There ought to have been a theatrical entertainment every night in the Hall by "the Temple Chrysanthemumeries."

MR. PUNCH AT LEEDS.

In answer to loud calls for "ARTHUR! ARTHUR!" the Composer and Conductor, SIR ARTHUR SULLIVAN, deeply affected, gracefully



Not unlike, but twenty Julliens couldn't have composed "The Golden Legend."

"Offen," and "put his Bach into it." He has been the leading and conducting spirit of the Leeds Festival. Has he not surrounded himself with a strong company, of whom it is only necessary to mention MADAME ALBANI, MADAME PATEY, and MISS DAMIAN among the Ladies, to show its strength, and MR. SANTLEY, MR. LLOYD, and MR. BARTON MCGUCKIN among the men of might?

STANFORD and MACKENZIE were among the Composers whose works were admirably performed, the latter having written his best in illustration of a libretto called *The Story of Sayid*, written by MR. JOSEPH BENNETT, musical critic on the *Daily Telegraph*.—"JOSEPH B. is sly, devilish sly,"—and what more need be Sayid about it? Finally, SIR ARTHUR, taking off his *Pinafore*, renouncing all association with *Pirates* and *Sorcerers*, and giving up a Golden Reality for a *Golden Legend*, has gone in for serious work of a high order, which of course will pay him infinitely better than his lighter and more popular compositions. It was ever thus. Mr. Punch trusts that it will not be long ere *The Golden Legend* is heard in London. The Northern city Leeds and London follows, but once again it may be asked, "Why should London wait?"

Really refreshing was the work of MR. C. V. STANFORD—henceforth "Sea" V. STANFORD—who, remembering DREDDIN, has dipped into the briny, and come out again triumphantly nautical with *The Revenge*. Altogether, the Festival was a big success; and the Punchian proverb just now in the North is, "Leeds must when SIR ARTHUR SULLIVAN conducts."

The Musical Critic on the *Times* finished his notice last Saturday with the following prize conundrum:—"If SIR ARTHUR SULLIVAN does not know how to conduct pretty dance-music, what English Composer does?" Mr. P. gives it up. Is there any answer? None.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—In no case can Contributions, whether MS., Printed Matter, or Drawings, be returned, unless accompanied by a Stamped and Directed Envelope or Cover.

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ROBERT AT COOK'S LITTLE SWARRY.



How wunderfully suckemstances happens sumtimes wen one's a thinking of summut quite different! Going to a hengagement as I had last week at the West End, who shoold I meet of all pussons in the world but my old frend the Cook of Portland Plaice. Fanny meeting a Cook a taking a wark, and all in her best close too, includin a bran new Bonnet jest like a Briggan's At, and not of a Sunday! I niver was more estonish'd. She cum up to me with that particklar pleasing smile as lovely woman allers wears when she's got a new dress on, and meets a frend as ain't. I felt jest a leetle orkard at fust, remembering the peeculier suckemstances under which we larst parted, but she made no elusion to 'em, excep by saying, "If you'll promise to behave yerself, we shall be glad to see you to-morrow night at our little Swarry as we're a going to have, as all the fammerly's out of town."

Of coarse I prommist to go, and go I did, and I don't no wen I've more enjoyed myself. We had a puffedly lovely tea, with shrimps and sardeens and marmaraid and sossidges, quite like the werry hiest Nobillerty, and a little drop of sumthink nice in the larst cup. And then we had a little danse. I danced with Cook, and TOMMUS the tall horty Footman danced with ARRYBELLER the Parler Maid, and our music was one of the werry finest Street Horgans as I hever herd, and played in such a marsterly style as would have delited the Dook of Edenburrow, or any other werry fust-rate Musician. Then we had a little singing. TOMMUS sang, "My pretty Jane," which he gallantly, for the oocashun, turned into "My pretty ARRYBELLER," at which she amost blusht. Then I sang "Symon the Cellarman," and not to be outdone in hommage to the Fare, I substituted Dame Cooky for Dame Margery, but not with werry great suckness, as Cook said as she thort as old Symon was a conceited old fool. However, I made up for it later on by reading to 'em my bran new Romance, which I calls *The Mystery of May Fare*, "by one behind the Seens," which they all declared to be the werry thrillingest, and most exsitingest, and the shortest story of modern times. And as I quite agrees with 'em, I thinks as I shall werry shortly publish it.

We then all set down to Supper, jest a duzen of us. There would ha' been 13! but Cook made young Buttons the Page set down in the nex room by hisself, witch he only consented to do on condishun of having a hextra pot of plum Jam all to hisself. I was glad to see him sent out. It served him rite for larfing at me and Cook, when we was a dancing. TOMMUS said in his horty way, that nothink would have injuiced him to set down 13, as the only time he ever saw

it done, a old gent werry nearly choked hisself with a fish bone! witch of coarse was a warning to all of 'em. Being apealed to as one rayther xperiened in this kind of thing, I told 'em my thrilling story of the ex-Sheriff who went down all the way to Epping Forrest to dine, and being just a little late, the cumpny was all seated, and wen he saw as they was jest 12, and that he woud make 13, he first turned garstly pail, he then turned on his eel, and, without one singel word of apolergy or egscuse, he returned to the place from wence he came, and acshally went without his dinner! All on 'em thort as this was one of them hacts of self-sacrifice as was wurthy to compare with any as they'd ever heard on. The Butler, who is rayther a litterry man, said as it reminded him of Sur PHILLIP SIDNEY's gallant acshun at the Battle of Waterloo.

We couldn't have no more dancing as the Horganist had left and taken the Horkestry with him, so the Butler he brewd us a perfectly lovely Bowl of Punch, and we set round the tabel and told anneek-dotes. Sum was of rayther a startlin carackter, such as TOMMUS's tale of the last Darby, how he got the strait tip from the Dook of WESTMINSTER's Footman, and betted with a most respectabel looking gent on the course, and won sewen pound ten, which the gent paid him quite honerabel with a ten-pound note, TOMMUS giving him the difference, and how shortly arterwards he saw the same respectabel gent a being chivied by a mob without no hat, and his coat torn up the back, and all as he was told, because he was a Welshman, and how when he went nex day to git his note changed he found as it was a forgery! He kindly forbore to repeat the langwidge as he used on that oocasion, out of respec, as he said, to the Ladies, but we mite bleeve as how it was rayther powerful!

I told 'em too or three staggerers about parst Lord Mares, witch was werry successful, but the wun as pleased the Fare Sects most, was the account of how we takes it by turns at the Manshun Ouse, after ewery Bankwet to which Ladies of Fashun is invited, to have the fust go round the rooms with a dust-pan and a broom, to sweep up all the Dimons and other jewels as the Ladies has dropt, with sitch results sumtimes as woud estonish 'em all did I dare menshun it, but we was all most sollemly swore to secrecy! They tried werry hard to make me brake my wow, but all in wane. So as it was a gitting late the sollem Butler kindly wound up the heavening by perposing my elth as the Gest of the Party, witch he did in sitch flattering turns as amost maid me blush. He said among other things, as I hadded dignerty to my nobel perfession. I trust I replied fittingly, as became my karacter and persition. The Butler told me arterwards that he had seldom heerd sitch a speech, outside the Theatre, which sent me away smiling and appy, for my xperience tells me as we all likes a little bit of flattery, from the werry hiest to the werry lowest, witch must include a good lot on us. ROBERT.

DIVORCE MADE EASY.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,

A WRITER in the *St. James's Gazette*, dealing with the subject of the Divorce Laws, calmly proposes that in any revision of the code, which he strongly advocates, "women should be placed on the same footing with men." Such a pestilent heresy of course provoked correspondence, and, as I have made a careful study of the subject, I beg to submit to you, Sir, a few reasonable grounds for divorce, which this reformer will, I hope, include in his precious revised code.

A man should be allowed to obtain a divorce from his wife on all or any of the following grounds:—

1. If he sees anyone he likes better than his wife.
2. If his mother-in-law comes too often.
3. If his wife's brother borrows money of him.
4. If she objects to his going to Paris without her.
5. If, knowing that he prefers the tops of the muffins at breakfast, she eats any of them.
6. If she hears him come in at four in the morning, when he has considerably taken off his boots to do so quietly.
7. If she refers to it.
8. If she ever says, "My dear, I think we've heard that story before."
9. If she does not laugh consumedly whenever he tells a comic story.
10. If she objects to smoking.
11. If she is not civil to all his male friends.
12. And female ones.

There, Sir, you have a dozen suggestions which I would commend to the attention of this law-reformer. You will observe I have not included any *trivial* reasons for divorce, and the procedure, as the *St. James's Gazette* says, "should be as expeditious and inexpensive as possible."

Turtle-Dove Terrace.

A TENDER HUSBAND.

A RECENT IMPOSTOR.—They sucked in Dr. KEATINGE's lies as easily as if they'd been KEATINGE's lozenges.

THE REAL SEA-SERPENT.

AN O'ERTURE TALE OF THE QUEEN'S NAVAL. ADMIRAL DUNDERHEAD, LOQUITUR :—



O GOODNESS, gr-racious, mercy me!
 What is that spiralling out at sea?
 Sea-weed? Nonsense! Bottles? No!
 Porpoises gambolling all of a row?
 No such luck! Just look at its head!
 Gr-r-r! I shiver with horror and dread.
 What, no cause for flurry or fear?
 Always turns up at this time o' the year?

Admiral FOGGY! Admiral FOGGY!
 Don't be so sceptical. *This* is no bogey.
 Look at its phiz, and cease to smile.
 Don't I remember it out on the Nile?
 No. That is—there's a likeness—yes,
 To BERESFORD, whom all sailors bless;
 But then the *expression*! Makes me pale.
 And look at that length of horrible tail!

Pull, man, pull! I am *not* mistaken.
 My faith in the Kraken is not to be shaken.
 Often laughed at it? Ah! dare say,
 But never met it this awful way.
 "What CHARLEY, CHARLEY?" All very fine,
 But genial gammon is not his line.
 You may cluck like a frightened hen,
 But it will not drive him back to his den.

Pull, boys, pull for the shore, I say,
 And try and get out of the Monster's way.
 All together, boys! Now for a dash!
 Goodness me, how we bucket and splash!
 Bodge, at sculling you're not a dab.
 Dash it, Boggle, you've caught a crab.
 Lord! what nautical toffs are we
 To take the rule of the Queen's Naves!
 Steady! There, we're all sixes and sevens.
 See, he is nearing us! Ah, great heavens!
 Look how his coils go wiggley-wobble!
 Means to gulp us up at a gobble.
 Sure he does by his stony stare,
 We'll be bolted. And *who will care?*
 Nobody likes us, nobody trusts.
 (Oh, I'm bellowed by these here "busts"!)
 Public grumbles, but patiently suffers,
 Deems us boobies, bungling old buffers.
 (Not quite sure that the Public's wrong.)
 Thunder! how he is bowling along.
 Licks the pace of our fastest cruisers.
 Race for life, boys, and we are losers.
 Would he "turn turtle,"—eh, my lads?—
 Sink like one of our Ironclads,
 Burst to bits all over the place,
 Like one of our Guns, and be out of the race;
 Or anyway go plump to the bottom,
 (Game that our Ships are good at, rot 'em!)
 Then perhaps we might have a chance.
Myth? Ah, Boggle, just take a glance,
 (Not too long, or 'twill shake your reason.)
 That a canard of the Silly Season?
 No; we have tried it on once too often.
 Threats won't frighten him, howls won't
 soften.
 Duncedom's game has at last undone us.
 Pull, oh pull, boys!—*By Jove he's on us!!!*
 [Left collapsing.]

FANATICS FLOORED.

MR. PUNCH congratulates Dean BRADLEY on his admirable answer to the three fanatical Protestant-defence Secretaries, who would have forcibly ejected from Westminster Abbey some Roman Catholics who were saying their private prayers around the "strong quadrilateral barrier of bronze," which, as stated by Canon DUCKWORTH, protects the tomb of EDWARD THE CONFESSOR from profane hands.

Mr. Punch heartily wishes that the conduct of English Protestants visiting the Catholic Churches abroad were anything like as inoffensive, and as appropriate to the sacred precincts, as was that of the poor benighted Romanists in Westminster Abbey, who, thinking that the best use to which a church could be put, was to say prayers in it, knelt and prayed accordingly. If a number of Mahomedans with their turbans on and their sandals off, were to kneel down and pray in Cologne Cathedral, or if Mr. McCLEURE, the Protestant-defence Secretaries, and all their contributors, were to visit St. Peter's at Rome on Guy Fawkes' Day, and there say their private prayers, would the beadles interfere with them, or would the Secretary of the Propaganda complain of the scandal, and beg that steps should be taken to prevent its repetition?

After all, the attitude of prayer in a place of worship, be it what it may, is more fitting than talking and laughing loudly, walking about, and using opera-glasses—and all this even during the most solemn public functions—to the great annoyance of the congregation proper, and to the intense scandal of those travelling English who, no matter what their creed, do know how to behave themselves, and who blush for the insolent caddishness of their ill-bred compatriots. No; if Dean Punch saw a hundred ARABS, Romans, or Rum'uns, of any sort, praying in Westminster Abbey, would he



Street Arab. "UM, WHAT'S THE USE O' WACC'NATIN' THEM? THEY NEVER CATCHES NUFFIN!"

interfere? No, bless 'em, certainly not. But if he saw one of them sneaking out a pencil to scribble his name on a monument, or attempting to nick a bit out of a shrine, or off a tomb, he'd be down upon him then and there, and have him up before the nearest police-magistrate, charged with "maliciously damaging," and fined heavily for the offence, no matter what his excellent motive might have been for such wanton destruction. And this is what the Dean and Chapter would do, too; for whether it be a fanatic on one side or the other, law and order must not be set aside, in favour of such a rule as "*Omne ignotum pro Fanatico*."

CAVENDISH COLLEGE.—The very name suggests if not a royal road to learning, at least some "short cut." A Correspondent signing himself "RUBBER," supposes that in the cloisters, instead of the word "Silence" being written up, they'll have "Whist!" inscribed, and that the only "big big D," allowed on the premises will be a "Dummy." In the Common Room there should be a portrait of CAVENDISH IN HOYLE.

AN ALTERNATIVE.—The Social Democratic Federation, in their curious exchange of polite letter-writing with Colonel Sir JAMES FRASER, object to being "saddled" with the responsibility for the mischief which may follow their proposed Lord Mayor Show's Day Demonstration. To avoid this, it would perhaps, on the whole, be better for them to be "bridled" beforehand. Eh, Colonel?

ETON FOOTBALL.

Reported by Dumb Crambo Junior



Obtaining a Rouge.



Ends were Changed.



The "Last" Bully.



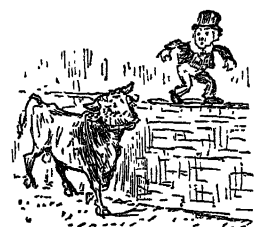
Exhibiting a fine Run Down.



Playing Up.



Failed to Lodge, although Kicked behind several times.



Walked with a Bully up and down the Wall.



The Game resulted in a Draw.

HONEYED WORDS.

MR. VAUGHAN has been, to say the least of it, putting things rather mildly at Bow Street. A certain Mr. ROBERT HOWARD was the other day brought up, and, on the unsupported testimony of a single Constable, looked up, on remand, in Holloway Gaol from the Saturday till the following Monday morning, when several witnesses being forthcoming, all able to swear to the fact that the Constable in question had been committing perjury, the worthy Magistrate discharged the prisoner, whom he admitted had been wrongfully detained in custody. He at the same time took the opportunity of administering the not very crushing rebuke to the Constable by informing him that "if he did not take care he would be getting himself into trouble." It is not easy to fathom the depths of Mr. VAUGHAN's long-suffering, and to say precisely what constitutes "getting into trouble" from his point of view, but we should have thought, reading the case off-hand, that the Constable referred to had managed something very like it. Taking him at his own standard, we shall expect to find Mr. VAUGHAN dismissing the wife-jumper with a good-humoured caution to the effect that he "really should be more careful, and take care where he is treading." A little honey is "well enough on the Bench, but when every day discloses the gross abuse of justice that arises in cases similar to the one in question, it certainly would have seemed wiser to withhold its administration in this particular instance.

NOT "THE MAN FOR GALWAY."—Lord CLANRICARDE.

"MULTON" IN PARVO" IN WYCH STREET.

MY DEAR MR. PUNCH,

You may remember that when Mr. NIBBS, your esteemed Representative at the Theatres, was exhausted, after a long series of *opéra bouffe*, you sent for me and ordered me to attend the Olympic to see *The Governess*, I raised some objection. I explained to you that I had heard that it was an exceedingly pathetic play, being, indeed, a translation from a French version of *East Lynne*, and that as I was easily—very easily—moved to tears, I would willingly excuse myself from the duty. You then, Sir, informed me that Mr. NIBBS was unnerved in consequence of having received from "the sole lessee," Miss HAWTHORNE, a scarlet letter of invitation, which had nearly frightened him into fits. Upon this I tried to pass the matter off lightly as a joke, amusingly observing that there was nothing strange in finding the name of HAWTHORNE to a Scarlet Letter, when you observed that the same idea had occurred to you, but that you had rejected it on the score that "it was too evident, and sure to be thought of and used by somebody else." So I had to submit, and therefore am in the position to tell you all about it.

I must admit that "the note in red" (as no doubt Mr. WHISTLER would have called the gore-coloured epistle) had its effect upon myself. I felt distinctly "jumpy;" and so, to brace my nerves and secure a hearty laugh, I looked in at the Salon Parisien, where I heard Mr. JAN VAN BEERS was absolutely rollicking in pictorial waggery. After glancing at two or three comic studies in green flesh-colour and purple hair (possibly the product of the artist having used up all the other pigments on his palette) I came to the now celebrated "sell." I was duly warned by an illuminated notice (resembling "This way to the Boats" you see at night at Southampton and Dover) that I had better not venture unless my nerves were unusually strong, was passed on by a Commissionnaire, who told me "to turn to the right, and walk close to the picture," and found myself before "the skeleton." Ifancy that it must have been altered since it was first so graphically described in the pages of the press. There were no peep-holes, but only a roughly-painted anatomical figure, strongly reminding me, in its Christy Minstrel attitude, of "the original bones." I walked forward, there was a tin-kettle crash like the sound of the gong of a French locomotive, and I saw my laughing face, with its nineteenth-century high hat, reflected on a looking-glass that the nigger-bones was carrying instead of a banjo. I never remember witnessing anything more supremely ridiculous, and can only say that should anyone be attracted to the Salon Parisien in the hope of seeing something ghastly in the shape of "*Ecce Homo*," he will assuredly be disappointed. It is what the French call "a 'ombogs" and "a nonsense."

Having thus got myself into a proper frame of mind for the English translation of "*Miss Multon*," I presented myself at the Olympic and was admitted. As I entered, that fine old farce the *Little Rebel* was drawing to a close, but I had an opportunity of seeing Mr. HUBERT BYRON, an actor whose name is unfamiliar to me. This young gentleman, when he has had a little more experience, (I judge from his reading of the part of *Arthur Turniptop*—I am not quite sure of the surname, but I think it was *Turniptop*) should make a very excellent "Second Murderer," in *Macbeth*.

After the *lever de rideau*, we had the *pièce de résistance* in a prologue and four Acts. Frankly, the play, which as I have already stated, is merely a version of *East Lynne*, is too long. The prologue in which nothing happens, save the giving of a Christmas party by the sister of a doctor, who has nothing whatever to do with the plot, to the poor children of the neighbourhood, might come out *en bloc*. The subtle suggestion that the sister is at heart a miserly "screw" by making the Christmas-tree the feature of an otherwise rather dismal entertainment, a three and sixpenny one, (toys extra, two shillings) is not worth the expenditure of time the elucidation entails. The four Acts might be halved, and the piece played in two Scenes, so far as the story is concerned. But other alterations would be advisable. There are but three men in the cast, and all of them are profoundly unsympathetic, and two of them absolutely unnecessary. The crazy Doctor, who appears in the prologue and last Act, might be carted off with his sister, and a doddering old tutor, whose costumes puzzled the audience by their eccentricity (in one Act he wore the attire of a Beau NASH, and in the next the garb of a Methodist parson) might also disappear, as all he has to say and do, might be said and done by a ladies'-maid.

Without these two superfluities, the male element of the play would be reduced to one, the husband, and I am not at all sure, as the part is profoundly unsympathetic, it could not be omitted and the lines given to someone else. The male characters having thus been all cut out, I really think a reduction might be made in the females. The Doctor has a maid who of course would disappear with his *ménage*. The husband has a second wife, who in his absence would be *de trop*. With the disappearance of this lady, naturally her maid would vanish. The cast would be now reduced to *Miss Multon* and her two children. Well, as the last two are played, infants on the stage are invariably a nuisance, and can always be eliminated with advantage. Her children gone, there is no *raison d'être* for the mother, and she might follow them. The title of the piece, "*The Governess*," would now alone be left—it is not a good one, and its loss would be a positive gain. These suggestions, if heartily carried out, no doubt would alter the character of the piece at the Olympic very considerably. Still, in the interests of all concerned, I cannot help heartily recommending their adoption, the more especially as Miss HAWTHORNE is a graceful actress, and worthy of better things.

CHARLES—YOUR FRIEND.

"THE GUINNESS' STAMP."—In the City this week "Bulling" has not been "in it" with BAKING. Everyone was rushing with sovereigns to buy Guinness.

POET GOSSE AND THE "QUARTERLY."

"Review has vied with review in fulsome and indiscriminating eulogy. . . . The men who write bad books are the men who criticise them," &c.—"Quarterly Review," October, on Gosse.

"Of late I have been accused from several anonymous quarters of the vile and secret arts of mutual puffery."—Gosse on the "Quarterly Review," "Times," October.

QUARTERLY pay was dear to man
Since or ever the world began.
Chances vanish, and ventures cross,
Even sometimes for bards like GOSSE.
Since or ever the world began
Quarterly pay was dear to man.

But there's a something in quarterly pay
Which doesn't please all men away!
Less than half-truth is a *quarter-lie*,
Bound to be found out by-and-by;
Since or ever the world began,
Quarterly pay has been strict with man.

Play straight and honest—for, if you don't,
The public meed 'tis receive you won't.
The mutual arts of puff and praise,
Even in these degenerate days,
Sink at last in the scorn they raise;
Since or ever the world began,
Quarterly pay has been straight with man.

Biographies potted of lives thrice told—
Resurrections of names of old—
SHAKESPEARES, POPES, and the great who rest
Safe upon honour's scathless breast—
Plumes for the poetaster's crest!
But the buried great laugh at little man,
Since or ever the world began.

Quarterly one—so do the story tell—
Made a mistake, and far too well!
Killing from unkind strange conceits,
All the life out of Poet KEATS—
History vainly herself repeats—
Quarterlies all were all at a loss,
To take the shine out of Poet GOSSE.

Poet DOBSON shall claim on high
From Poet GOSSE immortality!
And Poet DOBSON shall shed the same,
No doubt, upon Poet GOSSE's name,—
While a weak world wonders whence they
came,

And never a weakling dares deny
(For there's no such thing as puffery)
To each his immortality!
Yet *Quarterlies* dare to say, for once,
That dunce's works are reviewed by dunce.

Shocking! Anonymous donkeys speak
Donkey's dislike of a cultured clique—
"Fudge," by GOLDSMITH; but now called
"cheek"—
Yet since or ever the world began,
Quarterly reckoning's good for man.

MISNOMER.—The Skinners' Company have offered to sell their 35,000 acres in County Londonderry a real bargain, forgiving all sins of omission to pay rent in the past and present. A Guild that behaves so liberally forfeits all claim to the title of "Skinners."

OUT AND IN.—It was shown, in the course of the Election Petition Trial, that Mr. LEWIS hadn't a leg to stand upon; and now, being ousted, he can't even sit. Awkward position! Mr. Punch congratulates Mr. JUSTIN M'CARTHY as being the only one Just-in for Londonderry.

NEW NAME FOR THE COMMISSIONER OF CITY POLICE.—*The Polite Phraser.*

A LAST IDEA ABOUT "HAMLET."



Pas de Deux. Hamlet and Ophelia. Tableau.

the question whether there is not strong internal evidence pointing to the fact that *Hamlet*



Pas Seul. Hamlet. "To be, or not to be?"



Pas de la Folie. Ophelia. Mad Scene.

was originally intended by SHAKESPEARE for a ballet. A few scraps of *scenario* or *charpente*, would be sufficient warrant for the theory.



Old English Clowns. Dance of Gravediggers in Hamlet. Act V., Sc. 1.



THINGS ONE WOULD RATHER HAVE LEFT UNSAID.

Host. "WILL YOU TAKE IN MY MOTHER-IN-LAW, MAJOR? SHE ALWAYS GOES IN WITH A STICK, YOU KNOW."

A SUGGESTION FOR A "NEW DEPARTURE."

Mr. Punch, loquitur:—

WHAT, you left behind? This is really too bad,
When everyone else is globe-trotting and touring.
Come! why loaf around in this fashion, my lad?
It's wrong, it's improper, it's past all enduring.
The Last Rose of Summer left blooming alone,
Was not half so sad, so pathetic a notion.
Your ancient companions have scuttled and gone,
To fly o'er the land or to sail o'er the ocean.
And you, the flock's fatling, the popular pet,
The true model boy, the Academy's darling,
Left mooning and munching in solitude yet,
No sound but the shindy of Irishmen snarling
And Socialists snapping your bosom to cheer?
It's really distressing, it moves one to pity.
With no one to lend you a "hand" or an ear,
What use to be wise and what good to be witty?
You can't go on cutting good jokes on yourself,
Your soul on your own careful epigrams nourishing.
Why should you pine, left alone on the shelf,
Whilst inferior rivals are flitting and flourishing?
There's "SPENCER," who's keeping all Europe agog,
While nobody mentions your name—an ill omen!
Then JOSEPH and JESSE have fled from the fog;
The newspapers teem, Sir, with CHAMBERLAIN'S *nomen*.
That cannot be right, or, at least, if it is,
You ought to be heard of from Finland to Florence.
You'll soon be ignored, save by quidnunc or quizz,
A fate which, of course, you must view with abhorrence.
Why, why should you keep up a modest *incog*,
Or why in the *Times* and a teacup your nose bury,
Whilst Specials the footsteps of CHAMBERLAIN dog,
And the East's all agog for the advent of ROSEBERRY?
HARTINGTON even they say's on the wing.
It's clearly the fashion for Statesmen to travel;

Can you not devise some adventurous thing
That all competition will distance and gravel?
Come, what do you say to a turn in Cathay,
Or a sweet little trip up the wild Irrawaddy?
Of course we shall miss you, but, once in a way,
A year without you will not kill anybody.
Of home-keeping youths and their wits you're aware
What our SHAKESPEARE has said; you could hardly be homely
But even an engine-turned wit needs repair.
Come, come, do not loaf, 'tis not seemly or comely.
Do get away somewhere, your mind to improve.
Old age may excuse the great Hermit of Hawarden,
But you're a mere boy, and should be on the move,
Not loiter and munch like a snail in a garden.
Your fellows all over the world are a-wing,
And nobody wishes to hinder or flout them;
Their absence at least does one excellent thing—
It shows that the Country *can* jog on without them.

"Our Poor Little Army."

THERE is much talk just now about a more or less apocryphal "Army Corps." What the Public begin to doubt is, whether this Corps should not be spelt *with an e*, seeing that it is represented to be the sort of inert, immobile thing, that—to adapt the obsolete old boast—can go nowhere, and do nothing. An Army which is but a corpse would be a fitting complement of battalions which are but "skeletons."

"What of the Night?"

NUMEROUS star-gazing Correspondents have respectfully pointed out to *Mr. Punch* that, in his last week's Cartoon,

Ursa Major, as all must see,
Has got his head where his tail should be.

"Quite so," courteously replies *Mr. Punch*. "This position indicates Russia's Reverse in Bulgaria."

Wm. B. E. Brown

MR. PUNCH. "NOW, LOOK HERE, MASTER HARCOURT, THERE'S MASTER CHAMBERLAIN OFF TO CONSTANTINOPLE, AND MASTER 'SPENCER'S BEEN TO BERLIN AND BACK, AND HARTINGTON'S GOING TO INDIA, SO'S ROSEBERY, AND HERBERT GLADSTONE'S GONE—AND NOW—WHY DON'T YOU GO SOMEWHERE, AND IMPROVE YOUR MIND?"

MEMBERS WE HAVE MISSED.

STILL have a few more sketches of Members in the last Parliament who did not find a seat in the present one. Here is Mr. STRONG (1) who sat for North Camberwell in the brief Parliament of last year, when he beat WILFRID BLUNT by a small majority. Though a Vestryman and a Poor-Law Guardian, he was a man of pleasant humour. "You may be Blunt," he said to WILFRID when they met at the nomination, "but I am Strong." BLUNT did not forget this sparkling *jeu d'esprit*, and when the subject of this memoir disappeared at the last General Election, he wrote to say, "Yes, but you were not Strong enough to keep the seat." It is a pity he is gone, for a better listener the dinner-hour did not produce.

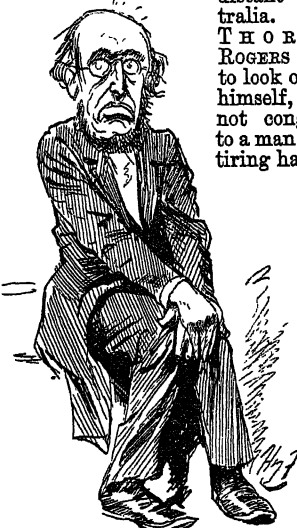


(1)

Conservative Members, not sure of an audience, always tried to plant themselves immediately opposite Mr. STRONG. His clasped hands, his flowing beard, his engrossed attitude of attention, and his benevolent brow were always equal to a quorum.

Mr. GILBERT BEITH (2) was one of those flowers cut off by early doom which strewn the pathway of the last General Election. Elected for Central Glasgow late in 1885, he was defeated as early as possible in 1886. Though quite a youngster in the House of Commons, he was an Elder in the Free Kirk of Scotland. He took the pleasures of House of Commons life sadly; and as he sat on the otherwise empty bench, and listened to Sir GEORGE CAMPBELL or Sir GEORGE BALFOUR, there was in his countenance a sort of prescience of coming doom.

Mr. THOROLD ROGERS (3) is missed perhaps more especially in the Smoking-Room and on the Terrace, where, on summer evenings, he was wont to give a classic tone to conversation. In the House, Mr. ROGERS could take snuff against Mr. WARTON, and, if need be, shout him down. Yet note the ingratitude of the Liberal leaders. Mr. WARTON, fallen into disrepute with the electorate, is handsomely provided for in distant Australia. Mr. THOROLD ROGERS is left to look out for himself, a task not congenial to a man of retiring habits.



(2)



(3)

Sir ROBERT PEEL (4) is another interesting Member for whom it might reasonably be expected an appreciative Party, having the opportunity, would do something handsome. If Mr. WARTON was to be made Attorney-General for Western Australia, why should not Sir ROBERT PEEL be made Governor of the Bahamas, or some other dependency with a sonorous name? The record of POPE HENNESSEY would be made of no account in comparison with what the Right Hon. Baronet would within twelve months do in such a position. But, as everyone knows, Sir ROBERT PEEL at a critical moment capriciously put himself out of court. Weary of the growing monotony of Conservative allegiance, he went wrong on the

Home-Rule question at the General Election, and has probably closed a chequered political career.

Below (5) is Mr. GOSCHEN, a warning to politicians for all time. A man of conspicuous ability, with curious strata of Liberalism running through a geological foundation of Toryism, he has remained a puzzle to himself and a tribulation to his friends. Endeavouring with undoubtedly honest purpose to walk on both sides of the political road, he stands forlornly left in the middle.

And last of all (6) is Sir GEORGE TREVELYAN whose temporary retirement is the most effective single blow the new House has received. Sir GEORGE maintained in conspicuous degree all the highest traditions of the House of Commons. "Though an Irish Secretary," as he once said, standing at bay before a pack of Parnellites, he is an English gentleman. From that altitude he never descended. Courtlly, cultured, chivalrous, the essence of honesty, the soul of honour, GEORGE TREVELYAN has left a blank in



(4)



(5)



(6)

the House of Commons which no other man can fill. But he will come back again, when he has finished his book.

IMPORTANT TO THEATRICAL MANAGERS.—The *Times* of last Saturday, in a leader on the Recreative Evening School Association, said:—"There are Theatres and Music Halls, and a score of diversions, some innocent, some very much the contrary, but none of them improving." What does Mr. HENRY IRVING say to this? His answer would probably be, that if *Faust* be not "improving," he should very much like to know what is? To which Mr. BRAM STOKER, his Treasurer, would at once reply, "Business." Whereunto the Manager's rejoinder would naturally be, "Business is so good that I did not think it could be 'improving.'" "What!" Wilson BARRETT will exclaim, "such a piece as *Clito* not 'improving' to the young idea!" and then casting up his accounts—and his eyes—he will groan "How long! How long!" By the way, how long is he going to stop in America? He had better return quickly, and wipe out this reproach by the production of an improving play for the benefit of the Recreative Evening School Association.



MAKING THE BEST OF IT.

The Squire. "WELL, MOULD, HOW ABOUT THAT HORSE I SOLD YOU? WAS HE QUIET ENOUGH?"

Undertaker. "WELL, SIR, HE DID GIVE US A LITTLE TROUBLE AT FIRST. WE PUT HIM IN ONE OF THE MOURNING COACHES, YOU KNOW; AND PARTIES DON'T LIKE TO BE SHOOK UP IN THEIR GRIEF. BUT WE'VE PUT HIM IN THE 'EARSE NOW—AND WE HAV'NT 'EARD ANY COMPLAINTS SO FAR!"

IN THE LANGUAGE OF DIPLOMACY.

IN consequence of the recent agitation on the subject of the linguistic deficiencies of officials occupying prominent and important positions in Her Majesty's Diplomatic Service, the following paper and questions, has, it is rumoured, been issued by the Authorities in the Foreign Office, for distribution at all the leading Embassies and Legations in Europe:—

1. How many European languages can you speak? If none, describe the process of your learning French at Eton, and say whether you are sufficiently master of it to translate an ordinary dinner-table *menu*, travel from London to Paris, lunching at Amiens on the way, and furnishing the *cocher* on your arrival, correctly with the name of your *hôtel*.

2. Given the situation, that you are suddenly dispatched on a mission to Central Europe, where you have to meet a Roumanian delegate who can only speak indifferent German, which you do not understand, and to whom you have to explain the provisions of a new commercial treaty, dealing with the importation of potatoes on a reduced scale of duty, in such scraps of French as you can command,—explain by what process of resort to hieroglyphics, or the language of the deaf and dumb, you can discuss with him the matter in question, and arrive ultimately at its satisfactory solution.

3. If appointed to an Italian legation, do you think you could turn your acquaintance with the *libretti* of the various Operas you may have heard from time to time at Covent Garden, to account? Do you see your way to working in any of the conversation between,

for instance, *Don Giovanni* and the *Commendatore*, into a delicate but concise discussion of the present Italian position at Massowah?

4. The following passage occurs in a letter, in French, addressed recently by a high British Official in Eastern Europe to the representative of the CZAR, whom he was deputed to meet. Correct, and indicate where it errs from a too familiar and unconventional disregard of the foreign idiom:—

"Pourquoi il faut que je pointé out a votre Excellence que le Government de sa Majesté n'est pas a etre hoodwinké si facilement dans la maniere que vous suppose. Il me semble que M. le General KAULBARS a joué la bas une game tout a fait de son own, et dans son attempt to stifler l'expression du public opinion de la pays, et de hindrer au tant que possible le meeting de le Sobranje, il a got hold of tout entirement, le wrong bag of tricks. Pour cette raison quoi que le Government de sa Majesté n'a pas la moins d'idée d'interferer dans cette galère la il a considéré the-right-sort-of-thing-to-do, vous savez, de faire savoir votre Excellence dans la maniere le plus absolue que son visage est set resolutement against telles dodges et machinations, qu'il regard comme beneath le dignité et principe d'un civilised Government European."

5. If appointed to a diplomatic post in Russia, mention, if you can, any peculiar qualifications you possess calculated to fit you specially for it. Have you ever resided in St. Petersburg Place, Bayswater? and can you describe a *Samovar*? Is that the way to spell it? Have you ever heard of Pushkin? Analyse and explain the terminations "ofsky" and "insky," give a literal translation of "Alexandro-Petro-Paulo-vicks," and say whether you like caviare? Show how your ability to answer the above would indicate your capacity to deal with a settlement of complications arising out of some unexpected hitch in the progress of pending negotiations in connection with the Central Asian Question.

"PLEASE TO FORGET THE NINTH OF NOVEMBER."

MR. H. W. LEE, Secretary to the Social Democratic Federation, having declined on behalf of the Association of which he is an officer, Sir JAMES FRASER's polite invitation to remain absent from the Lord Mayor's Show, the following additional "features" will no doubt figure in the Procession:—

Guards (Black) to clear the way.

Swell Mob. Members of the Long Firm, in their Carriages. Swell Mob.

Banner of JONATHAN WILD. Banner of CLAUDE DU VAL.

"Confidence Tricksters," two and two.

Mr. JEREMIAH DIDDLE, in his State Chariot.

Banner of FAGIN, the Jew. Banner of the ARTFUL DODGER.

Pickpockets, two and two.

Swell Mob. Mr. WILLIAM SIKES, accompanied by his dog (muzzled). Swell Mob.

Banner of CALCRAFT. Banner of JACK KETCH.

Burglars. Housebreakers.

Procession of Prison Vans.

Band of the City Police.

The City Gaoler.

Warders from the House of Correction.

Swell Mob. The Dishonourable, the "De'il may care," accompanied by the Governor of the Gaol and his Chaplain. Swell Mob.

Escort of Mounted Police.

Guards (Black) to keep the way clear.

The route of this part of the Procession is expected to visit the Police Courts in Marlborough Street, Worship Street, and Bow Street, en route for the Old Bailey.

Rule and Scale.

MEASURE for measure! We're nearing Yule,
The League may win, or the League may fail;
But they who fain would avoid Home Rule
Might try Lord TOLLEMACHE'S Sliding Scale!

"BLESS YOU! YOU KNOW WHAT I MEAN."—THE *Standard*, in a leader on sport, containing so much sound advice that young athletes would do well to follow this leader, said:—

"Advertisements of foot-race meetings frequently announce that so-and-so 'will start from scratch, and endeavour to beat record;' or a cyclist starts on a long ride with the same object in view, and 'pace-makers' are provided to lead him in turn, so that he shall not listen to the demands of Nature and slacken his speed."

"Pace-maker," sounds like the Irish for "Peace-maker," but to speak of him as "that blessed Pace-maker," would rightly imply the reverse of a benison.

JUBILEE SUGGESTIONS.—"If a Church House be indispensable," observed Mr. *Punch*, "purchase the Crystal Palace. Splendid site," "Excellent," replied Lord RANDOLPH; "because this would show that the Clergy gave in their adhesion to a Church Hill."



ARCHBISHOP PUNCH'S JUBILEE SUGGESTION; OR, A "QUEEN VICTORIA'S BOUNTY" VERSUS A "CHURCH HOUSE."

SEE THE LORD ARCHBISHOP HOLDS THE GOULDEN DISH UP,
FOR TO RESAVE HER BOUNTY AND GREAT WEALTH,
SAYING, "PLAZE YER GLORY, GREAT QUEEN VIC-TORY,
GIVE YOUR POOR CLERGY MEANS TO DRINK YOUR HEALTH!"

Barney Maguire's Account of the Coronation, 1838, slightly altered from "Ingoldsby."

OUT OF SITE.

THE question asked at the close of last Session in the House by Mr. W. G. C. BENTINCK, as to the possibility of finding a better site for the effigy of JAMES THE SECOND, at present standing behind Whitehall Chapel, having created a considerable stir among the other London Statues, a midnight meeting, which was numerously attended, was held last night in the immediate neighbourhood of Palace Yard, for the purpose of bringing the matter under discussion.

RICHARD CŒUR-DE-LION having been unanimously voted into the Chair, said he thought, in opening the proceedings, he need not dwell on what had brought them together. They were all well aware of the facts. Some improvements in the neighbourhood of Whitehall had raised the question of moving his respected descendant, JAMES THE SECOND. (*Laughter.*) It appeared that GRINLING GIBBONS, who, he believed, was responsible for him—"Hear!"—had invested him with considerable artistic merit, and that it was proposed, in consequence, to place him on a more conspicuous site. The question was, where could that site be found? There was room by him further along Abingdon Street, but perhaps GRINLING GIBBONS's masterpiece thought it too retired, and would prefer some crowded spot on an omnibus route. However, he merely threw that out as a suggestion, and he would leave the meeting to discuss it.

CHARLES THE FIRST, of Charing Cross, said he could not endorse the Chairman's suggestion at all. He spoke well within knowledge of his subject when he said that no worse site could be found for a statue than in the midst of a crowded thoroughfare. Look at his case. More than half the omnibuses in London passed and repassed him all the day long; but though he possessed great artistic merits, not a soul ever stopped to examine him. (*Loud laughter.*) They might laugh, but it was a fact. His *beau idéal* of a site was a London Square.

CHARLES THE SECOND, rose to remonstrate. He said he was sorry to have to contradict his Royal father, but he begged to assure him that, if he had had his experience, he would never entertain such an unbecomable notion for a moment. He had for years been stuck in the very Central Square of Soho, and a more miserable site he could not conceive. It was not only as dull as ditchwater—(*Laughter*)—but he didn't believe even the occupants of the adjacent houses knew who on earth he was. (*Laughter.*) Indeed he confidently believed if you were to ask any of Messrs. CROSSE AND BLACKWELL's carmen his name, they would probably tell you he was Duke of Oxford Street.

The Duke of BEDFORD, of Russell Square, said he fully endorsed the verdict of the last speaker. Here was he, famous in his day, yet he would be bound that the local Milkman did not know him from Fox in Bloomsbury Square hard by. ("Shame!") He only wished he could get somebody to move him. He would soon be on the Embankment.

Here SIR J. OUTRAM and Mr. BRUNEL both rose to protest, the latter hotly insisting that for all intents and purposes of being properly displayed, he might as well be stuck up on Blackheath—

Dr. JENNER (*interrupting in a melancholy voice*).—or in Kensington Gardens. (*Roars of Laughter.*)

JAMES THE SECOND then rose. He said that while sympathising with the last speaker, who certainly was located in a very out-of-the-way situation—(*Laughter*)—he had at least one advantage over him. He had not been dragged up before Parliament to be abused by a beggarly Member. (*Cheers.*) He spoke with some warmth, but he had been referred to as "having been removed from his throne for misconduct." ("Shame!") "So you were!" *Uproar.* He was not to be put down by clamour, and he would like to ask honourable Members where they got their history from?

WILLIAM THE THIRD—From MACAULAY. (*Laughter.*) However, he had nothing to say on the subject. He was snug enough in St. James's Square, where he thought, by the way, the public generally took him for his illustrious predecessor. (*Laughter.*) But he didn't care.

The Duke of YORK said he thought it did not matter where a London Statue was placed. They had all somehow got a bad name. ("Oh! oh!") Personally, he was very glad to be perched up on his birdcage, well out of sight, where nobody could examine his points. He thought Mr. PLUNKET had better let JAMES THE SECOND alone.

The discussion was then warmly continued, several Statues from the remoter London Squares taking part in it, and some two or three sites were in turn suggested, a preference being shown for one in Shaftesbury Avenue. Daylight, however, breaking, the Chairman suddenly withdrew, and the meeting separated ultimately without arriving at any definite decision of the matter under discussion.

THIS advertisement in the *Daily News* of October 22 is worth recording:—

CROYDON HIGH SCHOOL.—The SECOND MEETING of OLD GIRLS will be held at the above on the 9th November, at 4 o'clock, to further Organise the Association of Old Croydonians. All Old Girls invited.

It ought to have been headed, "Great Attractions!" What a crowd of outsiders there will be! The 5th, perhaps, would have been better than the 9th. And it might have appropriately finished up with, "No Followers."

ATHENIAN ANTIQUITIES.—Among the various "movements" to which people are invited to contribute money, one now on foot under exalted auspices, is a motion for the establishment at Athens of a British School of Archaeology. Very good; but doesn't transferring Archaeology to Athens very much resemble carrying coals to Newcastle?

MR. PUNCH'S NEW ORDER.

THE interesting account in a recent *Times* number, of the visits of the good Queen of GREECE to the various charitable institutions in Paris, and notably to the House of the Little Sisters of the Poor, recalls to Mr. Punch's recollection, how many years ago the author of a certain work entitled *Happy Thought Hall*, offered a suggestion for the establishment of a Social Confraternity to be entitled *The Little Brothers of the Rich*. Their head-quarters were to be in a central position in London, and the Superior was to send out every month a list of the Little Brothers whose kindly services were at the disposition of all those who could afford them, whether in or out of the Season.



Lecture to the Brethren.

The development of the telephone has rendered this idea still more practicable, as within half an hour a Little Brother could be summoned in any case of urgent necessity from the Central House to an outlying district, or from one of the suburban establishments to a fashionable quarter.

"The Emergency Brothers" who would always be ready at their posts, could be available for any such cases of real distress as, for example,—a hostess suddenly finding there were thirteen at dinner. She could at once wire to the Central House for the sort of Little Brother she required, "to make the fourteenth at a scientific or musical, or theatrical, or serious, or aristocratic, or ecclesiastical, or mixed dinner-party." Or again, supposing a hostess had asked everyone to dinner and supper afterwards, to meet Mr. CORNEY GRAIN, and that at the last moment a note of apology arrives, but Mr. GRAIN doesn't—"unavoidably detained"—"circumstances over which"—"loss of voice," &c., &c.—the hostess need not despair, but being a subscriber to the Order she wires off, or sends her brougham (brougham preferred) to the Central House, and back it comes with as good a substitute for the great original (made up not unlike him too, if time permits) as can possibly be obtained.

Indigent sons of poor but noble families will belong to it. A hostess requiring an aristocratic Little Brother, foreign or English, from a Duke to a Baronet, has only to send and say the sort of Little Brother she requires, and he will be at her house with his star and garter, or blue sash, or bit of riband, or whatever it may be, and capable of making as good a display of himself as the highest in the land.

There would be Little Brothers for show only, without any conversation: then there would be Little Brothers with a perfect flow of conversation. Little Brothers who are model *raconteurs* and full of anecdote; others who can back their opinions in sporting matters, and who have the history of the turf at their fingers' ends. All the expenses of Little Betting Brothers, Little Card-playing Brothers, Little Billiard Brothers, and of Sporting Brothers generally, will be borne by the host or hostess hiring them, who shall have previously stated the limit to which they are prepared to go, and who shall undertake to give fifteen per cent. of all winnings to the successful Little Brother, who will have to hand over five per cent. to the Superior for the good of the Order.

Wedding parties supplied with Little Brothers (of agreeable appearance and distinguished manners) as Best Men, Near Connections, Distant Relations, also as the comic after-breakfast Speaker, or sentimental Friend of the Family, to propose Bride's health.

It will be seen from this slight sketch of an idea (originated years ago in the work we have already mentioned) which Mr. Punch is prepared to develop, and in due course to lay its further details before the public, that this new Order, without any sort of exception or compromise which would be fatal to its existence, is essentially *The Little Brothers of the Rich*.

THE OLD MISTAKE.—The Amateur Actors of London, it seems, have now a "press organ" of their very own. It is called *Ourselfes*. Why not go the entire animal, and call it *Our Noble Selfes*? These Amateur Actors have only one fault. They are too modest.

NEW SENSATIONAL ROMANCE.—"The Curious Case of Lord Randolph Churchill and Mr. Spencer."

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—In no case can Contributions, whether by a Stamped and Directed Envelope or Cover,

"MARIE-ROZE, THAT'S FOR REMEMBRANCE."

Hamlet, Act IV., Sc. 5.



"Pleased as Punch."

WELL, that isn't exactly the line, but it is "Rose mary, that's for remembrance," and SHAKSPEARE, who was as much for this age as his own, would, had he been alive now, certainly have written the line, on this occasion, as Mr. Punch has given it above. With this explanation, Mr. Punch forthwith sends his heartiest congratulations to Madame MARIE-ROZE on her success as *Elsa* in *Lohengrin*, at Sheffield,—a full account of the performance having been forwarded to him by his old friend "Brooks of Sheffield."—and on the enthusiastic ovation which the operatic Rose, in full bloom all the year round, received at Leeds. Mr. Punch has not yet heard the fair singer as *Elsa*, but he has heard her in almost everything Else, Sir. He awaits her return to town with feverish anxiety, and, once again quoting the immortal and ever-adaptable Bard, he exclaims, "MARIE, come up!"

A RENT IN THE CLOUDS.

THE following additional Clauses to the "Plan of Campaign,"—advocated by the Irish National League, are, we believe, on the point of being promulgated:—

1. An evicted tenant shall be at liberty to live in the cottage of another evicted tenant, as the latter will have no further use for it.
2. An evicted tenant shall live upon the profits of the farm from which he has been driven out, instead of giving it as heretofore to his landlord.
3. The tenants of an estate having decided to pay no rent to a landlord, shall bring it to his agent when he is not at home and offer it to him.
4. If the agent not at home refuses to accept this offer, then the money thus brought shall be paid into the hands of the Committee, who shall be at liberty to apply it in payment of the rent of those tenants who have no rent to pay.
5. A tenant who has satisfied himself that he ought to pay nothing to his landlord, shall, if already destitute, pay it to the Committee instead, so that it might be held in trust for the support of himself, his wife, and their poor orphan children.
6. In the event of a landlord, or his agent, breaking any of the above rules, whether they apply to them or whether they do not apply to them, then no tenant shall allow such landlord, or his agent, to speak or to listen to them, unless the said landlord, or his agent, happens to be deaf and dumb, when the affliction they are suffering shall be considered to be sufficient punishment for their offence.
7. None of the above regulations, orders, and restrictions shall of course be construed to apply to the pigs.

"QUI S'EXCUSE."

THE recent profusely apologetic explanation volunteered by the SULTAN in excuse for his inability to pay his respects to the Duke of EDINBURGH, owing to the fact of his "not being able to get on his coat," has led to the publication of the following diplomatic tariff, that may be found useful to exalted personages who are contemplating a passing visit to the Sublime Porte:—

- | | |
|--|---|
| Not being "at home" to a friendly early call. | Practically invisible, owing to being temporarily dressed in slippers and coloured dressing-gown. |
| Neglecting to return same. | Mislaying gloves and walking-stick. |
| Being "out" to formal afternoon call. | Having nothing fit to appear in owing to disappointment on the part of tailor in not sending home new things. |
| Postponement of grand official banquet. | Waiting arrival of new evening-dress boots. |
| Not coming round to see distinguished guest previous to his departure. | Inability to borrow an ulster and an umbrella from the grand Vizier or some other member of the household. |

MANY hard things have been said about Mr. GOSSE. Perhaps the *Liverpool Post* excels all by its brief yet comprehensive announcement—"Mr. GOSSE promises a complete answer to the attacks of the *Quarterly Review*."

MS., Printed Matter, or Drawings, be returned, unless accompanied Copies of MS. should be kept by the Senders.

THE LETTER-BAG OF TOBY, M.P.

FROM A BAULKED STATESMAN.

Carlton Club, Monday.



EAR TOBY,

THANKS for your kind note. The situation is, as you say, a very difficult one for me, full of embarrassment and disappointment. Of course I am, as I said at Bradford, a sincere admirer of RANDOLPH. I cannot, it is true, speaking of him in a political sense, say that he is "a most respectable person." But he has many private virtues and some public ones. He is an indefatigable worker. His public appearances are confined to the platform of the House of Commons. But I have reason to believe that he is a regular contributor to at least two periodicals widely differing in character. He writes in the *Daily News* under the nom de plume of "METEOR," and he is a regular

contributor to *Mr. Punch's* waste-paper basket.

I am bound to say this from a sense of fairness. Whatever is to be placed to his credit, do not let me of all men, hide under a bushel. But I do not think I have anything to add on that score. Regarded generally, he is a terrible scourge, and has played the doose with me and other eminent and respectable members of the Conservative Party. I remember, as it were but yesterday, when he used to sit below the Gangway with GORST and WOLFF, and I used to frown upon him, and flout him from the corner bench behind our respected chiefs. He was not very respectful to me even in those days, and I well remember how one night he turned upon my Right Honourable friend Sir ROBERT FOWLER, then actually Lord Mayor of LONDON, and, as it were, rent him to pieces, amid mocking laughter. FOWLER has never got over that night, and now he is in Japan. GORST and WOLFF having done RANDOLPH's bidding, are comfortably provided for. He is at the top of the tree, whilst I meekly sit on a platform supporting him with my presence and avowing my admiration for his statesmanlike speech.

This is very bitter, dear TOBY, and it is only in the privacy of correspondence with a sympathetic soul like you that I can unburden myself. But think for a moment of my position. I was a personage in the House of Commons before RANDOLPH's face was known there. I carefully, and I may say with some success, modelled my style on that of another respected leader of the Party. When Mr. DISRAELI was removed from the House of Commons, I felt my time was near at hand. STAFFORD NORTHCOTE, of course, must have his turn. But after him there was none on the Front Bench to dispute Parliamentary precedence with me. Then, out of nothing, coming from no whither, springs up this impudent sprite—I mean this patriotic Statesman, who walks over us all, kicking and trampling, and coolly taking the highest place at the table.

If one might have free scope for vituperation, the situation would be bearable. If I might stand up in the House of Commons, or on the platform at Bradford, and for fifteen minutes frankly discuss RANDOLPH CHURCHILL, I should feel better. But it won't do. We've tried it before. I took my part in the attempt to oust him from the Chairmanship of the Caucus. But he suddenly dined with the Markiss, squared things all round, and left us in the lurch. He took his fling, not only with persons, but with the Party. A year ago we were Conservatives. To-day we are pledged to carry out a more complete Radical programme than GLADSTONE ever ventured to prepare; and

then the movements are so sudden. I didn't know till I had left the platform at Bradford that I was not going to be pledged to the principle of community of portable property, or to that of "the tramways free as air to working men." That may come any day.

In the meantime, what is to be done? ASHMEAD BARTLETT proposes that we should take a leaf from history. "He's worse than PEEL at the time of the Corn Laws," he says. "You be Lord GEORGE BENTINCK, and I'll be Mr. DISRAELI, and we'll worry him to death." That sounds plausible. I think I could answer for the BENTINCK part of the transaction, but the DISRAELI is not so certain. I don't know what I shall do, but I feel I cannot long stand this racket of humiliation. Sometimes I wish I had avoided politics, and gone into the Church. I would have become the costume, and I flatter myself my oratorical style would have taken in the pulpit. These are, however, vain regrets, and I can only threaten opposition on the Closure question. But, between you and me, TOBY, I fear that there also I'll cave in, and RANDOLPH will have his way.

Yours, despondently, H-NRY CH-PL-N.

AMONG MESSRS. WARD AND DOWNEY's re-issues are several of Mr. FARJEON's thrillingly interesting romances. He has been trying his hand at a Christmas Book for Boys, which *Mr. Punch* has given to a youthful critic, whose opinion is worth having, if judged by the excellent one he has of himself. In the meantime, as to the present re-issue, who possesses these—*The Mystery of Great Porter Square*, *Grif*, and *The House of White Shadows*, may be considered a very Farjeonate person.

BILLIARDS.

Marked by D. Crambo, Junior.



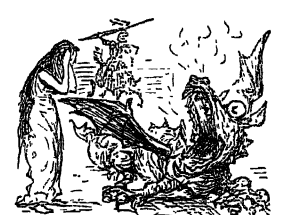
A Heat of 500 Up.



Spot Barred.



Cook started at Scratch.



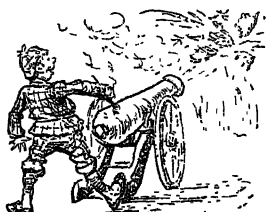
Opening with the Customary Miss.



A Two-figure Break.



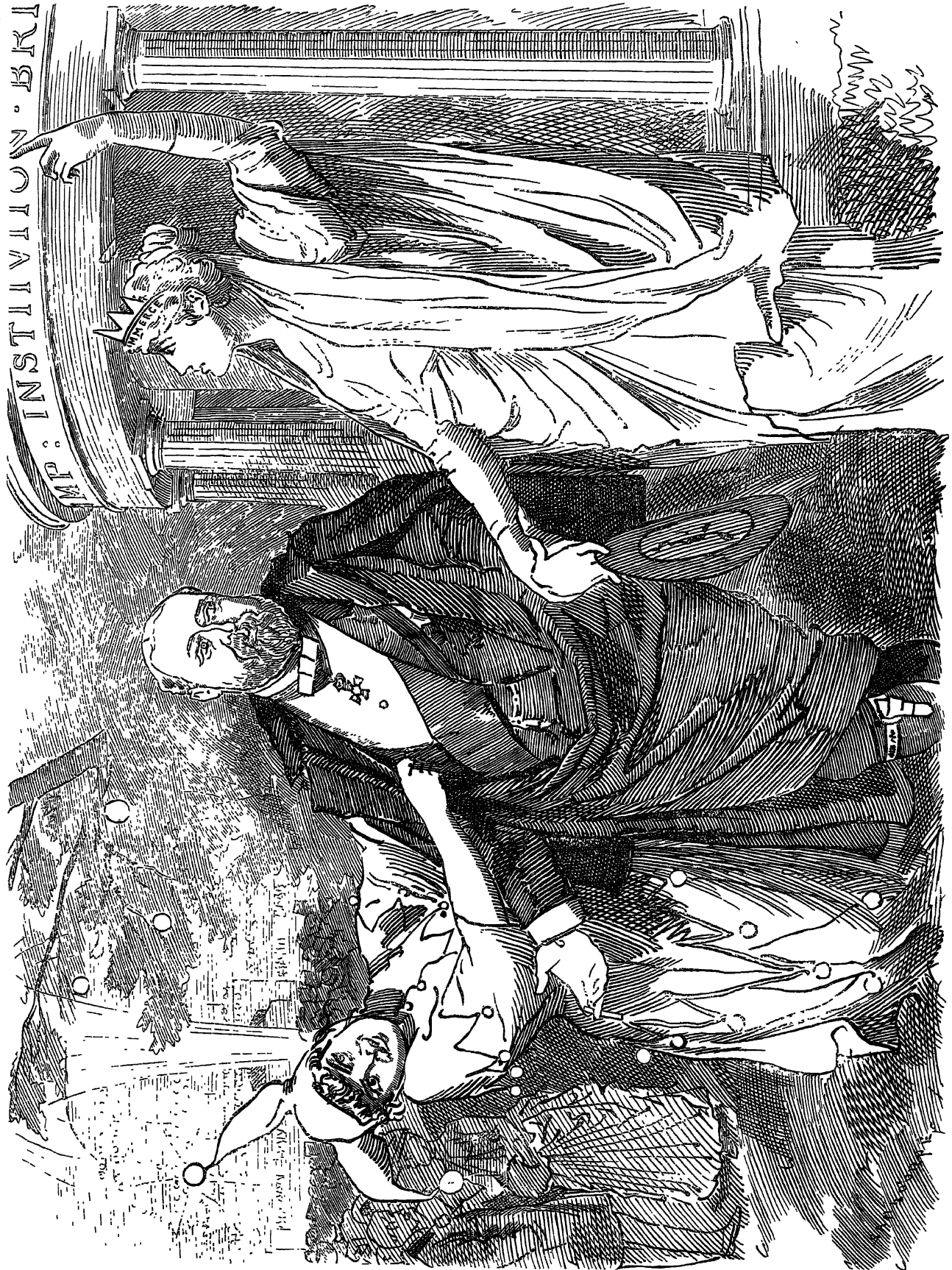
Some fine Form was exhibited.



Finishing the Game with a Cannon.



One Point Behind.



WHAT SHALL THE IMPERIAL INSTITUTE BE? OR H.R.H. BETWEEN CREMORNE AND COMMERCE.



Little Wife. "I DON'T THINK THIS BONNET QUITE SUITS MY HAIR, GEORGE."

Husband (shortly). "SH'A' THOUGHT O' THAT B'FORE Y' GAVE S'MUCH MONEY FOR IT."

She. "WHAT, MY BONNET?"

He. "NO; YOUR HAIR, MY DEAR!"

["So spiteful, y'know! Just because I'd kept him waiting a minute or two!"]

COMMERCE VERSUS CREMORNE.

WHAT COMMERCE SAYS.

"BUSINESS first, Pleasure afterwards," is an old and excellent motto. And when the business is Imperial business, on such a colossal and comprehensive scale as it *must* be to embrace the manifold relations of mutual affection and interest between Great Britain and her world-scattered Colonies and Dependencies, the motto applies with more than usual fulness and force.

For great occasions, great enterprises! A Royal Jubilee does not occur every year, or even every century. Ten thousand additional tea-garden lamps will not suffice to mark what must be so memorable, and may be so fruitful a conjuncture.

No one has anything to say against the pleasant 'illuminated' popular shows which South Kensington has seen during several successive years, culminating in the splendid and suggestive "Coloneries" of the past season. The public has been mightily pleased with them, and, quite properly, thankful to all, from the PRINCE downwards, who have helped to provide them.

But a Jubilee means more, marks more, and demands more than the best arranged combination of Exhibition and Pleasure Gardens can supply. The Empire is something more than a popular Show, and Commerce cannot make her home at Cremorne. The Higher Imperialism has laid hold of the public imagination. The unification of the heterogeneous items constituting what is known as the British Empire is the dream and the desire of all. Federation is in the air.

At this moment comes a rare and a striking opportunity of doing something practical on a large scale and in permanent fashion, in the direction of our desire, and towards the realisation of our dream.

It is above all things to be desired that the opportunity should not be missed, nor—what is of almost more importance—misused.

Commerce, speaking gravely and earnestly in the name of the larger and more abiding interests of the Empire, demands that the Jubilee Institution, whatever form it may assume, shall be large in its scope and abiding in its influence.

An Imperial Institution—call it "Colonial Museum," "Imperial

Commercial Museum," or what you please—which shall be a comprehensive, orderly, easily accessible display of the realms and the resources of the Empire, a centre of intelligence, a bond of sympathy, a nucleus of co-operation, would answer to that ideal.

Shows and thronging sight-seers, Bands and Refreshment-Booths, Coffee-Stalls and Coloured Lamps, the Crystal Palace without its acrobats, and Cremorne without its dancing, will not.

The Imperial Institution to be worthy of its great occasion, and to subserve its large ends, must be largely conceived, carried out in a spirit of cordial co-operation with the representatives of all the interests involved; and—last, not least—suitably and conveniently localised.

South Kensington, whatever its merits and its charms, is not the unquestioned centre of the Empire, nor the undisputed hub of the Commercial Universe.

To help carry out this grand and fruitful Imperial Commemoration in the spirit, and with the aims above set forth, is a task worthy of the most strenuous and unselfish, the most far-seeing and fad-sacrificing efforts of every thoughtful patriot, and especially a thoughtful patriot who is also a popular PRINCE.

It is thus, that Commerce speaks on this great occasion.

Mr. Punch says ditto to Commerce. Or rather he puts, in his own inimitable way, views which are his own, and which he is sure Commerce does, and the PRINCE will, share with him. And the PRINCE and Commerce, of course, will say ditto to *Mr. Punch*!

BOOKS MUCH WARNE-TED.—A set of Standard Novels has just been brought out by Messrs. WARNE. Bless their old faces! Among them are *Mr. Punch's* ancient ventriloquial friend, *Valentine Vox*, then *Rory O'More* by LOVER, and *Jack Hinton* by LEVER, and *Ernest Maltravers* by BULWER, and *Peter Simple* by MARRYAT, and other tried companions of former years, who have as much life in them as they had when *Mr. P.* first had the pleasure of making their acquaintances. The delight these worthies will give to a new generation will soon show that though brought out by Messrs. WARNE, they are not by any means Warne out.

OUR ADVERTISERS, PUZZLING AND OTHER.

WORD COMPETITION. Prizes, 10s., 5s., and 2s. 6d. For greatest number of English words from FIRST HALF OF "JOHNSON'S DICTIONARY." No names of celebrated men, fashionable watering-places, or joint-stock companies allowed. Lists, with one shilling in P.O. or stamps, by November 10th. Vicar, Hard-up-on-Heath, Notts. Profits for new warm-bath apparatus in Vicarage-House. Money, if insufficient, returned if required. Results, March, 1877.

NOVEL COMPETITION. Prizes, £10, £5, and £2 10s. FOR THE BEST DESCRIPTION OF A ROUGH SEA-PASSAGE IN THE FORE CABIN FROM BOULOGNE TO FOLKESTONE. IN PROSE OR BLANK VERSE. Entrance-fee, 5s., which please remit in stamps to Marquis, 73, Belgrave Square, before November 20th. Proceeds will be given to a local charity, which has not yet been decided on. Probably steam-roller.

ONE HUNDRED GUINEAS OFFERED for greatest number of English words from PIG. Plurals, repetitions, prefixes, affixes, proper names, and foreign words excluded. Lists, with 2s. 6d. P.O., by November 15th, to Rev. H. GRABINGS, Clawum-on-the-Stole, Pocketborough. Profits, if any, for charitable relief of Advertiser's grandmother. Winner's name published. No money returned except through a Solicitor. For results wait for subsequent Advertisement.

INFANT CONSOLATION PRIZES (of 3d., 2d., and 1d.) offered to children unsuccessful in last Book-keeping by Double-entry competition, for best list of FIFTEEN LIVING ENGLISH RAILWAY DIRECTORS, or for COMIC HISTORY, NOT NECESSARILY ORIGINAL, OF PRÆ-ADAMITE MAN. Entrance fee by P.O., or stamps, 6d., as soon as possible to, Bishop, The Palace, Filchester.

EASY COMPETITION ON A NEW SYSTEM.—A Clergyman in the West of England, who has a good deal of leisure time on his hands, and is in arrears with his Butcher's-book, offers THREE PRIZES (of £1, 10s., and 5s.) for the three best sets of replies to the ten following questions:—(1). The most Poetical Pork-Butcher in England. (2). The Worst London Cab-horse. (3). The County Court Judge with the best appetite for breakfast. (4). The best sayer of after-dinner things at the Holborn Restaurant. (5). The rider of the cheapest hack in Rotten Row. (6). The largest sized advertised Popular Pill. (7). The Worst Emporium for cheap American Oysters. (8). The Fashionable Doctor who kills most patients yearly. (9). The Member of Parliament who has the largest Washing bill, and (10). The Duke who has the greatest quantity of family-jewels in pledge. Enclose P.O., for 1s., and stamped envelope for acknowledgment, to Rural Dean, Rectory, Tryem-on-Trust, Wantingham.

"MR. GLADSTONE EAT ONE POTATO AND TWO MUTTON CHOPS FOR DINNER." AWARD.—The Prize for the greatest number of English words to be found in this sentence, has been won by Miss SKINNER, 176, Queen Elizabeth's Road, Upper Holloway, but as the receipts of the competition have all been absorbed in medical attendance for the Advertiser, rendered necessary by excessive mental over-strain of looking over, sorting, and judging competitors' papers, this is to inform her that it must stand over till the next Puzzle is organised, when possibly, if the subscription is satisfactory, he may be enabled to let her have a trifle. N.B.—Removed from late address.

JINKER'S CONSOLATION PRIZES FOR BEATEN COMPETITORS.—£1, 10s., 5s., offered for most carefully written out text-hand copy of KELLY'S POST OFFICE DIRECTORY. When completed, MS. to be delivered to "PETER," care of Hookham's Library, High Street, Wearum. Results, if any, published in 1888. Send entrance-fee of one shilling, directed envelope for list, and stamp, to same Address as above at once.

GREAT NOVELTY.—THIRTY-FIVE POUNDS IN PRIZES, viz:—1. Church Organ, a little damaged in pedal action, much used by well-known musical Duke and his family. 2. The lower portion of a Fire-escape, only slightly out of repair. 3. A couple of Cobras, untamed, with charming apparatus, in handbox, complete. Offered for hundred best lists of Welsh words containing no vowels. Advertiser reserves the right of returning any Competitor his list and subscription when the competition is over. Send P.O. for 5s. to Reverend, The Vicarage, Swampham. Proceeds will go to the purchase of a new Clerical suit for the Advertiser.

ACTING CONSOLATION COMPETITION.—PRIZES (5s., 2s. 6d., and 1s.) will be given for the three best performances of *Hamlet*, in character. Competitors to find their own dresses, company, and stage, fixing date and place for production, and inclosing P.O. for 1s., with order for two to the Upper Boxes. The proceeds will be devoted to the Endowment of a Professional Chair of Pantomime at the new School of Dramatic Art.—"Roscius & Co.," Post-office, Drury Lane.

AFTER THE PLAY.

SCENE—*Mr. Punch's Sanctum.* Mr. PUNCH and Mr. NIBBS discovered.

Mr. Punch. I saw you at the St. James's, Mr. NIBBS.

Mr. Nibbs. I was there, Sir, at your Benevolence's request.

Mr. P. Strict attention to duty merits a continuance of favours. I went to welcome Mr. HARE, whose performances always interest me mightily. He is excellent in this new piece of PINERO's.

Mr. N. He is, Sir, admirable. There is no better acting anywhere just now than Mr. HARE's in *The Hobby Horse*.

Mr. P. Not having been everywhere, I can only bow to the opinion of an expert. What did you think of the comedy?

Mr. N. Of the—? Oh, I see it is styled "Comedy" in the bill.

Mr. P. "Comedy" is generic, Mr. NIBBS, and Dr. JOHNSON has defined it as "Dramatic representation of a lively kind (as opposed to Tragedy)."

Mr. N. Yes, Sir, and a Farce he describes as "an extravagantly ludicrous variety of Comedy." Now, Sir, with due deference to your opinion, I maintain that *The Hobby Horse*,—which, by the way,

Mr. PINERO would have done far better to have called the *Family Solicitor*, and to have ranked it with *The Private Secretary* and *The Magistrate*,—exactly illustrates the definition you have just quoted, and is, therefore, a Farce—not, Sir, the French Farce, which one of their accepted authorities calls "*la mère, de notre comédie, mère aux allures un peu libres*,"—but the English Farce in three Acts as understood by our nineteenth century playgoers, who certainly would not look upon it as a comedy of "manners," or of "character," or of "intrigue." And I should maintain further, that it is either a Comedy spoiled or a Farce spoiled, and so it is neither one thing nor the other.

Mr. P. Yet I laughed so heartily that I should have considered it ungenerous on my part to have inquired too closely into the method of their madness. I went to see Mrs. KENDAL and Mr. HARE, and I really did not care in what they appeared.

Mr. N. Yet, Sir, you have seen Mrs. KENDAL to greater advantage?

Mr. P. Well, Mr. NIBBS, on consideration I admit that the part she takes seemed unworthy of her talents. Dramatically it is nothing at all, and any less distinguished actress could play it without difficulty.

Mr. N. I am glad to hear Your Benevolence allow so much. Mrs. KENDAL gives the part its importance, but the part does nothing for her.

Mr. P. True, I am beginning to be more of your opinion every moment, Mr. NIBBS. Now, tell me—for I did not follow the details very attentively—why is it a Farce, or a Comedy, spoiled?

Mr. N. I will be as brief as possible. The piece is irritating. The motive of the whole action is so desperately improbable as to belong to the most outrageous kind of Farce, while the characters—the wife excepted, who is so entirely moulded, from Act to Act, by the exigencies of the imbroglia, as to be a fantastic creation beyond or beneath serious consideration,—are, all of them, allowing for theatrical exaggerations, so human as to be out of place in such a preposterous absurdity. That an irreproachable married woman, whose one peculiarity is a philanthropic hobby for turning her husband's house into a refuge for little waifs and strays—a notion evidently derived from the domestic history of a certain lady, whose frequent appearance in our law-courts has made the public familiar with her name and peculiarities,—should suddenly leave her home, and, under an assumed name, live for ten days in the house of a bachelor curate in Whitechapel, is in itself outrageously improbable.

Mr. P. And therefore farcical.

Mr. N. Decidedly. Especially as her object could have been obtained by fair means. Deceit would have been abhorrent to an impulsive and generous disposition, and especially so to a correct person like Mrs. Jermyn, who is represented as shuddering at an expletive, and who objects to the mention of ADAM and EVE, "before the boy." Then, Sir, that the bachelor curate, who is a mashing young muscular Christian, with a tenor's beard and moustache, and a great display of spotless wristband, should fall in love with her, is natural enough.

Mr. P. Decidedly. I fancy I should have done the same myself. *humani nihil alienum.*

Mr. N. A noble sentiment, Sir, and worthy your Philosophic Benevolence. But that this quick-witted lady, should not within ten days have perceived the reverend masher's development of amativeness is as unnatural as his passion is natural.



Mr. P. I own it struck me she was rather coquetting with him—and had it been a French piece—

Mr. N. Quite so, Sir, I anticipate the moral of your just observation.

Mr. P. By the way, I trust Mr. KENDAL is not unwell, as I was



Where was Missis when the Kendal was out—of it?

otherwise I might be able to tell you how it came about that *The Hobby-Horse* assumed its present form. My theory is that Mr. PINERO presented a farce, and that the absence of all serious interest was considered a fatal objection to its success at the St. James's. The obliging author agreed to introduce this element, and—spoil the Farce. Imagine a serious pathetic interest being suddenly brought into *Box and Cow*! Say, for instance, that a passion inspired by Mrs. Bouncer should divide the long-lost brothers, and that a strong situation were reached by the unexpected return of Mr. Bouncer to witness the infidelity of his spouse! Would this serious element improve the farce? or would it not rather be utterly out of place, and the farce spoilt by the introduction?

Mr. P. Such an incongruous mixture would be, ordinarily, a fatally inartistic blunder. Still, there are exceptions—

Mr. N. It is like Your Benevolence to say so, yet I do not see that *The Hobby Horse* is one of them. But permit me to continue.

Mr. P. And finish? With pleasure.

Mr. N. I take your hint, Sir. Well, Sir, that finally the lady's husband, Mr. Jermyn, who is a vigorous, impetuous, manly old English sportsman, to whom the notion of anyone not going straight is detestable, and the offender unpardonable, should forgive his wife's conduct, and should accept as a friend and neighbour the amorous and reverend gentleman in whose house his wife has secretly passed ten days, whom he has actually seen embracing his wife, and on whom he must look as his youthful and handsome rival, and so consent to figure as *le plus heureux des trois*, is the crowning absurdity of these improbabilities, all admissible in English Farce, but not in an English Comedy, which should represent typical men and women, involved in a natural sequence of complications arising out of some highly probable mistake.

Mr. P. I see. It is a farce played by excellent comedians as a comedy.

Mr. N. Except by Mrs. KENDAL, who as a leading Comedy actress, can find nothing to grip in such a nonsensical character, and so plays it, bit by bit, sham earnestness and real frivolity, with an evident consciousness of its absurdity.

Mr. P. It is a sort of patch-work. Mrs. TREE is good.

Mr. N. Very. She has to represent the not remarkably original part of a gushing young lady, and to act acting. Her effusiveness about a Solicitor—which becomes somewhat wearisome on repetition—is suggestive of the peculiar burlesque type of which the patent belongs to Mr. GILBERT.

Mr. P. Mr. MACKINTOSH and Mr. HENDRIE, as the broken down Welshers, are, a trifle exaggerated, but still excellent.

Mr. N. They are, Sir. But can you imagine a hard-headed experienced old Turfite like Mr. Jermyn being taken in by a pair of such transparent impostors?

Mr. P. Well, no,—except in Farce.

Mr. N. Exactly, Sir.

Mr. P. Miss WEBSTER is a charming *ingénue*, and as for the Mrs. Porcher of Mrs. GASTON MURRAY,—(the lady was a lovely *Fair Rosamond* at the Olympic—with a delicious voice)—she might have stepped right out of *Barchester Towers*, and claimed ANTHONY TROLLOPE as her author.

Mr. N. It is all excellently played. Mr. MELLISH as *Tom Clark* began capitally, but, being encouraged, he overdid the boyishness of the young sailor. Criticism apart, it is well worth seeing. It is some time since I have laughed so heartily as I did at Mr. HARE as *Spencer Jermyn*. In such a part as this he is simply unapproachable, and inimitable.

Mr. P. Come, we have to thank Mr. PINERO for something.

Mr. N. For much, Sir. But what would *The Hobby Horse* be without its present interpreters?

Mr. P. The town would soon cry, "For O, for O, the Hobby-Horse is forgot!"

Mr. N. But as it all turns on the silence of the weak Solicitor, *Pinching*,—a clever performance this of Mr. SOMERSET's,—and as *Pinching* could really have upset it all at any moment, why Mr. PINERO didn't call it *The Solicitor*—

Mr. P. Perhaps he has another in hand with that title. But anyhow I have to thank him for his share in giving me a very enjoyable evening. *Au revoir*, Mr. NIBBS, *au revoir*!

THE OUT-OF-DATE OLD BAILEY.

(AIR—"Unfortunate Miss Bailey.")

Ye City Fathers, list to Mr. Punch, and take some action Which will be everywhere received with shouts of satisfaction. For when you undertake a thing 'tis not in fashion scaly, So vote the money to rebuild the out-of-date Old Bailey.

O Old Bailey,

You out-of-date Old Bailey,

You're a disgrace

To such a place,

You miserable Old Bailey!

For Judges, Sheriffs, Jurymen, the Bar and Press reporters, For all professionally engaged, there can't be "closer quarters," Than those in which at Session time they must pass hours daily, Ill-lighted, badly ventilated Courts of the Old Bailey.

O Old Bailey, &c.

Ye Common Councilmen, this blot upon the City odious Remove, and build some Courts that shall be airy, light, commodious. We don't expect a palace that suggests life going gaily, But something grand, severe, unlike the hideous Old Bailey.

O Old Bailey,

Hideous Old Bailey,

You're the disgrace

Of such a place

As London!—Off! Old Bailey!

A CARD.—Lord BAREACRES will be most happy to portion out his estate among agricultural labourers into as many allotments as possible, and it will gratify him extremely to accept whatever amount of rent he can get for any one of them.

JAN VAN BEERS.

AIR—"The Shan Van Voght."



A "BAS-RELIEF;"

Or, A Basso-relievo by D. Crambo.

And shall not Artists kneel?

Says the JAN VAN BEERS.

No! Artists will not kneel,

THERE 's a Dutchman in the town,
Says the JAN VAN BEERS;
There 's a Dutchman in the town;
Though he 's more than half a clown,
Still folks pay their shillings down,
Says the JAN VAN BEERS.

Oh! what should the English do?

Says the JAN VAN BEERS;
What should the English do,
But admire my red and blue,
And swear that I 'm "too too!"
Says the JAN VAN BEERS.

But express contempt they feel
For your incense and *pastille*,
Mister JAN VAN BEERS.

Mrs. RAM describing an unfortunate man who had lost the use of his arms and legs, said, "My dear, it was a most sad sight! he was scribbled all over!"

SALE-ROOM CON.—Can an Auctioneer's craft be considered an unwholesome one on account of its encouraging *more-bid* tastes?



WHY, INDEED?

"MAMMY, DEAR, OUGHT ONE TO ASK, WHEN ONE DOESN'T KNOW A THING?" "YES, DARLING, I'VE ALWAYS TOLD YOU TO."
 "THEN, WHY DID YOU MARRY PAPA?"

LITTLE MEPHISTOPHELES.

(Freely Adapted from "Faust.")

Faust Marquis of S-L-SB-RY.
Mephistopheles . Lord R-ND-LPH CH-RCH-LL.
Brander Marquis of H-BT-NGT-N.
Frosch Mr. CH-MB-RL-N.
Siebel Mr. J-SSE C-LL-NGS.
Altmayer Mr. CH-PL-N.

Unionist Cellar in London. A Drinking "Party."

Mephistopheles (to Faust). I now will introduce
 This jovial, this united crew. [to you
 Life must not idly glide away,
 And we have had our holiday.
 Don't look so glum, or shirk consent,
 A little wit will all content.
 The Party which has lost its "tail"
 Its chronic sickness must bewail,
 But these—whilst their support they give,
 Joyous and free from care we'll live.
Siebel. What take you now these travellers
 to be?
Frosch. No matter. They shall never hum-
 bug me.
 I fancy both of them are nobly born;
 One looks dissatisfied and full of scorn.
Brander. The other's but a mountebank, I
 bet.
Siebel. Most like.
Frosch. Have patience. I'll score off him yet.
Mephistopheles (to Faust). These chaps your
 superciliousness scent out.
 Give them fair greeting, though it strain
 your throat.
Faust. Your humble servant, Gentlemen!

Siebel. Thanks. We return your kind salute.

(*Aside, glancing at MEPHISTOPHELES.*)
 How well he hides the cloven foot!
Mephistopheles. Are we allowed to sit among
 you? Then,
 Even without strong tippie or small beer,
 Good company at least our hearts will cheer.
Altmayer. You're a convivial gentleman,
 'tis clear.
Frosch. You're doubtless recently from
 Berlin? Pray,
 Did you with our friend Otto chance to
 sup?
Mephistopheles. Well, no. I passed his place,
 but did not stop.
 I do not fancy he'd have much to say,
 Being a deep and diplomatic gent,
 Save general greeting and bald compliment.
 Unless I err, as we drew near,
 We heard some practised voices pealing.
 A song must admirably here
 Re-echo from this vaulted ceiling.
Altmayer. Give us one then.
Mephistopheles. Oh, well, I'll do my best.
Frosch. And let it have a chorus for the rest.
Mephistopheles (sings):—
 Once on a time a Party
 Possessed a clever—midget,
 The which they fondly treasured,
 Though oft it made them fidget.
 Their tailor then they summoned,
 The tailor to him goes;
 "Measure me," says the youngster,
 "For collar, breeks, and hose."
Altmayer. Let him the tailor strictly charge,
 The nicest measurement to take,
 And, as he loves his head, to make
 The collar neat, and not too large!

Mephistopheles. In togs too large and loose
 for him,

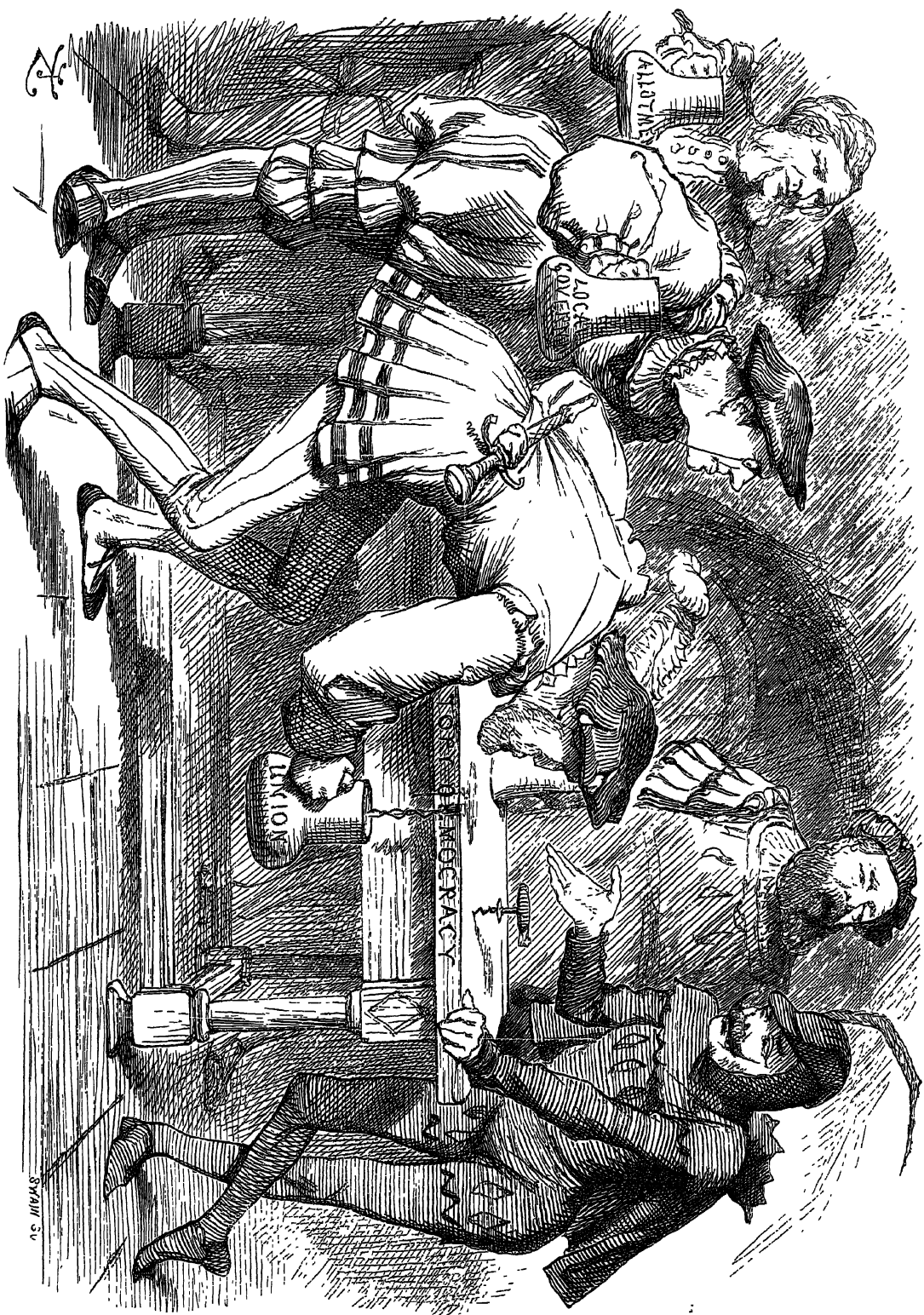
Behold the younker drest,
 With huge sharp-pointed collars,
 Projecting o'er his breast.
 They Party Leader made him,
 His influence was so great,
 And all his poor relations,
 Held offices of State.

The fogies and old ladies,
 Were dreadfully distrest;
 The Premier and his henchmen,
 Were bitten by the pest.
 And yet they dared not show it,
 Or chase the midge away.
 Midge-worship is so catching,
 The cultus of the day.

Chorus (*shouting*).
 Midge-worship is so catching, &c.,

Altmayer. Who now that midge shall catch
 and kill?
Brander. Hurrah for wine and Union still!
Mephistopheles. Were but your wine of a
 superior tap,
 A glass to Union I'd gladly drain.
Frosch. Well turn us on a better one, old
 chap.
 And we will join you in a loyal strain.
Faust (aside). Humph! If he tipples, I per-
 force must follow,
 And what a mouthful I shall have to
 swallow!
Mephistopheles. Fetch me a gimlet! Now,
 what will you take?
Altmayer. How mean you? Have you wine
 of every sort?

PUNCH, OR THE LONDON CHARIVARI.—NOVEMBER 6, 1886.



LITTLE MEPHISTOPHELES.

Mephistopheles. Precisely. Each may his selection make.

Altmayer (aside). I say, is this black magic, or mere sport?

Mephistopheles (boring a hole in the edge of the table opposite to where Frosch is sitting).

Now, get some wax—and make some stoppers—quick!

Altmayer. Faugh! This is nothing but a jug—Come! Look me in the face! No fooling now! You are but making fun of us, I trow.

Mephistopheles. Ha! ha! That would indeed be making free

With such distinguished swells. Come; why What liquor can I serve you with, I pray?

Altmayer. Humph! Let the others choose. I—well, I'll see.

All, or nearly so (as they draw the stoppers, and the wine chosen by each runs into the glasses).

O wondrous spring, that flows so full, so fair!

Mephistopheles. Spill not a single drop, my friends. Beware!

That's the sole danger. Our true bond and tether Is this: "Drink steadily, and all together!"

[They drink repeatedly, a few, however, hanging back.

They're in their glory; mark their elevation!

Faust. O let me hence! Need we our stay prolong?

[are wrong.

Mephistopheles. Don't be in such a hurry. You Wait, and you'll see a wondrous revelation.

[Left drinking together—for the present.

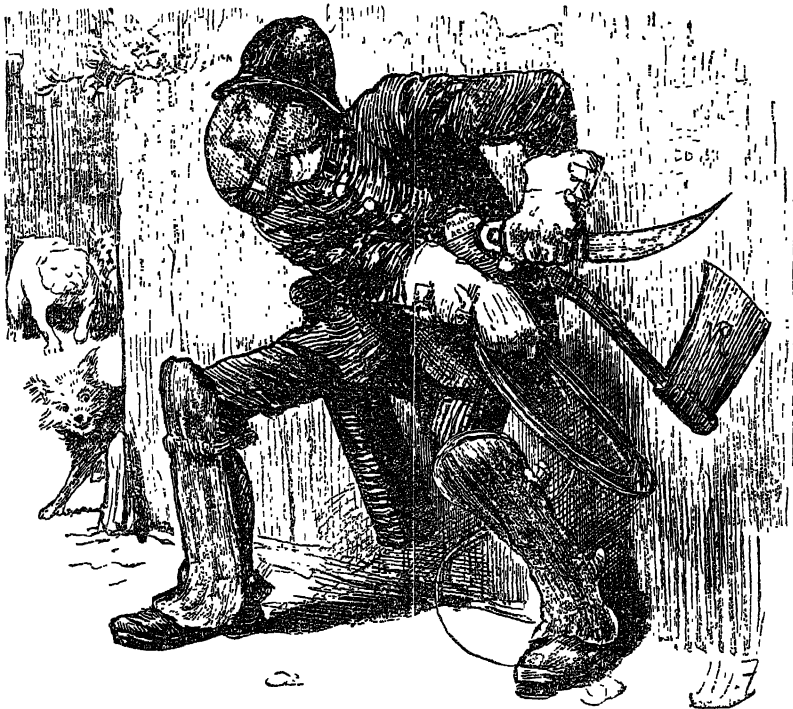
FROM the *Manchester Guardian*, October 28:—

HALLÉ'S CONCERTS.—ONE GOOD RESERVE

BODY FOR SALE: alternate nights.

Sinister announcement. But a great attraction

for Medical Students.

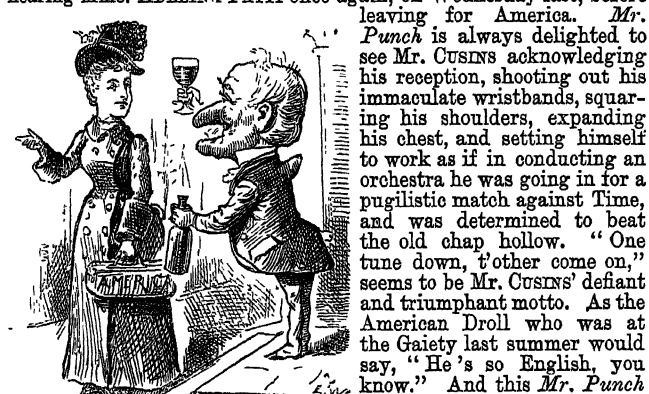


THE DOG SCARE.

THE POLICEMAN AS HE OUGHT TO BE (PROPERLY PROTECTED) OUTSIDE THE SIX-MILE METROPOLITAN RADIUS.

THE LATEST OF THE "NOCTES AMBROSIANÆ."

THANKS to Mr. AMBROSE AUSTIN, *Mr. Punch* had another chance of hearing Mme. ADELINA PATTI once again, on Wednesday last, before leaving for America.



"Au revoir!"

Mr. Punch is always delighted to see Mr. CUSINS acknowledging his reception, shooting out his immaculate wristbands, squaring his shoulders, expanding his chest, and setting himself to work as if in conducting an orchestra he was going in for a pugilistic match against Time, and was determined to beat the old chap hollow. "One tune down, t'other come on," seems to be Mr. CUSINS' defiant and triumphant motto. As the American Droll who was at the Gaiety last summer would say, "He's so English, you know." And this *Mr. Punch* records to his praise. The grand-voiced Mr. HENSCHEL sang "Revenge! Timotheus cries," magnificently, yet *Mr. Punch* is fain to admit that he has had something too much of TIMOTHY, and hopes not to hear of him and his revenge for some considerable time. Miss HILDA WILSON was recalled after BEETHOVEN'S "Creation Hymn," but at this moment the vast audience was occupied less with the "hymn" than with the "her," for ADELINA was the next on the list. In excellent voice—she never was in better—she gave an aria from *Rigoletto* in the most captivating manner, and then, by way of response to the enthusiastic encore, she sang "Within a Mile of Edinboro' Town" in such a style as would have brought all the inhabitants out of Edinboro' for miles round to listen entranced, and not to begrudge that "bang went saxeppence" to the sweet singer.

Mr. CARODUS after the "Rondo Papageno," from a *Magic Flute* theme by ERNST, was "called," and returned, diffidently. Mr. BARTON MCGUCKIN sang instead of SIM REEVES, and, needless to say, met with a most gratifying reception.

The *Meistersinger* overture left Mr. CUSINS once more triumphant and fresh for another encounter. ADELINA then sang the brilliant "O luce di quest'anima"—which would have given Lord RANDOLPH a chance for another pun about a lucid style—it wasn't bad

for a Chancellor of Exchequer, and proved that he had carefully read *Mr. Punch's* review of Mr. LUCY'S *Two Parliaments*. Very good, your Lordship!—and in return for the inevitable encore, she sang "Comin' thro' the Rye." This the audience cheered to the echo, and there is still an echo in the Albert Hall, which some mean folks consider an advantage, as it gives them more for their money. Then Mr. HENSCHEL sang "Gazing round upon this fair Assembly," with which the fair assembly seemed remarkably pleased.

Mr. ENGEL, composer, critic, journalist, and accompanist, then appeared on the scene in such a pleasant and casual sort of way as to suggest the idea of his having been accidentally passing, when, on hearing sounds of revelry within, he just looked in to see if he could be of any service, and had then and there been collared by Mr. CUSINS, and taken straight to the harmonium, where, being alone for awhile on the platform, he appeared as the Incomplete Engle-r, until to him entered SIGNOR NICOLINI, to sing "Noël," a song composed most appropriately by "ADAM." The vocalist reached a top-note that caught the audience, and they had him back to do it again, when once more he reached the giddy height successfully.

Then, as a farewell, ADELINA sang "The Last Rose of Summer," followed by "Home Sweet Home," and after this *Mr. Punch* overcame by his feelings, could bear no more. Mastering his emotion, he left the theatre with his own overcoat, hat, and stick, threw himself into his brougham and did not absolutely recover until he had quaffed a glass of sparkling nectar, in honour of the Diva on the occasion of this latest of the *Noctes Ambrosianæ*.

PAPER-KNIFE POEMS.

(By Our Special Book-Marker.)

"WALKS IN EPPING FOREST."

WHEN'E'R I take my walks abroad | The Guide by PERCY LINDLEY,
The Epping glades to see; | Is the one I take with me!

"WAR AND PEACE."

In three stout volumes here Count TOLSTOI gives
A wondrous picture he calls *War and Peace*.
From Eighteen-Five to Eighteen-Twenty he
Depicts the fortunes of the Russian State:
With graphic force and realistic touch,
He mixes fact and fiction with such art,
That readers find it difficult to tell
Where romance ends and history begins!

"WHEN the Clergyman made that mistake in his sermon," said Mrs. RAM, "the congregation couldn't help twittering."



EGYPTIAN HORS-D'ŒUVRES.

Hungry Gaul (to hungry Briton, who is taking all the Radishes). "SAPRISTE, MONSIEUR! MAIS MOI AUSSI J'AIME LES RADIS!"

Hungry Briton. "OUI, MOSSOO. MAIS PAS TANT QUE MOI!"

"THIS VILLANOUS SALTPETRE!"

So difficult, when you're calling anywhere, to begin your conversation effectively. Quite grateful to this afternoon for being the Fifth. Enter a drawing-room full of ladies and children, and glide gracefully into the talk, directly I sit down, with reference to "Guys"—any other afternoon it might seem rude—to-day it's merely appropriate. Guys a capital subject—we really don't seem able to get away from them, everyone describing Guys she has met. Pretty girl opposite tells how she met a *hideous* one three Novembers ago, and will never forget him as long as she lives. Happy Guy! If only she would remember *me* like that!

Conversation languishes—revive it judiciously with allusion to fireworks. Talk fireworks till I'm really startled at my own brilliancy. See I've made an impression. When I rise to go, in blaze of my own red fire, hostess wonders "whether Mr. TIMMERMAN would care to stay and help us out in our little festivities this evening—it would be so kind, wouldn't it, FLORENCE?"

FLORENCE is the pretty girl—I believe I'm dining out somewhere—but I'll stay. She shall learn to know me in Dumb-Crambo!

After tea, discover it's *not* Dumb-Crambo—it's fireworks. As the only man, I'm afraid they'll expect me to let them off. I don't care to explain, after talking so familiarly about them, that the explosion of the mildest bon-bon invariably makes me jump like a rabbit, but, as a matter of fact, I'm like that. Confound my fatal brilliancy!

I *knew* they would—they have selected me to deal with these combustibles. I dare say they don't mean it, but it *is* trespassing on my good-nature. Why can't they *hire* a fellow to do it?

In the hall. Boys bring up box full of dangerous explosives. "Mr. TIMMERMAN, isn't this a Chinese Flower-Pot?" "No; Mr. TIMMERMAN, it's a Devil-among-the-Tailors, isn't it?"

Whichever it is, I would rather they wouldn't hold it just under my nose! And rattling the box about like that, too, when the *slightest jolt*—but perhaps I'm thinking of dynamite. Fancy the boys have found out I'm afraid, already.

Pitch-dark outside. Good. Nobody at the windows will notice

WHAT OF THE ("SATURDAY") NIGHT?

"WHAT of the Night?" O genial gracious "Saturday," Mean you the night in which your mind's involved, Time-mellowed "slasher" of this milder latter-day?

If so, your little puzzle soon is solved.
That night is starless, moonless, tenebrific,
And unilluminated e'en by fancy's ray.

The mental darkness surely is terrific

Which will not give imagination play.
Nox must have turned a tyrant harsh, supreme,
When he won't even let his victim *dream*.

The old Astronomers were less unfortunate,
They patterned out the sky at their sweet will.
Think you the claims of fact are so importunate
That fancy may not take some licence still?

No, gentle Mentor, our ideal picture
Was *not* intended for a stellar chart.
So kindly, and so comic, is your stricture,
Punch chides not, but with hand upon his heart,
Explains—how could it slip your observation?—
His was a quite ideal Constellation.

Think you his fancy he would put the drag on,
Hamper his picture, mar its subtle drift,
Because the Bear, or if you please the Waggon,
Hath a sky-attitude that may not shift?
Pooh! pooh! *Punch* manufactures his own Ursa,
Outlined in stars no telescope will show.

Head foremost, right side up, or *vice versa*
What matter, save to wits exceeding slow?
Who to see this, could fail, or could refuse,
Save very little boys, or great Reviews?

There! *Punch* for once has deigned to give an answer,
Since in your funny, but polite, appeal
There's scarce a touch of Scorpio or of Cancer,
And for your mental night he's bound to feel.
What of it now? It was "extraordinary"
(As you with elegant elision say)

Concerning this sidereal vagary
He trusts that now it is as clear as day.
But may you not be struck by star—or moon—
When studying *Mr. Punch's* next Cartoon!

HELP TO AN HONEST LIVING.—Abolition of Purchase in the Church.

who lets off what. Shall get round a corner, and look on quietly. Mustn't be selfish—it's the boys' treat. . . .

Some officious fool has brought out a stable-lantern. Discovered! Now to dissemble! "Who-oo! Hooray! Here's a frolic, boys, hey?" Shall let somebody else begin. Wish there was a Professor of this kind of thing, *Practical Pyrotechny in Six Easy Lessons*. I'd go—if he'd lecture on the lawn, and let me take notes indoors.

As things are, best way is to find out the fireworks with least foolery about them—and stick to them. Portfires now? Never heard of anyone blowing himself up with a portfire . . . there, it's easy enough, if you hold it well away and ——— phew! they *might* have told me it was a squib!

"Mr. TIMMERMAN, please come and hold this Roman candle for me—it ought to shoot up those pretty coloured balls, oughtn't it? but I can't get it to begin." It's the pretty girl! thought she was indoors—girls should leave these matters to men!

Either this Roman candle is faultily constructed, or else I've been holding it the wrong way up—otherwise I should hardly have got two of the pretty coloured balls down my arm! Think the rest touched up the family dog, and serve the beast right! . . .

What? let off those rockets! no, no—I mustn't monopolise *all* the fun, let one of the boys do it—it seems they don't like to. And boys are supposed to be so *plucky*!

If I must, I must, as they've evidently got into their heads that I'm a kind of Fire King, or a Salamander.

Rockets all in a row, tied to small stakes awaiting ascension—like martyrs. Poor little things! Lucky someone blew the lantern out just then—gave me time to spike six of them, now if nothing happens I can say they're damp.

Perhaps I had better discharge an able-bodied one, or they'll think it so odd—here goes—stand away—it's started! Stick suddenly slants in *my* direction . . .

I've no doubt it breaks, as TENNYSON says, "molten into flakes of crimson, or in emerald rain"—but I don't see it, I am looking the opposite way, and unless I am much mistaken, most of the crimson and emerald rain is lodged in my coat-tail pockets—don't see anything to laugh at—they may let off the other rockets themselves, that is, if they *can*!

TWO VIEWS OF THE SOCIALISTS AND LORD MAYOR'S DAY.



Col. Henderson. "AH! I ONLY WISH THE SOCIALISTS HAD GIVEN ME NOTICE OF WHAT THEY WERE GOING TO DO BEFOREHAND, AND I SHOULDN'T HAVE BEEN THE 'GREAT UNEMPLOYED.'"



Bill Sikes. "WOT! NO PERCESSION O' POOR HONEST COVES OUT O' WORK! NO WRECKIN' SHOPS AND COLLARIN' THE SWAG! AN' THIS 'ERE'S WOT THEY CALL A LAND O' LIBERTY! UGH!"

Nothing will suit Miss FLORENCE now but that I should undertake the firing of a maroon. I know a maroon—a beast of a thing that explodes like a whole park of artillery!

There was a sailor marooned on "Treasure Island"—but I'm not going to be marooned, if I know it. Most dangerous and improper performance with all these children about—in my opinion.

There! In spite of all that Bengal fire, I don't think any one noticed me burying that maroon. Perhaps it will come up some warm day next summer—startling at a garden-party. Shall decline out-door invitations here.

"Look here, you boys, I tell you what—it's not gentlemanly to put a lighted cracker in my pocket—it's bad form, and, if it occurs again, I—I shall go indoors." Almost wish it would occur again! It is too bad. Universal call on me now to touch off the "Set Piece"—a complicated and formidable engine, about as big as a bicycle! Delicate situation, very—everybody looking on—no escape. Light it—anywhere—and bolt!

It must be out of order, or what makes it erupt violently at three places, and then, as if it was playing a parlour game, "turn round three times, and catch whom it may"—but it don't catch me!

It is bounding and rolling madly over the lawn, amidst a general stampede . . . There—it has hopped into the box containing the remainder of the fireworks!!! I don't know what others mean to do—I shall lie down . . . Something unpleasant is going to happen presently—meanwhile, suspense very trying.

Ha—it is happening now, with a vengeance! Everything seems to be coming my way! There are "fiery serpents" wriggling up my legs, "silver showers" falling down my neck, "devils" and "golden flowerpots," and all the rest of their infernal nonsense whizzing round my head—crashes, and howls, and shrieks! Well, they've no one but themselves to blame!

Get up, and glance round cautiously—garden looking, and smelling, like a field of battle.

"So," says Miss FLORENCE, coming up with a laugh I don't like, "you let off more than anybody else—after all!" I'm afraid she did see me with the maroon!

Shall I go in and be thanked? With my hair in powder (gunpowder), hands black, smouldering coat-tails, no more eyebrows than a phrenological bust, and a pervading savour which is simply diabolical—I think perhaps not.

Better taste to leave quietly, under the circumstances, only I wish I could feel more certain that the pretty girl will keep quiet about that maroon.

Ah, well, I shall have no difficulty in remembering this Fifth of November!

"SAINT LUDMILA."

MESSRS. NOVELLO's recent Oratorio Concert was devoted to the performance of DVORÁK's *Saint Ludmila*, and drew a very large audience. The work consists of three parts, involving constant employment for the soloists, who were on this occasion MADAME ALBANI, MISS HOPE GLENN, MR. LLOYD, and MR. SANTLEY. The Oratorio is apparently designed to suit the English public, and is, perhaps, none the worse for containing here and there suggestions of HANDEL and MENDELSSOHN. On the other hand, some numbers are particularly original and ingenious, the chorus, No. 11, "*Hark, what can be the noise?*" and many others, being masterpieces of descriptive treatment both of voices and orchestra. MADAME ALBANI and MISS HOPE GLENN (the latter being unusually perfect in the contralto part) were in admirable voice, as was also MR. LLOYD. The bass music allotted to MR. SANTLEY seemed at times a little lower than he cared to go, but altogether the rendering was most satisfactory, and highly appreciated. The band played well, and the difficult choruses were, on the whole, admirably sung.

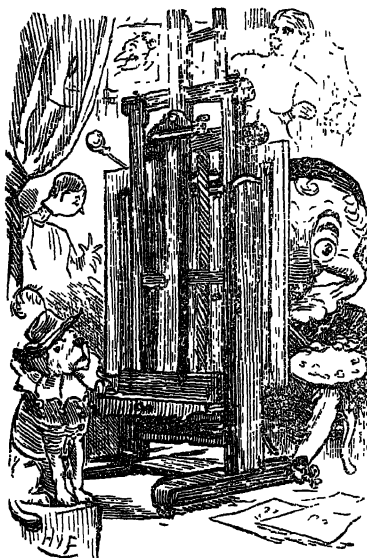
The composer was certainly in love with his libretto, when setting it to music; each line is dwelt upon, reiterated, and evidently only relinquished with regret. This makes the Oratorio a lengthy affair, and considerable as are the "cuts" made since its production at Leeds, there is room to curtail it even further. Once more we feel constrained to ask, why are Concerts *always* too long? This is one of the things which No Fellow can understand—perhaps NOVELLO can. A fine programme is announced for the next Concert of the series on November 23, when GOUNOD's third *Messe Solennelle* and SIR ARTHUR's *Golden Legend* will be heard. Messrs. NOVELLO, Mr. Punch heartily wishes every success to EWER undertaking!



CAUTION.—One week the *Saturday Review* ventured to question Mr. Punch's arrangement of the stars in his sublime Cartoon. The very next week the *Saturday Review* got a heavy blow in the Court of Queen's Bench, which made it see 300 stars, each one shining like a newly-minted sovereign. Strange this, but true, and carries an obvious moral with it.

STUDIES FROM MR. PUNCH'S STUDIO.

I.—CAPTAIN CANNON, UNATTACHED.



Most Clubmen in London know a tall middle-aged soldierly-looking man with hat tilted over his eyes, and the stump of a cigar held constantly between his teeth. His name is CANNON—Captain CANNON. He has commanded men in the tented field before now, but has been so long "about town," that were it not for his military title, one would forget the Service had ever claimed him for its own. On a fine sunshiny morning, some few months ago, this civilian warrior entered a Stock-broker's office and asked for the principal partner.

"Mr. TAPE, Sir, is ill-away to-day," replied a clerk who stood behind a mahogany counter, upon which was strewn a number of financial journals and share-lists; "but Mr. CHARLES is in."

"Then I will see Mr. CHARLES." And CANNON was shown into a small inner room, walled chiefly with ground-glass windows. The Captain tapped his walking-stick unconsciously on the floor, and passed his hand across his bleared eyes and weary brow. He had the appearance of having been up all night. He spoke with impatience, and yet his words came out with a drawl, as if his thoughts were rather sluggish and were disinclined to find verbal utterance. He was between fifty and sixty, pale, slim, and wiry. There was a faint suggestion of LEECH'S Swell of twenty years ago in his frock-coat with its very long skirt, and his check sailor-out trousers. As he was kept for a few moments waiting, he drew out his pocket-book and looked with a frown through the pages.

"Sorry my father is away," said Mr. TAPE, Junior, entering briskly. He was a dapper young gentleman, who, after five, haunted some of the best of the West End third-rate Clubs. "He is ill."

"Very sorry to hear it," replied the Captain, shaking hands; "but I daresay you'll do as well. Look here. Your people have put me in a nice hole! How about Esquimaux Rails? I was nearly knocked out of time when I saw the tape at the Club last night. Gone down three! Made me trump my partner's best card. Haven't done such a thing for twenty years! So I got up before breakfast to see what it was all about. What is it all about?"

"Well, the fact is, I believe, that the demand for ice is less this year, and consequently the traffic—"

"Oh, drop all that," interrupted the Captain, with an ugly smile, "but I am rather hurried this morning, and came to talk business. I suppose it's a Ring that you told me nothing about—oh, I know, of course you weren't in it—but now the 'Account's' close up. The question is, shall I carry over?"

And then the two gentlemen discussed some of the greatest ventures of the day, in the spirit of a couple of authorities on racing matters, considering a sporting prophecy. At length, after ordering various purchases and sales, the Captain was satisfied, and with the remark that he thought "his book was now pretty straight, and, barring accidents, he ought to pull through," took his departure.

He got into his brougham and drove to half-a-dozen offices, belonging to as many companies. The object of these corporations were various. The three last he visited will serve as samples of the rest. One was a Workman's Bank; the next an Association for "supplying stained-glass windows for Churches, on the co-operative principle; the third a combination for "introducing imitation cucumbers (so popular in America) into the United Kingdom."

The Captain strolled into the Board-room of each of these important Societies, and asked the same question, "Well, what's up?" The Secretaries (all more or less alike—men looking as if they were doing nothing in particular, in a careworn and anxious manner) had very much the same reply, "the new issue was going off slowly,—there wasn't much demand for it in the market." About the Bank, the stained-glass windows, and the imitation cucumbers, neither the Secretaries nor their visitor seemed to care a brass farthing.

After he had got through the list in his pocket-book, he paused for a good ten minutes lost in a brown study. CANNON was not the man to be "down," but still the morning's work had been so un-

profitable that it required all his determination to bear up against the bad luck that seemed to be setting in steadily against him. However, he made up his mind at last, and, after some hesitation, turned his steps towards the office of a Solicitor—"Mr. RICHARD PLANTAGENET"—in a back street off the Strand.

As CANNON walked in there was less jauntiness in his manner, and he asked for the gentleman he wished to see with something very like hesitation. A clerk with a nose and lips suggestive of an alien race, nodded towards an inner chamber, which the Captain entered. The room contained a few chairs, and one or two deed-boxes, that seemed (judging from the cobweb covering to the locks) but little used.

"You here!" said Mr. PLANTAGENET (who in spite of his name, bore a very strong family resemblance to the clerk in the office) in a tone of surprise, either real, or assumed. "What have you come for? Now, none of your games, Captaining. You know as well as I do, the Earl has bolted! Yes, bolted, Sir, and a week before I could touch him!"—"The 'Captaining,' murmured something about 'his people settling up.'"

"Now, nonsense, Captaining," replied Mr. PLANTAGENET with a strong Jewish accent, "the young man has taken to sheep-farming or something of that sort, and they ain't going to give him another chance. I don't want to be hard upon you, Captaining, because before now your introductions have been 'all right,' but then I've paid you handsomely for them—now haven't I, Captaining? I don't want words, and I bear my losses as well as any gentleman in my own line of bishness. But, Captaining, as I told you when we first met, I make it a rule not to have any mistakes—twice! Good morning, Captaining."

"Nearly three o'clock and all the morning wasted!" exclaimed CANNON, as he got back into his brougham and ordered the coachman to drive West. "By Jove, I must have a mouthful of breakfast, and then get to serious work!"

An hour later with his hat tilted over his eyes, and a glass of soda-water and brandy beside him on the table, he sat playing at whist. The time passed rather drearily. Men looked in and stood round the tables, some of them assisting in the game by indulging in "outside bets." CANNON with his pocket-book in front of him entered these ventures as each game in the rubber was finished. He produced his cards, which he held below the table, with perfect calmness, now puffing at a cigar, now sipping from the glass beside him. Once he cut out as fresh players joined the group, and then seized the opportunity to dress in the Club, and have a plate of soup, a cut off the joint, and a pint of wine for dinner. After this pause he was ready again for his "work," and was soon once more in the room, seated beside the green-baize table with its shade-covered candles, its game-marking counters and its fresh pack of cards. Hour after hour passed. Men dropped in from the Theatres, stood looking 'on for a moment, and then drifted away into other parts of the Club. The waiters carrying the glasses or the compartment-fitted cigar-boxes, grew wearier and wearier, the hands of the clock travelled round. Still the Captain kept his seat with a slip of paper beside him, taking notes of the games he played as a winner or a loser, and entering in his pocket-book the outside bets. It was almost daylight when (after depositing his account in the proper place) he left the Club, entered his brougham and drove home.

His countenance was a study during that weary drive. The lines on the forehead, the crows'-feet beside the eyes, had grown deeper. His lips were firmly set, and the stereotyped smile with which he had during the past night received his luck, good or bad (it had been mostly bad), had entirely vanished. It was not easy to read the thoughts of a man so accustomed to self-control: but, in the privacy of the carriage, the face of CANNON told of a career all but finished, a tether nearly at its end. For all that he was calm enough as he left the brougham, and stood before the door of the chambers he rented in St. James's Street. He lighted a cigarette with a steady hand; then mounted to the third floor and entered his sitting-room. He paused, and carelessly glanced round. His eyes fell by chance upon a faded photograph of himself taken in uniform, when full of hope and pride he had just joined the Service, and long, long before the time had come when pressed by debts, he had been forced to realise the value of his commission. Turning away, he unlocked a drawer to put back his pocket-book. His hand accidentally touched a revolver. He drew the pistol out, and stood looking at it.

A great race has been won, the Bulls have beaten the Bears on the Stock Exchange, and a new Company has been promoted. A sunshiny morning, and some of the riders of the Park are walking their horses slowly up and down, as they listen to the Cavalry Band outside the Mess Room of the Knightsbridge Barracks. A phaeton, drawn by a spanking pair of "steppers," appears on the scene. The driver, a prosperous-looking gentleman, with a smile on his face and a flower in his button-hole, raises and lowers his whip hand, as he smilingly acknowledges a score of salutations. He has all the air of a man thoroughly satisfied with the world in general and himself in particular. "Do you know who that is?" inquires a fair Amazon. And her companion, a staid, magisterial-looking man, replies, with peculiar emphasis, "Rather. That's Captain CANNON."

COURSING.

Slips by D. Crambo, Junior.



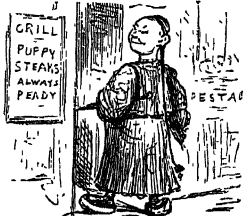
Judge, efficiently supported by the Stewards.



Carrying Out the Draw.



Running Off a Capital Trial.



Entry for the Puppy Stakes.



Making Short Work of a Trimming Hare.



A "No Course."

HEALTH AT HAMMERSMITH.

In a communication to the *Times*, "H. G. C." has a pretty story to tell of what he mildly describes as "the discreditable manner in which parochial duties are carried on by the Hammersmith Vestry, and how the Committee of the West London Hospital (now closed on account of the drains) conduct their affairs at the expense of the Public." Taking a house belonging to the last-named institution, on a three years' agreement, with an assurance that the drainage was in "perfect order," the unfortunate correspondent soon learned, to his cost, that the drainage, instead of being in perfect order, was very much the reverse, and, after going through the usual process of being bandied about backwards and forwards between medical officers of health and sanitary inspectors, the evil all the while being unremedied, he finally lost a child from diphtheria, with the result of ultimately getting his agreement cancelled.

It is quite obvious, therefore, that nothing can compensate "H. G. C." for the irreparable loss he has sustained, though, we fear, it is not clear how he could, had he the will, bring the Vestry to book. If the Committee of the West London Hospital, which is evidently not at this moment a convalescent one, continue to conduct their affairs "at the expense of the public" in the same enterprising fashion in which they have treated "H. G. C.," they will run the risk of remaining, like their own premises, permanently in bad odour.

"HOW TO FIND THE GOLDEN NUMBER."—Go and hear *The Golden Legend*. First performance of Sir ARTHUR's latest work, next Monday 15th November, at the Albert Hall, which is All-but Hall-right for music. Its second performance will be on the 23rd, at St. James's Hall. Read up the legend. It has nothing whatever to do with London, and the scene of the story is not Golden Square, as erroneously supposed.

"THE HAPPY MEAN."—Those who congratulate themselves on the use of a bag instead of a plate at a charity collection, so that they can put in a halfpenny instead of half-a-crown.

'ARRY AT A SMOKING CONCERT.

DEAR CHARLIE,

'Ow goes it, old joker? Yours faithfully takes up 'is pen, Jest to tell yer as luck's on the shift, and he's up in the stirrups agen; Got a crib down at Peckham, my pippin, and though it ain't much of a screw, Only something like arf wot I'm wuth, I jest manage to make it a do.

'Ard times, dear old pal, and no error! That blessed old juggins, JOHN BRIGHT, With his bloomin' Free Trade is to blame. He has bunnicked up England all right.

We are out of it, CHARLIE, slap out of it. Fancy sech talent as mine Being out on the empty three months! Ain't it time as we kicked up a shine?

'Owsomever, dear boy, this ain't bizness. I'm fair on the job, mate, down 'ere, Dropped into a reglar new set, and though Peckham ain't 'ardly my speer, Bein' rayther too cheap and pervincial for one on the up-line like me, Still I'm bound to admit they're true bloaters, with no bad idea of a spree.

Jined the "Old Peckham Puffers," my pippin, a singsongy set, dontcher know, Wot 'ang out at the "Maggie and Stump," where they meets for a "bellows and blow."

As old president POLLYWOG patters it, meanin' a song and a smoke. I was arsked, by JACK SNAP, to drop in, and I went, jest by way of a joke.

Found fifty or more on 'em seated round tables, with glasses and pipes, Every speeches of lotion from Brandy and Soda to fourpenny swipes, And as for the baccy, O blazes! the smoke 'ung about 'em in clumps, As thick as a fog in November, a cove might 'ave cut it in lumps.

Old POLLYWOG sat at one end, as their Chairman, young BUNKER was "Vice," Bach using a hauctioneer's 'ammer or bell, but the 'ammer for chice. Rap! rap! Tingle-ting! "Gents, pray silence for Mr. BOKANKY's new song. No ladies are here, so he'll tip us 'I Musn't Sing Anything Wrong.'"

Larf, CHARLIE? I jolly nigh busted. BOKANKY's own version it wos, But for touch-and-go slyness and winking, he beats ARTHUR ROBERTS, that's a poz.

Anyone looking on might have fancied the roomfull of pals was a lot Of purple-faced 'ogs in convulsions, he was that cerulean and 'ot!

In course he got hangedored like thunder, and give us "The Baby's First Booze." Just you fancy a tipsy young toddlekins tryin' to button his shoes, With a pap-bottle marked "Gin Unsweetened," a frilled kiddy's cap on his head,

And a nose like a bloomin' tomato. Lor', CHARLIE, I nearly went dead!

Well, they wosn't all Comics, of course not. A chap with a neck like a bull, And a bottom-note right down a coal-mine, sang "Give me the Flagon that's full."

With a "Gug-guggle, gug-guggle" chorus, and didn't we jest give it tongue, With a toe-and-heel-table-thump shindy, till everythink rattled and rung!

By this time I was fair on the chirp, and you know I've a fine tenner vice, So I offered to pipe 'em a stave, and they didn't want offering twice.

I fetched 'em with "Halice, where Hart Thou?" You see portymento's my mark,

And I treacled it hout in such style that I put arf their stars in the dark.

They now call me the local SIMS REEVES, mate, and "Ave you 'eard 'ARRY's top O?"

Is a question the Puffers all put to new-comers, in course meaning me. I'm a P. P. myself, and I tell you these "Smokers" are not arf bad fun, And I'm sure I don't wonder a mite that they 'ave sech a general run.

This combining of larks and of lotion with 'Armony seems a good egg. There's no bloomin' restraint, dontcher see, and the Music's a sort of a peg To 'ang pipes and companionship on. There ain't nothink a chap can enjy If he has to set two 'ours or more on his manners, and pipeless, and dry.

Monday Pops, Ballad Concerts, and that like are rare tommy-rot to a man Who cannot be 'appy ten minutes away from his pipe and his can, And we're most of us built that way, CHARLIE. Lor' bless yer, I wouldn't much mind

Even Church-going, once in a way, if yer needn't leave baccy behind.

And then there's the freedom, the spice,—no Lord Chamberling there dontcher see—

And the fine Tory tone,—ain't hus Puffers jest down upon W. G.?— And if any juggins objects to the shindy, the volumes of smoke, And the warm little bits in the songs, I should say, "O, go 'ome and eat coke!"

Yus, CHARLIE, I've dropped among dittos at Peckham. I don't like the place, For it isn't quite up to my form; there are too many Rads in the race.

But hus Puffers are reglar Randolphins. Ah! you should jest 'ear young BARRY,

Sing "William the Wicked Old Woodman!" It's nuts to yours scrumptiously, 'ARRY.

THEATRICAL NOTE.—MR. CHARLES WYNDHAM, having sown his *Wild Oats* as Rover the strolling actor, will on Saturday evening next, "attempt the touch" of the Criterion Theatre as Garrick Actor and Manager.



A PESSIMIST.

Exemplary Clerk. "CAN I HAVE A WEEK'S HOLIDAY, IF YOU PLEASE, SIR? A—A DOMESTIC AFFLICTION, SIR—"

Employer. "OH, CERTAINLY, YES, MR.—DEAR ME, I'M VERY SORRY! 'NEAR RELATIVE!'"

Clerk. "AH—YE—N'—THAT IS—YOU MISUNDERST—WHAT I MEAN, SIR—I'M GOING TO BE MARRIED!"

"A CRUEL HOAX."

MR. PUNCH, SIR,—The gravity of what has recently occurred here warrants me, I feel sure, in addressing you and laying before you a case fully as strange as, though less romantic than, that of *Dr. Jekyll* and *Mr. Hyde*. I am butler in a nobleman's family, where I have resided for upwards of ten years. The other day a young gentleman came to stay in the house. He was well, though not fashionably, dressed. I have called him a gentleman, and I treated him as such, little dreaming how unlike one he would prove to be. Instead of deputing a footman to wait upon him (as I had serious thoughts of doing at first), I myself called him in the morning, and prepared his bath. It was I who congratulated him (in a deferential manner) upon the excellence of his shooting—for, the few days he was with us, he fairly astonished the keepers; it was I who handed him his hat and gloves when, after a week's stay, he took his departure. You will, I am sure, Sir, consider with me that such attentions deserved recognition, and that an acknowledgment which took a pecuniary form might, under the

circumstances, best meet the case. On leaving our house this young gentleman (!) did indeed make me a present. He pressed a coin into my hand, and the etiquette of our profession forbids us, as you are doubtless aware, to scrutinise money so bestowed in the presence of the donor. But, when alone, I glanced at what I had received, and you may form a faint picture of my horror when I found that my hand held nothing more valuable than a single shilling!

Feeling that silence on such a matter would be criminal, I have thought it my duty to trace these lines, and I am yours, &c.
JAMES PARKINS.

Grandee Castle, Swaggerton.

P.S. Would you kindly mention the matter to your worthy contributor, "ROBERT?" I should like to have his opinion on the subject.

THE BLUE-STOCKING CLUB.

"There is a talk," says the *Athenaeum*, "of establishing in London a Club for Ladies on the model of the University Clubs. Membership will be confined to those who have studied at Girton or Newnham, or at Lady Margaret's, or Somerville Hall, or have taken degrees at London University."

EMANCIPATION of the Sex!

Egad, they're getting on, that's certain;

A fogey's soul 'twould surely vex,

This Club for Newnham and for Girton.

The world in wonderment will see

No single male within their fortress;

The butler will a spinster be,

And the hall-porter be a portress.

They'll ape Club life, lay ten to four,

And have a sweep on all the races;

Swift cabs shall stand before the door,

To bear them off to distant places.

From mild cigar or cigarette,

On tiny trays they'll drop the hot ash;

I wonder will they ever get

As far as whiskey and a potash?

They'll play at whist, and find it tame,

Without much fashionable prattle,

Not quite "the rigour of the game,"

As relished by great SARAH BATTLE.

O'er billiard-tables they will bow

With grace, and send the swift balls

spinning;

We may not see them; yet avow

A lady's hazards should be "winning."

They'll gather round the fire at night,

And when she brings the lamps or candles,

The maid will listen with delight

To all the latest little scandals.

"Lord A.'s eloped with Mrs. B."

"Miss C.'s a person most improper;"

"And as for gallivanting D.,

Her husband can do naught to stop her."

A Ladies' Club! I wonder how

Our great-grandmothers would have

viewed it?

With scorn and corrugated brow

One fancies they would have eschewed it.

But fashions change, and ladies claim

Equality—it's really shocking;

And since their Club must have a name,

Punch hereby dubs it "The Blue-

Stocking."

How to BEAR IT.—It was formerly believed that bears, during the period of hibernation, kept themselves alive by sucking their paws. This expedient is commended to the attention of Signor Succi (no, Sir, not pronounced "Sucky"), and the other performers who are now attracting public attention by their Fast'idious proceedings.



CONCLUSION OF "THE COLINDERIES."

Mrs. Britannia. "GOOD-BYE, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN. THANK YOU SO MUCH FOR COMING TO MY GARDEN PARTY, AND STILL MORE FOR THE AMUSEMENT YOU HAVE AFFORDED MY GUESTS. I REGRET THAT PROFESSOR AUSTRALIA HAS NOT HAD A BETTER OPPORTUNITY OF EXHIBITING HIS INEXHAUSTIBLE BOTTLE. BUT, PERHAPS, ON SOME FUTURE OCCASION I MAY HAVE THE PLEASURE—ADIEU—AU REVOIR,"
[And "The Colinderies" are closed accordingly.]

PARIS CAUGHT TRIPPING.

MY DEAR MR. PUNCH,

You may remember that on Wednesday last, you were kind enough to suggest that as you were unable to accept an invitation to dinner for the following day, I should represent you. "They are very nice people," you observed, "and I think if you have no prior engagement, you will have a very pleasant evening." I immediately

assented, expecting to hear that the hosts you had so kindly transferred to me, lived in South Kensington, or perhaps the Regent's Park. "Well, no," you replied, when I mentioned those favourite localities, "not exactly. The fact is, I am, that is to say, you are, asked to dine in Paris, and you must start from Victoria at twenty minutes to ten sharp to-morrow morning." I must admit for the moment I was flabbergasted, but quickly recovering my elf, I accepted my mission. Having for years experienced a stron wish

to give up food-taking, I thought that if I once got to "the gay city," I might visit one or other of the "fasting men," (perhaps both) and take a few hints from them as to the best mode of carrying out my self-sacrificing, but economical intention.

So, as 9'40 appeared on the clock at the Continental Express platform, I seated myself in a most comfortable saloon carriage and pondered. I felt a very heavy responsibility—I had to represent you. Your reputation was so to speak, in my hands, and if I said a foolish thing or repeated an old joke in your capacity, I knew that incalculable damage might be done to your *prestige*. Fortunately my fellow-travellers were as genial as they were intellectual. One seemed to be known as AUGUSTUS DEBRUIOLANUS, another was not only an accomplished writer, but also an advocate of the highest rank, (he had defended a great Oriental rebel with consummate tact and cleverness) and a third was a famous journalist. Need I say that in such company I, as representing you, was at my best? I sparkled with your jokes, and some of them, I repeat some of them, my companions declared they had never heard before.*

We left Dover by the new and admirable steamer, the *Victoria*, in a dense fog. It was an anxious moment. Harbour, castle, cliffs, and sea disappeared. We were lost! Suddenly the cloud lifted, and we found that the vapour was merely the smoke of the 80-ton gun! Our gallant bark (I do not know whether a steamboat comes within the category, but no matter) sped on. Many of those on board were under the powerful protection of one of the greatest combinations of modern times—"The International Sleeping-Car and European Express Trains Company," and, thanks to the exertions of this product of nineteenth-century civilisation, three officers and two privates of the French Douane had been induced to accompany us with a view of examining our luggage *en route*. But, praise be to Neptune, the sea was too much for these representatives of the Customs, and instead of examining the luggage, they lay on their backs on deck, sipping spirits, groaning, and, no doubt, thinking of their respective mothers. As a parting salute, when we had got about four miles across, the 80-ton gun sent a shell after us. It will surprise no one accustomed to the many shortcomings of the Ordnance Department, to learn that the missile missed us!

At Calais we were met by our hosts. And now, with your permission, I will throw off all disguise, and admit that the invitation to dinner which was given to you, and transferred to me, came from that noblest outcome of the brightest intelligence, and the truest philanthropy, "The International Sleeping-Car and European Express Trains Company," to which I have already alluded, who, from the moment of our setting foot upon French soil, took us in hand, and generally did for us. We were ushered into some excellent carriages, of the build of PULLMAN, only more so. We were invited to partake of an admirable breakfast, and for hours my view of *la belle France* was bounded on the North by *consommé aux œufs*, on the West by *filet de bœuf*, on the East by *vins rouge et blanc*, and on the South by *café noir* and *la chasse*. The time flew, and, before we knew where we were, we were in Paris. The ordinary tedious journey, so well known to every traveller, disappeared, and, in its place, we spent some of the gayest moments imaginable. Journalists of all shades of opinion fraternised, and the representatives of the two great English Railway Companies buried all differences, and, so to speak, fell upon one another's necks and wept with joy. It was a most touching sight, and I (as your representative) was most painfully affected.

At Paris (reached at a quarter-past six) we descended, leaving the admirable train, with all its comforts, to proceed to the South of France in peace. Two hours later we presented ourselves at the Café de la Paix, and by haughtily describing ourselves as "Sleeping-Car-men," were obsequiously shown into a magnificent apartment, from whence we proceeded to the banquet. Emphatically, the dinner was a dinner! The rest was silence and a new ballet at the Eden Theatre. I was not sorry to represent you, and never appreciated more fully, my dear Mr. Punch, the proud privilege of signing myself

CHARLES—YOUR FRIEND.

* "Very good, my fine fellow," said Mr. Crummles, shaking his fist at the comic countryman, who had spoilt one of Mrs. Crummles' finest effects, "you leave this company next Saturday night." Mr. Punch trusts that "his friend—CHARLES" will appreciate the moral of the quotation.—ED.

ADVICE GRATIS.—MEDICAL.

By Our Own Fellow of the Royal College of Physicians (*Chattanooga*).

PAUPER, WHITECHAPEL ROAD.—Your system wants raising. Go to Brighton or Folkestone for a week or two. Drink dry Champagne. Also purchase my book on "*Dyspepsia, its Cause and Cure*," price Five Shillings. Report when better.

S. G.—Your ailments proceed from liver. Take, first thing every morning, a solution of compound iodide of potassium and salicylic acid, a table-spoonful at a time. Then have a brisk walk, of not less than fifteen miles, calling at the Undertaker's on the way, as you will probably need his services before night. Don't eat any breakfast!

You ask what your dinner should consist of. If you find that you want any dinner, eat moderately of raw potatoes, calves' foot jelly, horse-radish, ipecacuanha lozenges, and Nabob pickles. For supper take nothing but fruit, the greener and harder the better. If troubled by dreams, don't sleep at all!

INCURABLE.—1. No. 2. Yes. 3. You can easily be cured by soap and water. 4. "A dip in the Thames once every two months or so," is not enough to remove impurities from the skin—it would rather tend to increase them.

TRUE PHILANTHROPY.

In this age of selfishness and want of sympathy, it is doubly gratifying to find a thorough stranger taking such an amount of affectionate interest in my personal appearance, as would be somewhat unusual even in a maternal parent. I am not, I am quite ready to admit, largely blest with personal beauty, but I have passed



Cheering him up. "Hip" Band and Knee Caps.

through a rather lengthened period of existence without any of my numerous friends ever having called my attention to my special personal defects. In fact, I should have considered such a proceeding as somewhat wanting in good taste, and yet, strange to say, a perfect stranger has ventured to do so, but with the kindest and most philanthropic motives. Having, apparently, been struck with my somewhat remarkable personal appearance, and ascertained who I am, he has kindly sent to me a list of my defects as compared with the type of manly beauty exhibited to us in the Apollo Belvidere, and has also shown me, in the clearest possible manner, how they can all be easily remedied! With what result I need not further explain.

He commences with my figure, which, he somewhat unnecessarily informs me, is somewhat below the height of ideal excellence; but, he somewhat strangely adds, fortunately my legs are not perfectly straight, therefore, what easier than to straighten them, and so at the same time increase my stature. How is this to be accomplished? Nothing simpler. Merely use Knee Caps and Hip Bands, and so improve my figure and increase my height.

My attention is next called to the undoubted fact that my fingers do not quite realise BYRON's idea when he wrote:—"For on more thorough-bred or fairy fingers, Time never set the seal of Gentleman,"

they being indeed rather thick and stumpy. To remedy this sad defect, all I have to do is to use a trough or cradle, of most ingenious manufacture, for a few successive nights, when I shall be rewarded with fingers of exquisite symmetry and nails rivaling the filbert-nut in shape!

I now come to the most important feature of my face, what my unknown friend delicately names my "nasal promontory." This he assures me is capable of great improvement as to form, and being most decidedly what he delicately calls florid in colour, I am informed, to my great joy, that by merely applying the Nose Machine to the cartilage of what I am afraid I must call my decided snub, it will become not merely symmetrical, but actually a thing of beauty, and a joy for ever! while its florid character will be entirely removed by merely tightening the pores, thickening the flesh, and making the skin more opaque, and all this can be done without inconvenience or discomfort.

I am much pleased that my eyes, in the opinion of my unknown critic, are very fine and do not require any "Eye Colour," and I am beginning to think that what with my Knee Caps, and my Hip Bands, and my Finger Cradles, and my Nose Machine, and its Florid Eradicator, I shall, when full dressed for bed, have quite enough responsibility cast upon me to make a quiet night's rest somewhat problematical. However, the reward I am to gain is so great, its success so certain, and the expense so comparatively trifling, that I feel it a duty I owe to Society to so improve my personal appearance as to make me, when entering the halls of my many friends, at any rate one of the observed of all observers.



A Decided Snub.



A Night with a Cradle.



'Eye Colour.

J. LITVÉ.

SELF-PROTECTION.

SIR.—Possessing a valuable plated tea-pot and sundry other costly articles, calculated to attract the attention of local burglars, the sudden withdrawal by Sir CHARLES WARREN of Police protection from suburban residences, has obliged me to take certain precautions for the defence of my own premises, a brief recapitulation of which may serve to give confidence to such of your readers as, though similarly circumstanced, may yet be at a loss to know how to provide against the contingency of an attack by the professional housebreaker. The precautionary measures I have adopted are simple enough. To begin with, I have had all the windows of my house, a detached villa, standing back from the road in about a quarter of an acre of shrubbery, provided with WILSON AND HEMMING'S Patent Steel-Roller Blinds, and these which are firmly closed shortly before dusk, are all connected by electric wires with an indicating Chinese gong fixed directly under the bed in my sleeping chamber. The slightest vibration from wind or the passing of a cab down the road, causes a resounding alarm, and so effectively does it work that I, who sleep in my boots with a revolver under my pillow and two loaded double-barrelled rifles by my bedside, have since I have tried the arrangement, been aroused as many as twenty times during the same night by the repeated summons; were, therefore, a burglar to present himself, I should be well prepared for him.

But these are not the only preventive measures I have taken. Within my garden in the flower-beds, and in the very path itself, I have every night set spring dynamite traps that explode on the slightest touch, and the milkman whom I had forgotten to warn, and my uncle returning from a theatre and mistaking the directions I had given him, both have involuntarily testified to the excellent working of the apparatus by getting themselves partially blown up by a too hasty and incautious approach to the front door. Nor does this complete the list of all I have done for the due protection of my household, for I have, moreover, purchased a complete policeman's uniform, in which disguised, and armed with a whistle and truncheon, I frequently, between the hours of 1 and 5 A.M., patrol the immediate neighbourhood, and mark out, and zealously adhere to my own selected beats.

As yet, my house has not been attacked; but I would strongly urge those of my neighbours who feel as I do that Sir CHARLES WARREN's recent fiat has left them at the enterprising burglar's mercy, to lose no time in providing against a probable contingency by adopting the preventive measures practised hitherto with complete success by your correspondent, who provisionally subscribes himself,

Your obedient servant,

ON GUARD.

SALVAGE SMALL TALK.

The Girl, whose "note" is rudeness, to Neighbour who has begun to think her decidedly original and amusing. Do you know—I've been trying to picture what you were like as a baby?

He (flattered at this mark of interest). Have you? I'm afraid I can't help you there.

She. Oh, I've settled it now—you were a lovely baby!

He (with a mental note that these odd Girls can be rather agreeable, when they choose). No,—was I, though?

She. Yes—you were too sweet for words—with a nice little fat neck, and corals round it!

Herr Grunzenbär. Ven I vas in Vienna I knew him ver well. He vas my most indimate friendt.

Neighbour. You liked him then?

Herr G. (with much decision). Nod-at-all!

The Old Gentleman who has the finest Claret in the Kingdom, to Hostess who thinks they give you the nicest Wine at a Pastry-cook's. . . Well, so I asked him to dinner, and when they brought in the coffee, I looked at him—and I give you my word, I saw him sipping it with my Lafitte—at the same time, if you please—the same time! Hostess. How dreadful, dear Mr. STOCKBEN! That delicious coffee of yours!

Amateur Democrat to a Miss Hawtayne. So you saw those first West-End riots? And weren't you impressed by the stern rebuke the Unemployed administered to a heartless parade of costly luxuries?

Miss Hawtayne. It did not occur to me to look at it in that light.

A. D. Then may I inquire in what light you did look at it?

Miss H. I thought it was their idea of an afternoon's shopping.

Professor Pinchase, to Lady who has told him quite a new variety of Ghost-story. And he saw his candle reflected in the Appearance's brass-buttons,—did he? That's very interesting. Might I ask—would you feel at liberty to give me your authority for that case?

The Lady. Certainly—you will find it in an old Christmas Annual!

Young Mr. Callowstuff (rusticated from Magdalen, Oxford), to Miss Hypatia Cosin (late of Girton). No, but they tell me that there are some quite old women at Girton—now is that so, really, you know?

Miss Hypatia Cosin (handsome and over twenty-nine). In my time, I think, the eldest would be about thirty.

Mr. C. That's what I mean, don't you know! And did they go in for exams., and schools, and triposes, and things?

Miss H. C. Certainly they did!

Mr. C. Plucky old things! [Wonders how he could ever have thought it was hard to get on with a Clever Girl.]

OLD STAPLES INN.

A BALLAD FOR THE BUILDER.

GOOD shade of JOHNSON, this way bend
Your steps; for is there any doubt,

Were you but here, you'd straight-way send,
The builder to the right-about.

Nor let him come with spade and pick,
To bring the hoary gables down,

And of its ancient land-marks trick
The all too unsuspecting town.

So, hither turn; for sure 'twere sin,
To cart away Old Staples Inn.

And yet this deed they contemplate;
As if, amidst the hue and cry,

All living men must under-rate
The relics of the years gone by.

So let them choose another site,
Their storey'd mansion front to rear.

If time in bricks must trace its flight,
Let it not mark its passage here.

So say, not yet shall they begin,
To cart away old Staples Inn.

LOR' MAYER'S DAY.

M. MAYER has chosen his time well. The Mayor of London gave his Show on Tuesday, the Ninth, but the MAYER of Paris was beforehand with his Show on Saturday, the Sixth. So for this week, and,

indeed, if the entertainment at Her Majesty's meets with the success such an enterprise deserves, for several weeks to come London will be quite a Mayor's Nest—the Lord Mayor in the East, and Her Majesty's MAYER in the West. Well—"the mair the merrier." Mr. Punch is able to congratulate the MAYER of Paris on the company he has brought over from Paris. As far as the principals were concerned, the representation of *Faust* was nearly all that could be desired. Mme. FIDES DEVRIES looked and sang charmingly as *Marguerite*. M. VERGNET is about as good a *Faust* as Mr. Punch can remember; a trifle stout for the gay reguvenated Doctor, but, as the size round the waist was not mentioned in the bond, perhaps *Mephistopheles*, who, on this occasion, is not the slimmest sprite conceivable, took his own measurement as a good "all round" model, and produced a

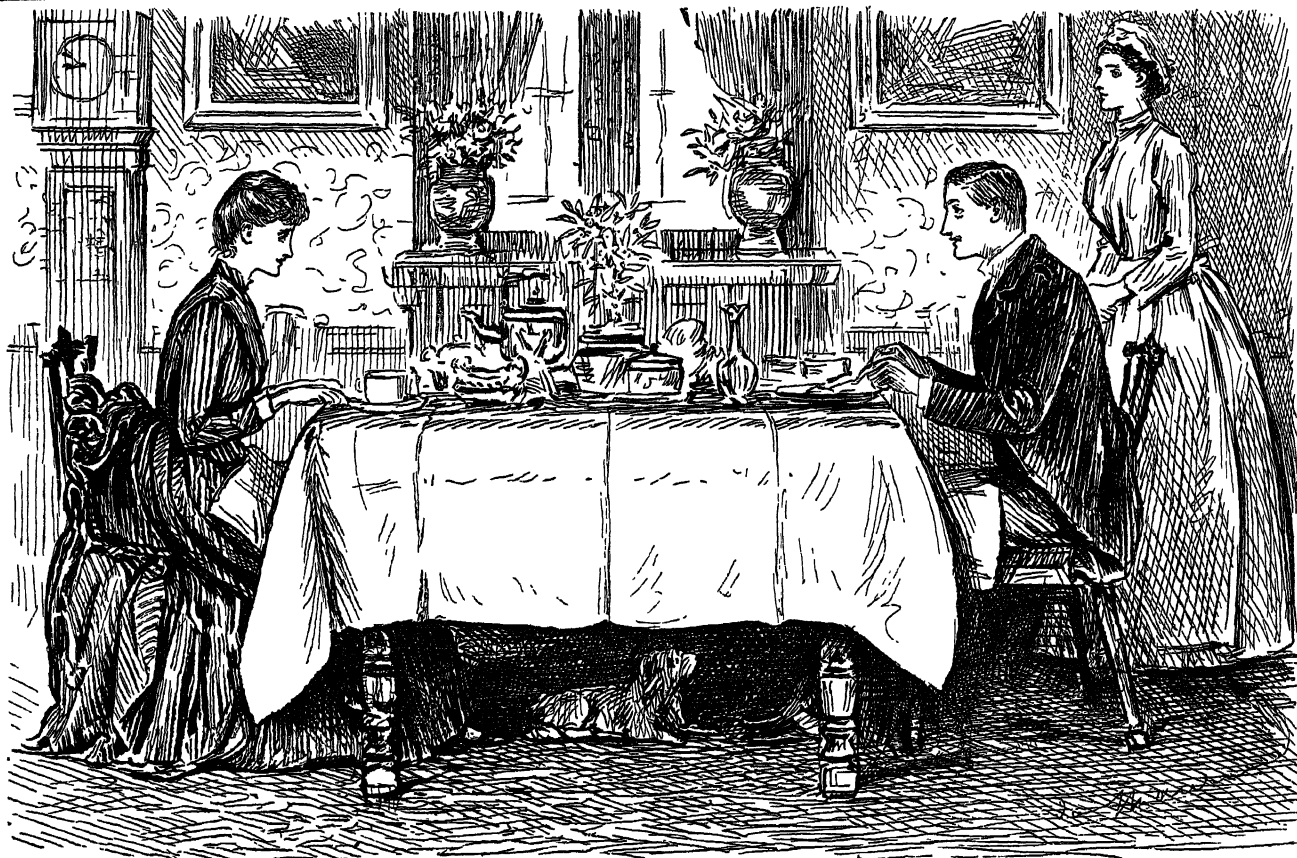


"robust tenor." Only two better *Mephistos* than M. DAUPHIN (it ought to be "Monseigneur," and he played right royally) has Mr. Punch seen, and, of those two, one was FAURE. The choruses were rather weak, but the orchestra excellent. *Les Cloches de Corneville*, the best of all modern comic operas, is announced for Thursday night, and Mr. Punch feels certain that, if the choruses be well drilled by then, the performance, with M. SIMON MAX and Mlle. GIRARD in their original parts, ought to be a real treat. *Salut, my Lor' MAYER.*

CELEBRATIONS OF THE 5TH OF NOVEMBER.

THE Quarterly Reviewers carried about an effigy of Mr. Gosse, crammed with rubbish and a few fireworks. It had been intended to explode him altogether, but on consultation it was decided not to let him off.

Mr. GEORGE GROSSMITH informed our interviewer that, being carried about all day in a chair, unsteadily, and hearing boys shouting close to his ear was, he found, and speaking for himself alone, far more trying to the nerves, and infinitely more exhausting, than playing in one of the Savoy Operas for any number of nights. Of course to be out in the open air all day was good for his health, but his only exercise consisted of holding on to the sides of the chair. Last Friday, he added, was an exceptionally unpleasant day, but though it rained all the time and was horribly muddy, yet as his feet never once touched the ground, he was enabled to keep them fairly dry.



CIRCUMSTANTIAL EVIDENCE

Edwin. "I'VE JUST FOUND A SHOT IN MY BIT OF THE PARTRIDGE!"

Angelina. "HOW ODD! SO HAVE I. POOR THING—THEY'VE HAD TO SHOOT IT TWICE!"

THE "LEADING TRAGEDIAN."

HA! ha! At last! All comes indeed to him
Who will but wait. And I have waited, yes,
Long waited, waited wearily but well;
And now my hour has come: *I* take the stage.
Where fribbles long have footed it, *I* stride,
I front the footlights, *I* await the hum
Of welcome, and the thunders of applause!

Ho! ho! Who said that I was crushed,
effaced,
Played off the stage by youthful popinjays,
Like poor *Polonius* *LDDESLEIGH*? Go to!
I am of other mettle. True, most true,
That he, the Garrick of St. Stephen's boards,
Who sock and buskin wore with equal ease,
Played the whole round from farce to tragedy,
Was *Diddler*, *Surface*, *Courtly*, or *Macbeth*,
All—save himself—'tis true he played me
down,

And drew me in his train, as minor star,
Who once had raged as rival and as foe.
But the great Groundling-tickler is no more.
Shall I play second fiddle to his ape,—
His pinchbeck imitator? No, by Styx!
No *Pistol*'s part for me a second time.
I am in *Ercles*' vein.

What did he say,
Hughenden's *Roscius*? Great occasions call
For "words of truth and reason." Year by
year
November's Ninth and civic splendour cry
For a great Voice to speak them. Showman
squeak
Or Cheap Jack patter may at Dartford do
To dish or to decoy; but great Guildhall
Cries for grave oracles of swelling sound

From "men of light and leading." And *I*
lead,
Lead still—though some may call me heavy.
Bah!

Feathers for tickling, sceptres for true sway!
A time *has* come. O my prophetic soul,
Did I not know it would? Light insolence
In motley and cock's feather may appear
Imperious, all-pervading; Chanticleer,
With swelling crest and cock-a-doodle shrill,
May fatuously deem he is the morn.
He only heralds; but, when *Phœbus* comes,
Aurora knows her master and her king
Hails from the heavens, and not the stable—
The sky and not the poultry-yard. [heap;

Where is he *now*, the Crichton of the crowd?
He shines alone, and cares not to encounter
The chances of eclipse. Confound him, yes;
A doosed artful dodge!—that is, I mean,
A most astute device. He is astute
And *does* bring down the house. Declares
forsooth

That I agree with him, not he with me,
As I were in his *troupe*, not he in mine.
Well, well, the hour is mine, the stage is lit,
The curtain's up, the banquet scene is set,
The house expectant waits the leading Star.
No more need I dissemble. Off, dusk cloak,
Disguising wrappage! Silence hang no more
Upon my palsied tongue! Up eyebrows! Lift
Long-pendent head! Averted face gaze forth
Upon the waiting citizens, who list
For deep-lunged accents, declamation high,
And speech oracular! The leading *rôle*
Is mine once more, once more will I shine
forth,
And with the world with noble leadership!

"SAINT LUDMILA."

MR. PUNCH, in a brief notice of a lengthy
Oratorio, observed last week that "the Com-
poser was certainly in love with his libretto
when setting it to music: each line is dwelt
upon, reiterated, and only relinquished with
regret." This was the effect on hearing it;
but when the libretto itself was subsequently
submitted to *Mr. Punch* by "a Lover of
Good Music and Common Sense"—"and"
he might have added, "Common Time"—
as the length of this work occupied an uncom-
mon time—who had previously reviewed it in
the *Pall Mall Gazette*, *Mr. Punch* feels him-
self bound to give additional emphasis to
his former remark, and say that the Composer
must have been so over-head-and-ears in love
with this libretto, which is quite unworthy
of his passion, as to have become entirely
blind to its glaring faults. So that there
was, as there always is, even in *Mr. Punch*'s
lightest *obiter dicta*, a far deeper meaning in
Mr. P.'s original observation than would be
at once seized by the merely cursory or the
wilfully obtuse reader.

New Problem in Social Dynamics.

THE Kyrle Society by Art would gain
Esthetic influence o'er the working classes;
They're trying by the power of a CRANE
To "elevate the masses."

It is good news for the Nationalists, who
wish to "ring the knell" of Protestant domi-
nation, that their *SEXTON* holds the Bel-fast!



THE "LEADING TRAGEDIAN."

SCENE—At the Lord Mayor's Banquet, November 9th.

"A TIME HAS COME! . . . I KNEW IT WOULD! . . . I NEED NO LONGER DISSEMBLE! . . . HA! HA!"



THE IMPERIAL INSTITUTE.

H.R.H. "MUCH OBLIGED FOR YOUR HINTS, MR. PUNCH. I'VE ACTED UPON THEM, AND HAVE GOT TOGETHER A PRETTY FAIR REPRESENTATIVE COMMITTEE, OF WHICH I HOPE YOU APPROVE."

Mr. Punch. "ALL GOOD MEN, AND TRUE, SIR. TO ADAPT THE PHRASEOLOGY OF OUR ESTEEMED FRIEND, MR. J. L. TOOLE, I SHOULD SAY, 'KEEP YOUR EYE ON YOUR PUNCH, AND YOUR PUNCH WILL PULL YOU THROUGH.' I WISH YOUR ROYAL HIGHNESS SUCCESS, AND MANY HAPPY RETURNS OF THE NINTH OF NOVEMBER."

FOR THE SAKE OF THE LITTLE ONES.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,

WITH your proverbial kindness you suggested that I should undergo a course of "juvenile amusements," preparatory to the return of the children from school for the Christmas Holidays, which are now within measurable distance. I consequently looked through the list of entertainments, and selected amongst others, the Albert Palace, Battersea Park, where I understood that "The Revels of Kenilworth in the time of the Good Queen Bess," were to be represented on a scale sufficiently grand to include the admission of a Cavalry band with silver kettle-drums, (necessarily) on horseback. When I had taken my place in the reserved seats of the Circus, I found myself in the presence of several young gentlemen in full evening-dress, as worn at Court (tail-coats and knee-breeches), who were giving what is called a "Drawing-room Entertainment." Their gorgeous costume was explained by their programme, which certainly required a saloon only to be found in a Royal palace for its performance.

One of their "drawing-room" feats, was to make a ladder of themselves by standing on one another's shoulders, and then to topple over *en bloc*. What would become of the chandelier during this daring manœuvre, it is difficult to conjecture. However, the entertainment was extremely amusing, and on the whole, more intellectual either than waltzing or flirting. Another feature was the clever riding and leaping of Miss BOURNE, a lady of much grace and courage.

This performance was succeeded by several other very pleasing items, including a number of interesting Clowns. I am sorry to say that I did not ascertain the identity of any of these witty gentlemen, although given every chance by the Master of the Ring, who obligingly repeated their names very frequently. Thus, when a Clown had fallen down, the courteous official with the whip would exclaim, "Dear me, Snooks! We have had a fall, Snooks!" Upon which the Clown would ask some supremely absurd question, which the Ring-Master would repeat somewhat in this fashion—"Can I tell you, Snooks, why you are like a mince-pie, Snooks, in your present

recumbent position, Snooks? No, indeed, I cannot, Snooks." And so on. Some of these admirable *farceurs* had the initials of their names introduced into their motley, but even this did not help me.

After a vast amount of entertainment of most excellent quality had been presented to us, the time came for the arrival of the *cortège* with the cavalry band. The musicians made their appearance (their horses being led by grooms) and the gayest among the gay, was the player on "the silver kettle-drums." This talented performer seemed to revel in his task, and thumped the parchment with a good humoured smile, that was absolutely exhilarating.

The "revels" were all that they should have been, and their patronage by "good Queen Bess" served as a proof (if one were needed) of the great sagacity of that most renowned of sovereign ladies and stateswomen. There were several "knights" (who apparently had gone to the same costumier for their dresses) who most obligingly assaulted one another, with the utmost fury, with sticks, bladders, and other harmless weapons, for the entertainment of the public. Apart from these gallant gentlemen was an individual in extremely showy armour, who called himself "The Black Knight," but whose performances were scarcely equal to the anticipation raised by the magnificence of his apparel. However, taken as a whole, as I have already said, the entire entertainment was most satisfactory, and I imagine, as a means for conveying in a pleasing form historic truths to the young, might, with a little ingenuity, be easily converted into a highly valuable auxiliary to the School Board.

Besides the Palace of Delights at Battersea, I have been to the glass-house at Sydenham, where I was pleased to renew my acquaintance with Mme. KATTI LANNIER's pupils in a pleasant ballet. From this it must not be thought that I danced myself. On the contrary, I was only (when I was a little regardless of the exact position of neighbouring toes in hurrying to the station) the cause of dancing in others.

Yours respectfully,

A PERAMBULATING PLEASURE-SEEKER.

"THE DISPENSING POWER IN KERRY."—The *Times* approves of Dr. BULLER's prescriptions, but objects to his setting up a dispensary.

PAPER-KNIFE POEMS.

(By Our Special Book-Marker.)

"THE GOLDEN LAND."

YOU'LL hear them tell of *The Golden Land*.
By FARJEON. The Children, a happy band,
Will read it with pleasure o'er and o'er,
"The Golden Land: from shore to shore."
They'll hunt on the bookshelves and go quite wild,
If you say, "'Tis not there, 'tis not there! my child!"
So if you'd be tranquil, take TOMMY and go
To the publishers named WARD, LOCK & Co.
And TOMMY will tell how the publishers smiled,
When you bought it, and cried, "It is there, my child!"

"THE NINE OF HEARTS."

The *Nine of Hearts* is about as exciting
As anything FARJEON's lately been writing.
WARD, to his partner LOCK will say,
"The *Nine of Hearts* is the trump to play."

Popular Pornography.

MR. BESLEY cheerfully says that "the people of England are not likely to be corrupted by literature published in a language they do not understand," namely, French. Quite so. Perhaps that is why so much of the most "pornographic" of it is now being literally translated for them in cheap volumes boastfully announced as "the only complete and unexcised editions," and exposed for sale on all our bookstalls. "Un-excised" forsooth! The Excise might do some good here, if it were in its power to interfere, instead of being so hard on our handy, companionable, but slightly piratical, Tauchnitz volumes, as is one of its "customs." The Laureate once spoke of "Art with poisonous honey stol'n from France."

Stolen? Oh, dear, no! Only translated—much of it.

THE SULTAN INTERVIEWED BY MR. CHAMBERLAIN (through the Interpreter).—The SULTAN, Sir, he say, "By the beard of the Prophet, but the Infidel dog of a Christian with three eyes* hath a fair plan for an Egyptian policy. His name, too, is of good omen, for the most successful management in Egypt on record was that of JOSEPH. I have spoken. Where is my fez? On my head be it! Farewell."

* Probably an allusion to the single eyeglass.—Ed.



INFELICITOUS QUOTATIONS.

Fair Widow. "YES, THAT IS MY HUSBAND—THE BEST, THE KINDEST, THE CLEVEREST OF—"

Jones. "AH, YES, MY DEAR MADAM. AS THE DIVINE WORDSWORTH SAYS—"

"THE GOOD DIE FIRST;
WHILE THOSE WHOSE HEARTS ARE DRY AS SUMMER DUST
BURN TO THE SOCKETS!"

A NEW TRADE DIRECTORY.

ONE day last week that excellent evening journal, the *St. James's Gazette*, contained a most interesting account of the family and pedigree of the new Lord Mayor, who, as everybody knows, is the Hon. Colonel of the Royal London Militia (old style), a Master of Arts of Cambridge, an old Rugbeian, and most respectable tradesman somewhere in the neighbourhood of the Tower. Nowadays, when Socialism is abroad, and Republicanism rampant, it is most desirable that the traditions of the past should be preserved. Under these circumstances—following in the wake of our anti-radical Contemporary—we are about to compile a *Dream of the Counter*, which will serve as a companion volume to that admirable compilation, *The Romance of the Peerage*. The following is a sample of the scope of the proposed work:—

CROSSWELL AND BLACK. Descended from two gallant Crusaders, who flourished in the time of EDWARD THE FIRST. On account of their many deeds of valour, they jointly adopted the Motto of "Pickles."

MAREE AND DATIN. Also descended from the followers of PETER the Hermit. They invariably wore polished armour, of a sable hue, and were known for the interest they took in extending their sway over the blacks.

EAD AND SWANDER. The ancestor of the first of these families no doubt was called HEAD, and the prefixed aspirate has been lost in the mist of centuries spent in the atmosphere of British industry. The SWANDERS are descended from the ancient Romans, to whom, at a critical moment, were intrusted the defence of the Capitol. The representatives of EAD AND SWANDER attended WILLIAM THE FIRST on the occasion of his late Majesty's visit to England in 1066. The yard shaft—the emblem of these families—is a reminiscence of the arrows used at the Battle of Hastings.

SOORE AND MAVOURY. The ancestors of these two families were renowned for their opposition to the acts of the Borgias. From this it will be seen that they were of foreign extraction, belonging, indeed, to a noble Italian race. They came over to England on the fall of the Venetian Republic, and the career of their descendants necessitating the mixture of much bitter with a little sweet, the family motto was gradually assumed, until it became firmly established. It is unnecessary to say that the well-known device is *Pil admirari*.

That the projected volume may be as complete as possible, contributions are earnestly requested. Letters should be addressed, *To the Editor, Puzzle Department, 85, Fleet Street.*

No ORIGINALITY!—It is noteworthy that the only London bookseller who deals in English dramatic literature is FRENCH.

WAR'S ALARMS.

THE following brief authentic account of the French Ambassador's interview with Lord IDDESLEIGH last week, as accepted by the whole of the inspired French Press, will probably be read on this side of the Channel with interest:—

An Apartment in the Bureau of the Ministry of Foreign Affairs, London.

Le Lord Iddeleigh (showing to the door M. RUSTEM PASHA, and bowing with effusion of welcomes to the Ambassador of France). And now, my dear M. WADDINGTON, having put a flea into the ear of my excellent Turkish friend, tell me what is there I can do for you? Pray be seated. (*Offers to him an arm-chair.*) Ha! I divine rightly, do I not? It is some little bagatelle of the Fisheries Question that brings you?

M. Waddington (with a coldness of demeanour). No, Milord, it is not a bagatelle of the Fisheries Question that brings me. Nor any bagatelle, but a matter grave, portentous, and of supreme pressure. In one word, Milord, I have come to speak to you of Egypt.

Le Lord Iddeleigh (turning pale and proceeding with a smile that is forced). Of Egypt? Ha! ha! Oh, the subject is quite shocking, as we say! Ha! ha! and what, my dear Monsieur, have you to speak to me of about Egypt? (*With eagerness.*) The last coupon was paid in full. Your French Bondholders received all their interest. Eh? is it not so, my good friend?

M. Waddington (firmly and with incision). It is not Milord, the French Bondholders that you have to satisfy, but France. Listen, Milord, France is aggrieved. She is wounded in her honour, and can no longer endure a position odious and insupportable. She does

not wish to intervene herself. She has other work for her heroic troops, and conceives another destiny for her glorious flag. But she can no longer tolerate the presence there of another Power. She feels it as a humiliation to her pride, an insult to her sovereignty. Milord, France has made up her mind, and calm and confident in the justice of her demand, insists on one thing—the Evacuation.

Le Lord Iddeleigh (trembling, and holding, with effort, to the back of a sofa). The Evacuation! Ah! you surely do not understand, my good friend. She could not press for that. It is by the will of United Europe that England disposes of herself as an intermediary.

M. Waddington. And the will of United Europe, Milord, what is it but the will of France? Make attention. Russia, she occupies herself with Bulgaria, and Austria she mixes up herself also in that affair. Italy is of no import; while M. de BISMARCK has given to us the friendly nod. There is no escape. France insists.

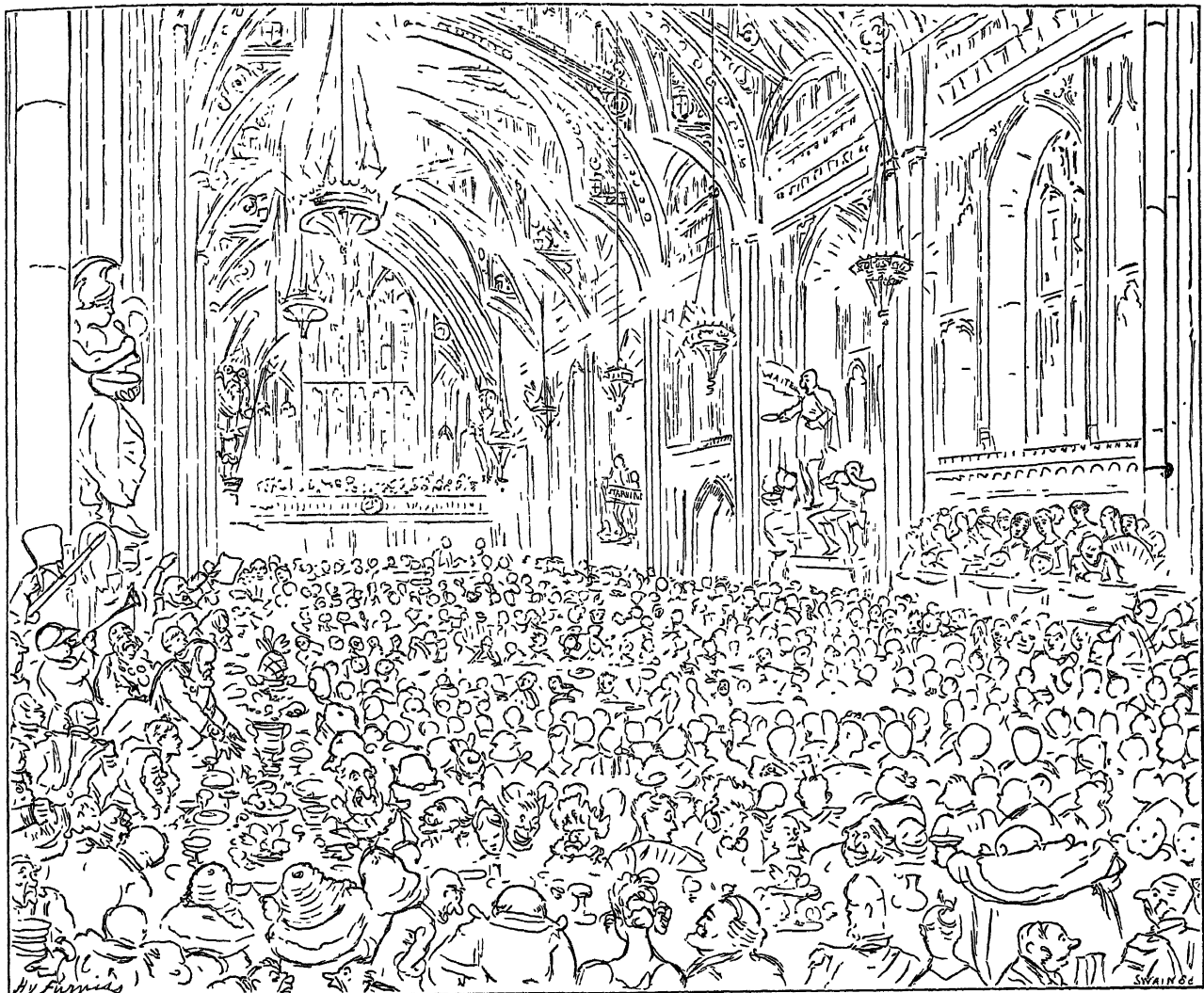
Le Lord Iddeleigh. But she will surely wait the report of my friend, Sir WOLFF? He is instituting an investigation that will be to our deliberations an assistance at once useful and efficacious.

M. Waddington. France will wait for nothing. It is essential to her dignity that she should receive a reply explicit and categorical. What, Milord, is your answer?

Le Lord Iddeleigh (rallying himself with a great effort). You forget, Monsieur, that you are addressing yourself to a Representative of a Power that possesses a Navy—

M. Waddington. Which would be useless to combat the torpedo-fleet of France that would be let loose, like a nest of hornets, against your vessels of commerce and Passenger Steamboat Companies. With their cargoes and freights of saloon occupants, they would be swiftly sent to the bottom of the sea in all directions, and the flag of France would float triumphant alike over their protests and their struggles.

INTERIORS AND EXTERIORS. No. 42.



THE LORD MAYOR'S BANQUET, GUILDHALL.

(Rapid reproduction by Our Special Artist, exhibiting most of the Principal Features, and many novel effects.)

Believe me, Milord, all has been foreseen. A great Power does not embark in hazardous enterprises without safeguarding her interests, and it is thus maritime France defies your ironclads.

Le Lord Iddesleigh (growing white with terror). It is too horrible! It is an act monstrous, and inhuman!

M. Waddington (with irony). Pardon, Milord, it is a precaution. But I am waiting your answer.

Le Lord Iddesleigh (mastering a profound emotion). It is with such surprise that I receive this intelligence, that I must beg you accord me some interval for reflection. You will permit that I consult my colleagues before replying to a question at once so delicate and astounding.

M. Waddington (with a grave dignity). I regret that the instructions I have received by the electric wire do not admit of my being able to contemplate any postponement. I must press you, Milord, for your reply on the instant.

Le Lord Iddesleigh (with the tears rising in his eyes). But may I not have ten little minutes of consultation with my Chief—say, my good friend, I may have ten little minutes?

M. Waddington. Impossible! The dignity and honour of France, too long outraged by delays, demand the reply instantaneous. Speak, Milord. It is a question of peace or war. Say, will the perfidious Albion evacuate?

Le Lord Iddesleigh (overcome with grief). Ah, my good Monsieur, you little know what the giving of this answer costs me! (With a supreme effort of control). Be it so then. *It will!* (Sinks backward into a basket of waste paper, with a sudden attack of the vertigo as the incident terminates.)

GIVING THE CITY ITS DUES.

High upon Highgate,
Clean out of their way,
The old Corporation
Rode forth on a day.
And why did they wend there?
To give, as they should,
To the public for ever
The Gravel Pit Wood.

Out ran the Local Board
From Hornsey Rise,
And praised Lord Mayor STAPLES
Up to the skies.

They dined him; then hinted,
"If you can be so good,
We'd like, in addition,
The Churchyard Dale Wood!"

The Mayor gave a smile,
And the Sheriffs a sigh,
And the old Corporation
A wink that was sly.
"Then give us the grain dues,"
They said, "to collect, [don
And each green space round Lon-
We'll duly protect!"

SAYS the *Pall Mall Gazette*: "The settlement of Zululand which Mr. STANHOPE announced to a deputation, is not so good as was in certain quarters hoped." Quite so. In fact, the tales of Hope and the tale of STANHOPE are quite different stories by quite different authors.

Wrong Instrument.

THE *P.M.G.*, reading great HARCOURT's riddle,
Has dubbed him the political "second fiddle";
But in its caustic sketch of him men trace
Far greater likeness to a "double bass."

STUDIES FROM MR. PUNCH'S STUDIO.

II.—MRS. GORE-JENKINS. A SUBURBAN "POLITICAL LADY."



"The mind of a modern Muse and the mien of a Roman matron!"

This was the tribute paid by the ambitiously epigrammatic Secretary of the South Brixwood Constitutional Association to Mrs. GORE-JENKINS.

Mrs. GORE-JENKINS is a power in South Brixwood, for which new suburban constituency her husband, thanks mainly to her splendid energy and seductive charm, is Conservative Member. As the prefix GORE has somewhat redeemed that gentleman's own patronymic from plebeian and almost comic insignificance, so the possession of such a wife has raised and rescued him from the "ruck" of opulent nonentities to which he naturally belonged. Mr. JENKINS was merely the dapper and rather charac-

terless successor to the fortune of a very prosperous Sauce-manufacturer. Mr. GORE-JENKINS is "our admirable and eloquent representative," a slashing Champion of the Great Constitutional Cause, an adroit combination of Imperial Patriot, and Working-Man's Friend, a President, a Patron, a Platform Perorator, and—the husband of Mrs. GORE-JENKINS. There are those who say that the latter happy qualification comprehends, as it created, all the rest.

Mrs. GORE-JENKINS is what may perhaps be called a spacious personage. Her presence looms large and her influence is pervasive. Her stately figure seems somehow to fill more space than even its opulent proportions entitle it to, and as a political and social "permeator," she is scarcely to be surpassed. On the polling-day she really appeared to be ubiquitous, and wherever she went she carried with her an atmosphere of satisfaction and success. Mr. GORE-JENKINS is trim and rather tall, but he is not impressive, and he is nervous. His style is, or at least was, tentative, some would say timid, his speech thin, dry, and uninspiring, his gestures are finical and fidgety, and the way in which he rather tittivates than twirls his neat flaxen moustache, is more suggestive of Mr. Toors than of the Grand Turk, of a deferential dandy, than of a dashing *D'Artagnan* or even a conquering CHURCHILL. But the style of his lady is large and suavely confident. When she stands she is statuesque, when she moves she sweeps and flows. If it is not quite correct to say that she towed her husband into political port, it is because she is so much too graceful and too noiseless to be even metaphorically regarded as a tug.

The public is not of course admitted to the penetralia of the GORE-JENKINS ménage. But it is assumed with much confidence, in South Brixwood, that Mrs. GORE-JENKINS has been the inspirer of her husband's political ambition, as she has been the herald of its hope, and the assurer of its success. "She egged him on, and she pulled him through," said Mr. LUPUS, his enthusiastic and astute amateur Election Agent. The members of the local Constitutional Association officially respect their President, but they personally adore their President's wife. They are ready to move and carry any number of jubilant, and rather redundantly worded, "Votes of Thanks," to Mr. GORE-JENKINS. That is party business of the usual conventional complexion. A world without "Votes of Thanks," is simply inconceivable to your local politician. But to bow before Mrs. GORE-JENKINS is a delight, to timidly touch her neatly gloved hand is a tremulous joy, to be smiled on by her at a *soirée*, or garden-party, is an ecstasy, and to shout for her is a rapture. "She is so affable," cry the men, "she is so nice," exclaim the women. When she complimented young TOMKINS, the Association's "RANDOLPH," on his slashing speech in favour of Fair Trade, looking level into his eyes yet gleaming with oratorical excitement, and touching with her finger-tips his shoulder, almost sore with exuberant "action," he, the fluent defender of Constitutionalism, the confident dogmatiser on history and economics, the daring denouncer of Hawarden and all its works, he, even he, actually flushed and faltered, and "couldn't find words to express" his proud emotion. It was a splendid chance for another sounding little speechlet, or another neat little "sentiment," and he actually missed it. But she saw it all, and so put him

at his ease in the course of five minutes' flattery, that he "brought off" something creditable after all, and went home almost as contented with her, as with himself. Which is saying much.

Of course Mrs. GORE-JENKINS is the presiding divinity of the local branch of the Primrose League. Was it not she who induced the lovely and flamingly patriotic Lady CELADON to honour a Southern suburb with her radiant aristocratic presence? "Where is South Brixwood?" asked Lady CELADON, not of Mrs. GORE-JENKINS of course, but of Lord C., her husband. The transpontine parts of our ever-spreading Babylon, are as pathless wilds and remote social jungles to the dwellers in the West. But Lady CELADON went to South Brixwood, and actually made a little speech to the palpitating devotees of the Sacred Primrose. How the discomfited Liberals mocked—and envied! "ANTI-HUMBUG," (a Brutus-like Member of the South Brixwood Liberal and Radical Association) penned a letter *à la JUNIUS* (at least he thought so) to the *South Brixwood Sentinel*, fiercely denouncing "the aristocratic jockeying, the fraudulent feminine *finesse*, the autocratic terrorism on one side, and the flunkeyish sycophancy on the other, which marked the 'Primrose Path,' to political power." "ANTI-HUMBUG" concluded by urging upon his fellow Liberals the absolute necessity of devising a "set-off" to the Primrosers by bringing *legitimate* female influence and *genuine* social power to bear on their own side. He thought that "The Daisy Brigade" would not be a bad title.

Party differences apparently often resolve themselves into a mere difference of adjectives.

Meanwhile Mrs. GORE-JENKINS smiled, and conquered while she smiled. She conquered the smart young sons of shopkeepers—there were thousands of them in South Brixwood—by feminine blandishments adapted to their mental measure and their social yearnings. They, however, did not require *much* conquering, being already predisposed to whatsoever things were "respectable," patriotic, and didn't smell of Shop, don't you know. How much better a bow from a beautiful dame in a carriage, than a nod from a grubby Radical printer "on our Committee!" She conquered numbers of working-men, and particularly of working-men's wives. How? Well, that is a point much disputed. Some say she stooped to conquer these, stooped very much indeed, stooped in a way that honesty could not approve, nor Law—could it be invoked—condone. "Blarney and Blankets, Sir, Taradiddles and Tickets for Soup, Lady-like Lies, and Respectable Boycotting! That's how it's done, Sir!" So said Mr. STOCKFISH, the caustic Stentor of the Radical Club. It is certain that little extra creature comforts, and the belief that Mr. GLADSTONE was a madman, a traitor and an atheist, spread considerably amongst the poorer voters in South Brixwood. But whether this had anything to do with the friendly calls and earnest counsels of Mrs. GORE-JENKINS and her Primrose Dames, who shall say, or rather—for that is the only practically important point—who shall prove? Mr. STOCKFISH did not succeed, and even an Election Petition has been known to fail in doing so. As DISRAELI said, "It is pleasant to be 'made much of'—even by scoundrels." And of course Mr. and Mrs. GORE-JENKINS are not "scoundrels."

Are there then none found to "say things" against Mrs. GORE-JENKINS? Why, even a political Diana shall not escape calumny. As, in the interests of her husband, she can be kind and most condescending, so, in the same interest, it is said that she can be unscrupulous and even cruel. Can one expect what Rhadamanthine male politicians call "Corruption and Intimidation," to look quite so black and blameworthy in the eyes of a woman and a wife? The feminine "point of honour" is so different from ours! The introduction of ladies into political life may bring many boons and blessings to men; but will they be in the direction of a more rigorous interpretation of the "Corrupt Practices Act"? The Diary of a Primrose Dame, conscientiously written, might throw light on that point. Mrs. GORE-JENKINS probably keeps no such Diary. Most certainly she will not publish it. The wives of Radical workmen who are not "bribed with blankets," will talk, will denounce the—real or imaginary—tempter, will land themselves for rising superior to the—actual or fancied—temptation. Shopkeepers who will not promise to "vote the right way" and subsequently, if not consequently, lose half their best customers, will complain. And as people love not to complain, as the Scotchman swore, "at large," they will probably, in their anger, associate their injuries with somebody or other. But is Mrs. GORE-JENKINS to be held responsible for the chilblains of misguided labour's children, or the sorrows of half-ruined and revolutionary grocers and butchers? You had better not tell Mr. LUPUS so, or suggest such an absurdity to Orator TOMKINS. Is it likely that a lady so charming, so condescending, so benevolent, and so truly British, would dream of Boycotting a poor deluded wretch of a Radical shoemaker, even for the shameful, nay, almost seditious, sin of—not voting for her husband?

Studying the traits, here lightly outlined, of Mrs. GORE-JENKINS, Mr. Punch, as he turns his canvas towards the public, feels profoundly impressed with the manifold advantages which *must* accrue to society and the State from the presence and activity of "Political Ladies."

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—In no case can Contributions, whether by a Stamped and Directed Envelope or Cover.

MS., Printed Matter, or Drawings, be returned, unless accompanied Copies of MS. should be kept by the Senders.

GOLF.

As "Put" by D. Crambo, Junior.



"Putting" on the "Links." The "Teo" and the "Caddie."



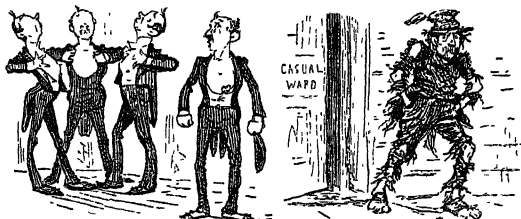
A Showy Manner of Handling the "Clubs."

A Full Drive.



A beautiful "Iron" Shot.

The "Spoon."



The "Cleek."

"Holed Out."

FASTER AND FASTER.

My dear Editor, you may remember that when you sent me to Paris to "sleeping car" for you, some ten days ago, I confessed that one of my greatest compensations for the disturbance of my domestic arrangements was the prospect the trip held out to me of being able to visit M. MERLATTI and SUCCI, the fasting men, and perchance become their rivals. "Having for years experienced a strong wish to give up food-taking," I wrote, "I thought if I once got to the Gay City I might take a few hints from them anent the best mode of carrying out my economical intention." So, although my first object was to efficiently represent you, my second was to learn how to preserve the graceful line of my chest. In the character of your agent I ate and drank everything I thought you would have liked, replying to those who murmured when I asked for a fourth helping of *filet de boeuf sauce Béarnaise*, that I knew you would have done the same had you been there to do it.* Having thus performed my duty to you, I called upon the fasting men.

There were two of them. The first was Signor MERLATTI, whom I found domiciled in the most gorgeous apartments on the first floor of the Grand Hotel. I did

* "Qui facit per alium facit per se." Our Representative did *face it per se*, and so probably his usual excellent appetite was considerably sharpened. But we must warn him that, at a certain reasonable point, Our responsibility ceases; and we are bound to remind him that an agent is liable to a criminal prosecution for exceeding instructions.—ED.

not see the Starving One alone, as I accompanied one of the most accomplished linguists of modern times, who was influenced by a motive different to my own. As I have said, my sole desire was to learn how to do without food, his was to accumulate material for an article no doubt to be published in some scientific journal. We took with us a third friend, a dramatist of repute and the proprietor of a theatre, who, I fancy, was on the look-out to see if he could work "the fasters" either into the pathetic scenes of a sensation *mélodrame* or the after-part of a Christmas pantomime. We all three had notebooks. We had come prepared with a card of introduction from one of the greatest of our Paris Correspondents, and had managed on the road to lose the talisman. However, this calamity was not attended by disaster. The waiters, on learning that we wanted to see the FASTER, immediately ushered us into his presence. He was seated beside a table in a gorgeous saloon, with two beds behind him, and a signboard representing (so I imagined) "The Mephistopheles Head" in front of him. There was also a salver containing a napoleon and two gold pieces of ten francs, not very far from him. As we understood that by the rules of his fast he was not allowed to eat metal, we none of us could explain the *raison d'être* of the money. My friend the Linguist began in fluent Italian to ask him several questions, to which he received long answers.

"What's he saying?" I inquired, and was told that he was giving an account of his life up to then. "What *was* his life?" I persisted.

"Oh, most interesting," returned my friend the Linguist, filling his note-book with eagerness and rapidity.

At length the FASTER mentioned a London address, very familiar to me, and I was induced to ask him if "he could speak English?"

"Oh, yase," he promptly replied, and much to the surprise (and I can't help fancying a little to the chagrin) of my friend the Linguist, M. MERLATTI gave me a number of very interesting particulars in Anglo-Saxon. He said that he wished to prove that he could live entirely upon water for an indefinite period, and that his case was attracting the attention of the most scientific doctors.

M. MERLATTI was immensely pleased to hear that I was Your Representative, Sir, and gave me to understand, that he considered that the doctors would derive immense benefit from my assistance. Encouraged by this very friendly reception, I asked the FASTER why he had the sign-board of "The Mephistopheles Head," in the room with him, when he told me that it was a portrait of himself painted by a friend. Shortly after this we took our leave with many expressions of mutual regard. We were careful to avoid disturbing the salver in any way, for fear that the coins therein contained, might possibly be a part of some interesting experiment. My friend, the dramatist and theatrical manager, on our way to the Rue Gluck, to see M. SUCCI, was silent, no doubt making up his mind whether he should introduce M. MERLATTI under the heading of "Dying of Thirst in the Desert," in his forthcoming melodrama, or treat him from a strictly pantomimic point of view, and bring his effigy out of a trick tea-pot labelled "the water cure," or "a Whine from foreign parts."

The *ménage* of the second FASTER was very different from that of the first. A certain dignified melancholy had prevailed in "No. 93, Grand Hotel"—in the Rue Gluck, all was life and activity. We were shown into a room containing circulars, which covered handsome chairs and sofas, and overflowed on to costly carpets. Two gentlemen were busily employed in addressing envelopes, assisted by a lady of commanding appearance. Walking about, smoking a large cigar, and wearing a sort of Turkish fez, was a third gentleman, who I took, from the venerable dignity of his appearance, to be an Italian doctor, of world-wide reputation. The FASTER was also there, looking bright and courageous. There was an air about the room and its occupants of business-like energy that was absolutely exhilarating. I felt ashamed of sitting idle, and, could I have managed it, would have done something extremely active in the fasting line myself. Again the Linguist plunged in *medias res* with his Italian. At first none of the foreigners appeared to understand English, when suddenly one of the gentlemen at the desks sprang up, and seized the Linguist by the hand, and the dignified old person with the big cigar and the Turkish fez greeted my other friend with equal heartiness. It appears that they were all, more or less, acquaintances. At the moment of the *rapprochement* I was talking to M. SUCCI in admirable French, and, after hearing from him that he (so I understood him to say, although, I frankly admit, I may have mistaken his meaning) had taken part in the Zulu War, which had given him the first rough idea of fasting, was courteously expressing to him my enchantment at having met him.

"*Enchanté de vous voir*," I observed, with a bow, and from that moment all was joy and contentment. We were so heartily pleased with one another, that, I think if anyone had proposed it (say the lady of commanding appearance) all of us would have willingly taken part in a vigorous war-dance. The rest of our visit, was spent in mutual congratulations.

When we had left, I asked my companion, "who, their friends were?" and learned that the acquaintance of the Linguist, was a gentleman very well-known in Tunis, and well known to the dramatist as a theatrical agent of the widest experience in Italy. And here were both of them united in the pleasant bonds of scientific research! It was most gratifying!

When I got back to my hotel, and quietly thought the matter over, I came to the conclusion a little sadly, that fasting was being so admirably done by its two most recent exponents, that perhaps after all, there was no room "for poor little me."

However, I was consoled by the thought that I might gain distinction in a feat in an opposite direction. I saw in the papers, that a champion devourer had sprung up. Why should I not become *his* rival, and call myself The Great Consumptionist? I immediately commenced training for the contest and have been eating ever since.

CHARLES—YOUR FRIEND.



INTELLECTUAL CULTURE V. ARISTOCRATIC BARBARISM.

Mrs. de Montmorency Jones calls upon Lady Clara Robinson (née Vere de Vere) about the character of a Nursery Governess.

Mrs. de M. J. "AND MAY I INQUIRE IF YOU CONSIDER MISS WILKINSON THOROUGHLY COMPETENT TO IMPART EFFICIENT INSTRUCTION TO THE YOUNGER FEMALE MEMBERS OF MY FAMILY, AGED RESPECTIVELY FIVE AND THREE?"

Lady C. "WHAT, TEACH YOUR TWO LITTLE GIRLS? OH, YES!"

ADVICE GRATIS.—MEDICAL.

By Our Own Fellow of the Royal College of Physicians (Chattanooga).

HANWELL.—Your mucous membrane has obviously gone wrong, but it would *not* be advisable to do what you propose, namely, to ram a red-hot poker down your throat, except under medical supervision.

SUFFERER.—You will find petroleum a very good substitute for best Brittany butter, if you cannot afford the latter. Read my book—"*Dyspepsia, its Cause and Cure.*"

A. S. S.—A cold in the head is usually symptomatic of an inflammatory condition of the upper part of the air-passages. It will no doubt materially assist you to get rid of the one you have got, and which you say has lasted without intermission since 1848, to know that its scientific name is "*Coryza.*" This is as much information as you deserve without forwarding my fee, which I may remind you, is far less than you would have to pay if you consulted any respectable local medical man.

BLUE RIBBONITE.—If, as you say, you are five feet six inches high, and weigh eighteen stone, it is probable that you are too stout to be in complete health. Stop suppers. Also stop dinner and breakfast. Lunches and teas should also be avoided. Don't smoke, and live solely on alcohol for a time. It will make you thinner.

ANXIOUS.—Probably you have water on the brain, but I cannot tell, as you do not give enough details.

INFLUENZA.—Sleep with your window wide open in all weathers. Carefully soak your night-shirt in cold water before getting into bed. You will then probably not be troubled much longer by your cough or anything else. Five waistcoats are too many. Sell four of them, and with the proceeds (after remitting me my fee) purchase a clean shirt, as two years is rather long to go without a change of linen.

W. E. G.—1. Read "*Dyspepsia, its Cause and Cure.*" 2. Of course if you wish it, I should have no objection to meeting Sir A—C—, in consultation. My fee would be three-and-sixpence. N.B.—Please do not write on Post-cards.

ALARMED, TOMMY, JUMBO, NEVER SAY DIE, AND ECONOMY.—Send me my fee, and your cases will be noticed next week.

MIXED MUSIC.

Les Cloches de Corneville is likely to prove the best card in Milor Mayer's pack, with Madame SIMON MAX, M. FAVART, and M.



SIMON MAX. It was produced last Thursday, for the first time during the present short season, and *Mr. Punch* has no hesitation in recording that such success as it achieved, was due entirely to Madame SIMON MAX as *Serpoulette*, M. FAVART as *Le Marquis*, and, *longo intervallo*, M. SIMON MAX, who appropriately enough played the part of that very simple *SIMON Grémecheux*. The music and the plot have become so familiar in England, within the last ten years, that whether the *libretto* be in French or Dutch, or in the language of the Druidic Bards, is a matter of indifference to London playgoers.

They know the action of the piece from beginning to end, and have been accustomed to see it so perfectly rendered, more perfectly, with one notable exception, than it has ever been given, even at its best and freshest, in Paris, that any shortcomings are likely to cause considerable disappointment.

Considering that Her Majesty's MAYER has been bringing out a

fresh Opera almost every night since the commencement, and that the Old Theatre—far too large, by the way, for such Operas as *Les Cloches*, and *La Grande Duchesse*—is in straitened circumstances as regards scenery and properties, and taking also into consideration that the time for rehearsal must be necessarily very limited, the undefeated M. MAYER may fairly account any success a triumph.

Madame SIMON MAX, whose singing and acting present the rare combination of French "*chic*" and modest grace, is inimitable in her delicately humorous rendering of the well-known "*R'gardez par ci, r'gardez par là*," which, it is needless to say, obtained a hearty encore, as did also her "*Quand un régiment ne me fait pas peur*." When, as was remarked to *Mr. Punch* by an eminent musical critic belonging to a people rightly struggling to be free, "Sure, *Mr. Poonch*, ye heard the very roll of the d-r-r-rum in her mode of giving the letter 'r' in r-r-r-egiment. Ye may remember—" And here the learned and experienced gentleman adduced some instances of vocalisation which he had heard in Dublin that would favourably compare with anything all over the worruld, be it where it might, which pleasant discourse *Mr. Punch* does not feel himself at liberty to reproduce in this place.

M. FAVART, as *Le Marquis*, left little to be desired. He was warmly applauded, and encored in his principal songs and duetts. M. SIMON MAX could not have touched his own maximum, and retired in favour of his wife. M. BELLARD's *Gaspard* was not particularly striking. The part of the comic *Bailli* was ill-dressed, pantomimically painted, and played in the extravagant fashion which has become stereotyped for comic *Baillis* on the French stage.

If the French, as is constantly being said, are "born actors," their



CHAMBERLAIN PASHA; OR, THE SULTAN OF TURKEY'S LATEST CONVERT.

UNDER WATER AND ABOVE BOARD.

WHY should not the recent alleged secret interference of a High Official in Her Majesty's Navy, that has induced the Admiralty to appoint a commission to effect some immense saving in the pay of eighteen-pence an hour accorded to seamen-divers, when on duty, lead to a further inquiry with a view to substantial and palpable economical reform? It may have already occurred to H.R.H. the Duke of ED-NE-RGH,—but if not, the suggestion now offered may be thought worthy of attention,—that there must be many snug berths immediately connected with the Board itself where a little judicious cutting down of salary could do no harm. Then there are the various perquisites that fall to the lucky ones of the Service. These offer a fine field for investigation. Then, again, there is the pay of the Admiral himself in command of the Fleet, that might be taken into active consideration. Why, for instance, should he not be mulcted, say £2 10s. a day, when he goes on shore? Cannot a considerable saving, say to the extent of a ha'porth, be made in the amount of pitch and tar ordinarily used? In the interests of the country, and of sobriety, the grog might be watered to the extent of one third. In fact the Duke, of whom the noble city from which he takes his title may well be proud, does well to remember, and to act upon, the old Scotch proverb, "Many a mickle makes a muckle;" only don't make too great a muckle of it.

THE latest addition to the Messrs. ROUTLEDGE'S Perfect Pocket Library Series is CHARLES DICKENS'S *Chimes*, with the original illustrations. *The Chimes*, thus got up, is a specimen of *Belles Lettres*.

natural talents (unless they diminish in proportion to physical growth) ought to be remarkable even with indifferent rehearsal, and an intuitive knowledge of correct stage-business might be fairly expected from them. Mr. Punch confesses he saw nothing to justify the presumption of natural histrionic qualifications in the subordinate people, actors, chorus, or supers. Perhaps they were all exceptions; only, if so, M. MAXER, the next time, had better not select so exceptional a company, especially as a London audience will not support an unsupported star, or even a couple of stars, however excellent they may be. They wouldn't do it in the case of JENNY LIND, they wouldn't do it for MARIO and GRISI, and they haven't done it for PATTI, at all events, not in so decided a manner as to warrant an *impresario* in starting an Italian Opera on Madame PATTI'S own terms. Still, all this being said, here is Madame SIMON MAX, and Mr. Punch can unhesitatingly recommend everyone who cares for this style of opera not to lose the chance of seeing and hearing this lady as *Serpolette*. She is the belle of the Belles of Corneville. The Oracle has spoken. "Whisper!" said Mr. Punch's friend from the Sister Isle, "if any one of our burlesque actresses had to be cast for the belle of the Corneville Belles, whose name would you select?" And before Mr. Punch had time to anticipate the answer and reprove the levity, his questioner replied, "Sure, 'twould be KNELLY FARREN," and disappeared round the corner.

At the Opéra Comique *Our Diva*, the *mise-en-scène* of Mr. RAE'S English version of *Josephine Vendue par ses Sœurs*, is in many respects better than the French original. The scenery (especially that of the Second Act showing a view of Cairo) is infinitely superior, and the dresses far more magnificent. But then it is only fair to say that the stage management of *Josephine* at the Bouffes is weak.

The English book, by Mr. C. M. RAE, is a skilful adaptation, which, while omitting the Scriptural parodies that would have justly offended English playgoers (even if they had succeeded in escaping the Licensor, "Our Mr. PIGOTT," which would have been highly improbable), preserves the spirit of the French original.

As to the company, Paris, on the whole, has the advantage of London. True, Miss EFFIE CLEMENTS as *Josephine*, or rather *Caroline* (as she is called over here) is far more pleasing in appearance than her French counterpart; but Miss MINNIE MARSHALL, as *Fifine* (*Benjamin*), on the other hand, is not a patch upon the French original. *The Pasha* is much better played in the theatre in the *Passage* than in England. If Mr. WYATT, who appears in the

character at the Opéra Comique, has not seen the Bouffes version, he had better run over to Paris with a note-book. In the meanwhile he might curb his tendency to indulge in "gag," especially when the habit takes the shape of giving an unpleasant illustration of hicoughs. The *Concierge* of Madame AMADI was also inferior to the original, and a second visitor to Paris might be added to the first. Nowadays the journey is made so rapidly between the two capitals, that it ought to be within the resources of civilisation to afford the lady and gentleman referred to an opportunity of foreign study, by giving them "their Sunday out," which would obviate removing them even for a single night from the playbill. It would be worth the trouble, as there is considerable room for improvement in *Our Diva*.

Mr. FRANK CELLI, as actor and singer, is better than the French original, and Mr. BEAUMONT, as *Abdallah*, is superior to the gentleman who filled in Paris the rôle of *Potiphar*. If Mr. BARKER, who "produced" "*Our Diva*," has seen *Josephine*, and refers to his notes, he will find that the business might be in many places improved. For instance, the advance of the *Concierge* with *Caroline* and *Fifine*, followed subsequently by the rest of her daughters in the *finale* of the Second Act, is quite spoilt (it is a great effect in Paris) by the feeble-hearted manner in which it is undertaken over here. The principals should stride right across the stage, and then stop—the same business being repeated by the chorus. The idea is the advance of infantry supported by the reserve, and when properly done, is decidedly funny; and if the "business" is improved on the stage, business in front of the house will improve also. At present Mr. Punch is glad to report that the *Diva* appears to be doing as well as can be expected.

Mr. Punch compliments Miss FANNY DAVES (of the Principality, he supposes) on her charming rendering of two short pieces by SCHUMANN at the Monday Pops. of the 8th instant.

Sir ARTHUR'S *Golden Legend* will, ere this appears, have been heard at the Albert Hall. Mr. Punch reserves his golden opinion for its performance at the St. James's on the 23rd, *Consule NOVELLO*.

A LEGAL DIFFICULTY.—Vice-Chancellor BACON has retired at the early age of ninety. He objected to hirsute barristers, and rightly refused to be bearded in his own Court. So witty and mercilessly caustic was he as a Judge, that every Junior was anxious to get on the right side of BACON. His loss is great, but not irreparable. Among all the wit and talent of the English Bench and Bar, is there no one to take the place of BACON? Oh, Gammon!

ROBERT'S RECKERLEKSHUNS.

No. III.



WHEN I was jest in the werry prime and wigour of my manhood I used to get a good deal of werry good work down at Grinnidge. It was a much more fashionabler place than it is now, as all the young West End swells used to drive down ocasionally with their fare companions and have such dinners as we seldom sees now except at the Manshun Ouse, or the Livry Companies Allis. We used to think nothink of 16 Courses. I've heard my Father say that sum of the Stock Exchange gents used to cum down sumtimes, and they used to go it pretty ireely, and thort no reelly good dinner could be had under 3 Ginny's a hed, and the great QUARTERMANES, and setterer, of them days, used to encourage the nobel idear. I remembers him telling us that there was one Gent among 'em who had wunce been told as he werry much resembled his most relidgeous Majesty GEORGE the 4th, so he always drest hisself like him, and one day when he came to dine with 'em at Grinnidge, being rayther late, when he hentered the recepshun Room, they all formed a double line, and struck up as loud as they could holler, "*God Save the King!*" and them as couldn't sing pertended to play it on warios hinstruments, and wen he got to the werry hend of the room, he turned hisself round and sed, "Bless yer, my peepel!" Ah, they is a jolly lot, is them Stock Exchange Gents, and werry gineros to us, as all trew Gents natrally is.

I remembers tho' that one of the werry britest on 'em rayther puzzled me the other day. It was a 3 ginny dinner, witch is rayther a rare thing in these regenerate days, and he said to me, says he, "ROBERT," says he, "what difference is there between a 3 ginny dinner and a 30s. one?" Well, for a moment I was amost thrown off my gard, but I pulls myself together, and I says boldly, "All the difference in the world, Sir." "But in what way?" says he. "In ewery way," says I. "Give me sum xampels," says he. "Well, take the sorces," says I. "You've had reel natives in your Oyster sarce, and reel Lobster with your Tubbot, and how offen do you git them I wunders?" "Ah, well," says he, "there's sumthink in that, so I'll allow harf a crown for 'em. Now, what else is there?" I was amost stumped, wen a brite thort struck me, and I says, says I, "If you'll be kind enuff to notice, Sir, you'll see as all us Waiters has new wite kid gloves on, and I don't spose as you ewer gets that for your 30s. dinner." And with that I leaves him and gos to another part of the table, and I achally seed him a telling of the story to his naybor, and a pinting at me, and both of 'em a larfing like two kangaroos.

A speaking of Grinnidge, as I did jist now, reminds me of my greens and sallad days, when I went a courting of the future Mrs. R. Grinnidge ain't at all a bad place for courting. You can

meet your Beloved in the Park, and arter a little wark you can take a seat, and look at the ships a going backards and forreds with their wite sales or their black smoke, as the case may be; and then if it happens to be a bootiful warm evening, as mine was, and there ain't noboddy a cumming, you can take off yer At, coz of the heat, as you says, and then you can take yer darlin's and with no glove on it, coz of the heat, as she says; and then, giving a look rite into her downcast eyes, you say, "Deer LOOWEESER! shall we jine our fortunes together like them ere two ships as is a going along so nice and cumferal? You shall be the bootiful sailing wessell, so lovely and so fare, and I will be the useful steamer as shall tug you safe into the Arbours of appyness." Then you gives her and a squeeze, and then she says, "Yes, ROBERT, dear, we will." And then you gives her a kiss, and it's all over, and you warks her off in triumph to the nearest Restorng, and gives her a nice little dinner.

Ah! Mrs. ROBERT was a reel lovely creechur in them appy days; and ewen now, tho' of course time, and Babbys, and suckemstances alters cases and alters forms, she's still a remarkabel fine woman, and I've never had not no cause to regret my bold hact on that there lovely summer evening in beautiful Grinnidge Park.

I shoold strongly recommend all my yung readers to marry nice, pretty-looking wives—they lites up the house like a sunbeam all the mornin, and are as good as a good fire, and a Suge's gas-light of a heavinging. And as for them as is unfortnet enuff to be plane, why, when they quite tires of Sunday skools, and Dorcus meetings, and MOODY's novels, there's all the Collonys a redly to reeseve em with hopen harms. Sum of my frends at the Collinderies told me as how as the werry planest need not dispare so long as they was good-tempered and cheerful. Why in sum places I was told as all the Bacheldores of the place cums off to the ship in Botes, afore she was ankered, and jest takes a look round, and makes their choice, and the matter's all settled in about ten minnets; and if too or three on 'em chooses the same one, there ain't no quarrellin about it, but they gos hod man who shall have her.

Sum of them Collonys must ha' bin rayther rum places to live in a good many years ago. I remember a yung frend of mine going to Wan Demons Land, when I was quite a lad. He cum back in about 5 years, and I never could find out who paid his passage, either out or ome. There was allers a little mistery attached to it, so I didn't enquire no furdur. But he told me as all the servants, waiters and all, was transported theeves, and all the reel natives used to wark about Obart Town as naked as oysters! But like every think else in this mortal world, you soon got used to it, and thort nothink of neether of them singular suckemstances, and he had the imperance to say that he had bin told as the Marsters and Missuses didn't find werry much difference as regards their Ousekeeping xpenses.

ROBERT.

"FRUGES CONSUMERE NATI."

[A Vegetarian Restaurant has been opened in the Strand opposite the Royal Courts of Justice.]

I HAVE always loved a vegetable dinner, I delight in the Cr  y soup or Cond   on the *menu* of the night; The potato needs no praises, there is rapture too I ween On the face of every *gourmet* at the mention of the bean: And, like wise Sir HENRY THOMPSON, I can feel my heart aglow At the thought of all the merits of the pleasant haricot.

I am very fond of cabbage, and the tender spinach begs, Though it isn't quite *en r  gle*, to be served up with poached eggs; Then the cauliflower is charming, and the celery when viewed Fresh and crisp from out the garden, or artistically stewed. While surely on one esculent we're all unanimous, Is there aught that's more entrancing than thy taste—asparagus!

All must love the lively lettuce; we have reason too to bless *Crucifera* for sending us the piquant water-cress; Upon any list of salads let the true tomato stand, With the endive and the beet-root as supporters on each hand; There the cucumber awaits us, and we fain would keep alive Both the tarragon and chervil and insinuating chive.

There is poetry in mushrooms, and the lentil too can please, And a thrill goes through my midriff at the thought of early peas; I am grateful to the turnip and the parsnip looking pale: There's the salsify seductive and the delicate sea-kale; But the bard shrinks back from one task, for no mortal ever can Do full justice to the comfort that the onion is to man!

Then we'll hasten to the Griffin, for a little way beyond Are the Vegetarian dining-rooms of Messrs. SPIERS AND POND; And the Doctors too are with us, men of note in London town, RISON BENNET, MILNER FOTHERGILL, and also CRICHTON-BROWNE; They have told us very plainly that of health we should be winners, If we ate less meat, indulging in more vegetable dinners.

SALVAGE SMALL-TALK.

NO. II.—A NIGHT AT THE PLAY.

AT THE PIT-DOORS.

Jocular Pittite. Ain't putting themselves out, to let us in, are they?
Lugubrious Ditto. It's standing about on a night like this, that fills the cimetaries!

The doors open; frantic and ineffectual struggle. A Chivalrous Pittite, from the rear, reminds people that there are ladies present, and plenty of room for all; then, seeing his opportunity, pushes on furiously. Elderly Ladies become hysterical, and pinch defenceless strangers in front of them.

AT THE PAY-BOX.

Mild Man (rendered desperate by worry, to Stout Man, who is endeavouring to find a florin). Hurry up, Sir—don't be all night!

Irascible Man. What the devil do you mean, Sir? "Don't be all night," indeed! Confounded insolence! Say that again, and I'll knock your head off! [*Mild Man does not repeat remark, and retires five paces to the rear.*]

INSIDE.

The Jocular Pittite. How do you feel? Tidy old Turkish bath, hey?
Lugubrious Ditto. Ah, if there was to be a fire here, now, there wouldn't be not one of us get out alive—not one!

[*Settles down to enjoy himself.*]
Critical Young Woman (referring to early occupants of stalls). Well, before I'd come to the stalls dressed as paltry as that! —

Her Admirer. Got in with a order, that's about what they've done. Look, at him, now, seeing whether he ain't got a threepenny bit. Thinks he's in church. They're a mean lot, them aristocrats!

The Timid Man discovering that he has incautiously taken a seat exactly behind Irascible Pittite, endeavours to conceal himself behind a programme.

Garrulous and Experienced Pittite (nudging Stiff Stranger). That's the hovetoor,—that is! [*S. S. pretends not to have heard.*]

Young Lady in front row of Pit (talking for benefit of people in back row of Stalls). We've often said, we wondered what it felt like, being in the Pit, MAUD, and now, we know!

Maud. Yes, dear. Do you remember that tune? Oh, you must. Why, they had it at that garden-party, at dear SIR MARMADUKE's, and then at Lady BROWN's dance—[*And so on for some minutes.*]

AFTER THE OPENING FARCE.

Critical Young Woman. I don't think much of that, for a First Act!
Her Admirer. You wait, and see,—it'll get more interesting like as it goes on,—that ain't only what they call the Prologue.

The Play begins; Mild Man in agony, because he can't see, and dare not ask irascible person in front to remove his hat.

Garrulous Pittite (in hoarse whisper, and with another nudge, to Stiff Stranger). That's good, ain't it? See, how he's left his letter lying on the table, eh?

Stiff Stranger. Thank you, I—ah—observed the fact.

Garrulous P. Well, you see, someone'll come in and find it. [*Some one does almost immediately.*] There, what I did tell yer, eh?

Stiff Stranger. You, are indeed, a person of singular penetration.

Garrulous P. What yer say?

The S. S. It's of no consequence. And, if you'll excuse me, I prefer to listen to what they are saying on the stage.

G. P. Ah, they take their parts well, them two, don't they? hor-hor! d'ye 'ear that—about the red 'erring? that was good, eh?

[*Repeats it to him.*]

S. S. I am quite able to appreciate it, without being hit in the ribs.
G. P. Don't you mind me, Guv'nor, it's my way, that's all. See what they're up to, now? She's talkin' about a sick kinairy, and he thinks she's meanin' his young 'ooman? D'ye understand?

S. S. Will you hold your confounded tongue, Sir? How do you suppose anyone can attend with these incessant interruptions?

G. P. I ain't said nothing uncivil, that I know of. Flyin' out at a man like that! Pretty thing if one can't make a friendly remark! I don't want to talk to you, I can tell yer. You ought to be in the Royal Box, you ought! You, an' your 'aughtiness!

[*Talks at Stiff Stranger in this strain, for rest of evening.*]

BETWEEN THE ACTS.

Feeble Old Gentleman (in a piping voice, to stern female attendant in charge of him). I couldn't catch a single word—those stupid people laughed so. Why don't they make haste? We shall be so late getting home, and it will be dark, and I shall catch another cold, I know I shall!

Attendant (putting flask to his lips). There, drink some of that—more than that—down to there! Do you feel more comfortable now?

The Old Gentleman (whimpering). No—something inside my clothes is hurting me!

Attendant. Well, I must say, it ain't much pleasure taking you out to enjoy yourself!

Young Lady in front row of Pit. Gracious, CARRIE, aren't those the COURTENAY CHESHAMS over there in the stalls? I shall die, if they look round and see us!

Carrie. Oh, my dear, they wouldn't think of looking for us here!
The Lugubrious One. You never know, what you mayn't ketch, in a crowd like this!

The Jocular Pittite. That's a rum looking old joker, up in that box there, ain't he? Him with the old cup o' tea in yaller—they ain't come out without their dinners, I'll lay!

[*Timid Man affects to look for his hat under benches.*]

AT THE END.

Admirer (to Critical Young Woman). How d'ye like it, LOUISA?
Louisa. I didn't mind it—I don't think it was as good as that piece they called *Excelsior*.

Admirer. *Excelsior!* that was a Bally—this is a Comedy dramer!
Louisa. Well, all I know is, they were both two shillings!

She (being one of another Pair of Fiancés). I did like that young man, the 'ero, didn't you?

He. Didn't notice him—not particular—that girl who acted in pink, was nice-lookin', I thought.

She. Well, if that's your taste, I'm sorry for you!

[*They quarrel all the way home.*]
The Lugubrious One. Coming out of that heat, into the night air, is enough to bring on gallopin' consumption.—Now, that's a regular churchyard cough you've got! Good-night, to you.

SOCIALISM IN THREE VOLUMES.

IF the Socialists had to sing small on Lord Mayor's Show day, they may perhaps find consolation in other quarters. Flouted by Society, abused by the Press, and checkmated by SIR CHARLES WARREN, they have at least found favour with the Novelist. They seem, indeed, lately to have taken all fiction for their province.

One would hardly, however, have expected the dainty and delicate HENRY JAMES to take anything so violent, so vulgar, so destitute of "sweet reasonableness" as Socialism for his subject. Yet here we find him in his new novel, *The Princess Casamassima*, dealing with Secret Societies, and the Great Restitution. Dealing in his own way, of course, which is, perhaps, hardly the firm and full-blooded way best suited to the theme. Mr. JAMES's specimens of the British proletariat, like his capriciously cosmopolitan Princesses, are very select, and, as the Darwinite would say, "highly specialised" specimens. *Hyacinth Robinson* and *Paul Muniment* are very far indeed from being average British Workmen, and they and their story, it must be feared, would pretty considerably puzzle any handicraft member of the Social Democratic Federation who took up *The Princess Casamassima* with the idea of getting any light upon Culture's view of "the movement."

To the ordinary and not too earnest reader, however, Mr. JAMES's new book is very delightful reading. Poor ill-fated *Hyacinth*, with his tragic antecedents, his mixed nature, his artistic instincts and conflicting sympathies, his small person and his great, if delicate and undemonstrative pluck, and his dismal doom, is a very winning character. *Paul Muniment* is a puzzle and a disappointment. *Pinnie*, the frail and confused but devoted little dressmaker, is delightful. *Millicent* is a somewhat Dickensian character, but touched in very cleverly, with somewhat finical irony in place of somewhat exaggerated humour. She is very real, and seems more vivid and vascular than any other character in the book. As to the miraculously lovely, man-tormenting, convention-defying, emotion-seeking *Princess Casamassima* herself, with her sphinx-like fascinations and her equivocal interest in "uprisings and liberations," one finds her, in the long run, rather irritating, and just a little preposterous.

Mr. JAMES as usual, runs away from his subject, leaves most of his heroes and heroines in the lurch, and his readers pretty much in the dark. It is his way. It is not a satisfying way, at any rate to the ordinary novel-reader, who cares more for a finished story than for a story's "finish," or for fine-spun theories of fictional art.

He has used Socialism mainly as a sort of peg on which to hang certain curiously-conceived and delicately-executed character-paintings of his own particular genre. Possibly that is all that he wanted it for.



EXTRACT from Shipping Intelligence:—
"The Persian Monarch was towed off the breakwater by the Grecian Monarch,"—and the above sketch represents Dumb Crambo Junior's view of the proceeding.



SIC TRANSIT!

Effie. "POOR THINGS! I SUPPOSE THEY'RE GOING TO THE FUNERAL OF THAT POOR DEAD HORSE! THAT'S WHY THEY LOOK SO SAD!"

THE BURGLARIAN QUESTION.

Mr. Punch, loquitur:—

BRAVO, SIR CHARLES! You've paid your footing fairly!
A better-managed job is seldom seen.

The rioters and roughs were nonplussed rarely;
Shop-smashers must have swelled with savage spleen.
Whatever fierce denouncers of the muzzle
May think about your dog-laws, they must own
That the patrons of disorder you can puzzle,
And prick Sedition's bubble overblown.

The Citizens of London will remember
That the scare established earlier in the year
Was allayed by you the ninth of this November,
And safety is to civic buffers dear.
Their bolts and bars, and barricades of planking
Betrayed a spirit very ill at ease;
But now your blue battalions they are thanking,
And the news that they're rewarded well would please.

A Policeman's life, as clever GILBERT hinteth,
Is not a dream of undiluted joy;
Ask the heavy-booted Constable who sprinteth
In chase of burglar armed or nimble boy.
A bit of special duty done so steadily
Deserves a little more than verbal thanks,
And the Public will, I'm sure, respond right readily,
If called on to reward your truncheoned ranks.

Mr. Punch can praise, but does not care to flatter.
Nought's done whilst there is aught remains to do,
And, Sir CHARLES, there is another little matter
That should be kept most carefully in view.
The dogs, Sir, and the democratic howlers
You certainly have tackled well, but say,
Must we really trust our special Trays and Towlers
To keep the brutal Burglar well at bay?

His season, dear Sir CHARLES, is now beginning,
And I'm sure you'll add a very special fame

To the *kudos* you've deservedly been winning
If you manage to upset *his* little game.
Our suburban streets and squares require attention
As much, Sir, as Cheapside or Charing Cross,
And we trust to your judicious intervention
To minimise our danger and our loss.

Too sparsely scattered Bobbies but invite him,
BILL SIKES, to dodge their bull's-eyes and their beats.
If you can circumvent the brute, and smite him,
You'll compass the most popular of feats.
Smart Constables in just sufficient number,
Judiciously disposed and well in touch,
Would give us peace and safety whilst we slumber,
For Mr. WILLIAM SIKES would prove too much.

Verb. sap. The Public simply asks protection
In quiet home as well as bustling mart.
That being had, it will have no objection
To paying a fair price,—that is *its* part.
Your rule so far, Sir CHARLES, has not been barren,
But, as you say, there's more remains to do.
Just baffle the Bold Burglar, my dear WARREN,
And *Punch* will hand a People's praise to you.

In the *Times* of the 2nd inst. appeared the following:—

A YOUNG ENGAGED COUPLE, who despair of ever being united unless they can command at least £100, would be most grateful if a few friendly-disposed persons would kindly give them a **HELPING HAND**, and make them happy for life. References as to the genuineness of this appeal will be forwarded, if required, upon some guarantee being given of the *bond fides* of intending donors.—Address Hopes, &c.

This "young couple" ought to get on. They want the ridiculous sum of £100. We heartily wish they may get it. We fancy we can spot the identity of the would-be bridegroom, but who is the future Mrs. JEREMY DIDDLE?

PORT ALGERNON SWINBURNE's tradesmen are all preparing to send in their Christmas Bills, having heard he intends settling Quarterly.



THE BURGLARIAN QUESTION.

MR. PUNCH. "BRAVO, SIR CHARLES! YOU'VE DONE CAPITALLY WITH THE DOGS AND DEMOCRATS. NOW, HOW ABOUT THE *BURGLARS*?"

CHIEF COMMISSIONER OF POLICE. "ALL RIGHT, MR. PUNCH! 'MUCH HAS BEEN DONE, BUT MORE REMAINS TO DO'!"



A SKETCH FROM THE MIDLANDS.

"HULLOA, OLD CHAP! NOT HURT, I HOPE!"

"OH, NO, NO! JUST GOT OFF TO HAVE A LOOK AT THE VIEW!"

"OLD TIMES REVIVED!"

MR. PUNCH thanks Mr. RICHARD BENTLEY AND SON, publishers in ordinary to Her Majesty the QUEEN, for their first contribution to the Royal Jubilee Year, represented by the republication of ALBERT SMITH'S *Adventures of Mr. Ledbury*, in one large volume, with LEECH'S illustrations. Mr. PUNCH is sure that HER GRACIOUS MAJESTY will be delighted with this faithful and most amusing picture of life and manners, fast and "genteel," within certain middle-class limits, fifty years ago, in London and Paris, when elderly ladies wore awe-inspiring turbans, when young ladies came out in ringlets and bands, when young gentlemen affected satin stocks, and turned their wrist-bands over their sleeves, "as if they had just washed their hands when too late for dinner, and in the hurry had forgotten to turn the cuffs down."

ALBERT SMITH'S style and method are distinctly traceable to the influence of DICKENS'S earlier works, such as the *Sketches by Boz* and *Pickwick*; but in the delineation of certain types, with which he was evidently familiar, he exhibited a vein of humour, which, though occasionally extravagant, was original and mirth-provoking. Such are his *Mr. Ledbury*, *Jack Johnson*, *Prodgers*, *Rawkins*, and the boy *Bob* who had been brought up on proverbs.

ALBERT SMITH revelled in descriptions of theatrical life "behind the scenes," in sketches of second-rate "professionals" of all sorts, who dub themselves "artists;" and the doings of small suburban families must have amused the author as much to narrate as they did his admirers to read. His style in telling these "small-beer chronicles" recalls to Mr. PUNCH'S memory JOHN PARRY'S *Entertainments*, to which ALBERT SMITH used largely to contribute, and on which Mr. CORNEY GRAIN, Mr. GEORGE GROSSMITH, and indeed all subsequent popular entertainers, have modelled their "social sketches."

Mr. PUNCH is curious to learn what judgment will be passed by the Masher, the present fast young man, and the modern medical student on the doings of *Jack Johnson*, *Rawkins*, *Prodgers*, *Tweak*, and their friends, who were the "gents," medical students, and fast fellows of half a century ago. For the melodramatic part of the story no one will nowadays care; and even when "this old book was new" the transpontine theatrical element was its weakest part, so much so that Mr. PUNCH, with whom Mr. Ledbury was a favourite, had forgotten these sensational scenes, while the fun of the

comic characters was fresh as ever in his memory, which preserves all that is worth preserving in its stores, "to be left till called for."

In Mr. PUNCH'S opinion, both early and matured, *Jack Johnson* was always an insufferable cad, quite deserving the epithets bestowed on him by the author's typically good young lady, *Miss Ledbury*, who called him to his face "ill-bred and mischievous." Would not *Jack Johnson* be cut nowadays by even the rowdiest of Stock Exchange young men, and be voted a cad by every clubbable man above the class of 'ARRY? For in this quality of "clubbable," and the value put now upon it, lies the whole secret of the change in our fast men, mashers, and men about town. The "*Jack Johnson*" of ALBERT SMITH'S day would be pilled even in the freest and easiest of our social Clubs. Before the Early Closing Act, the fast young man and the man-about-town dined in the neighbourhood of the Hay-market, and all their amusements from six o'clock in the evening till the same time next morning, finishing with temporary accommodation at the station-house, were provided for them within a one-mile radius of Leicester Square. Coal-holes, cribs, casinos, and "finishes" have all vanished with the gent, *John Johnson*, and *Mr. Rawkins*.

This new edition of *The Adventures of Mr. Ledbury*, coming out in the fiftieth year of HER MAJESTY'S happy reign, will afford much amusement, and will be read with considerable interest.

MR. PUNCH congratulates The Lazy Minstrel on the success of his recent publication. The first edition of his "Lays" (brought out by Mr. FISHER UNWIN) went off with a bang that must have astonished His Laziness. Not having heard of, or from, the bard for some time, Mr. PUNCH hopes His Laziness has quite recovered from the shock, and that His Laziness is doing nothing with his usual ability.

THE late FREDERICK ARCHER is called by the Special Correspondent of the *Dublin Sport*, "the Star Horseman." Poor fellow! A Star, indeed!—a shooting star, meteoric, a flash, and—gone! He died worth over a hundred thousand pounds, and was the acknowledged worthy representative of professional jockeydom. He leaves near relatives to mourn his loss; and so it will be remembered of him that he was never in any sense the last of his race. Lord BARRINGTON died the same week. One newspaper column was raised to his memory, contrasting with the hundred columns recording the fame of ARCHER.



A MIDLAN' JOKE—VERY!

Passenger. "WHAT DOES 'M. R.' MEAN, THAT'S PAINTED ON ALL THE CARRIAGES ABOUT HERE?"
Rural Wag. "MARKET 'ARBRO', 'DES-SAY, SIR. 'STATION OR TWO FURTHER ON!"

A VERY DARK SAYING.

A CORRESPONDENT of the Spiritualist journal, *Light*, in a communication on the subject of "Spirit-Photography," says, speaking of a *séance* for the practice of that curious art, at which he assisted:—

"When I was present, Mr. HUDSON always used to ask the sitter into the dark room, to see the whole process."

The readers of *Light* must have been somewhat perplexed by this remarkable attestation of sight in darkness. "No light, but rather darkness visible," sang MILTON. Accordingly there is a darkness, which may indeed itself be seen; but what an Owl the beholder must be who had eyes to see anything in it!

CHIVALRY BELOW STAIRS.—The *Morning Post* announces the Royal Institution of an "Order of Distinguished Service." Mr. de la Pluche writes to say that having been in distinguished service all his life, "never with anybody hunder a Nerl," he trusts he will one day wear "the Order of St. James with *Knee Plush Hultra* hinkscribed on the garter of his hinxpressibles."

LE CROCODILE, the forthcoming piece by VICTORIEN SARDOU—(the French have also their Victorien Era, dramatically)—with its comic characters, its wrecks, and other situations, sounds like a mixture of *The Overland Route*, and the old drama *The Sea of Ice*. We shall see: at least we hope to do so.

TO AN UNEASY HEAD.

THE following telegrams were received at Cannes by Prince WALDEMAR on Friday last. As they may serve to throw some light on the attitude assumed by His Royal Highness towards the members of the deputation who were to have been dispatched to him with the offer of the Bulgarian crown, they will be read with interest:—

From the King of Denmark, Copenhagen.

WELL, my dear boy, I suppose we must congratulate ourselves. Nevertheless, we must not act in a hurry. Remember, in the first place, that you do not speak the language, and that it will take you at least six months, even with an Ollendorff, to master its rudiments. Then, of course, we must wait to hear what they have to say to it at St. Petersburg. I suppose you do not know anything about the pay or the perquisites? I hear there is a Palace very decently furnished. Yet, on the whole, we must move cautiously. We must think it well over. Fancy we shall have to say "No."

From the Czar, St. Petersburg.

No. You'll not take it. At least—not from the Sobranje. If I choose to give it you,—that is quite another thing. Can't say yet what I shall do, but I'll stand no nonsense. Remember, the man I put in, will have to keep his eyes open and wait for orders. None of the insolent BATTENBERG'S tricks again. However, you understand. I don't threaten for nothing. So, for the present, hold yourself at your Father's disposal. But I have another fellow in my eye.

From Prince Bismarck, Varzin.

WHAT should you do, my young friend, in your present predicament? Well, there is no occasion to study the language, for if you accept the offer, the less you understand what the Sobranje has to say to you, the better will you discharge the duties of your exalted position. For the rest, it would be as well to hear what the Herr Brother-in-Law at St. Petersburg has to say on the matter. Let the Herr Papa decide. Meantime I would be measured for several Russian uniforms. They are ornamental, and, in your new rôle, you might probably find them useful. My best wishes to you.

From Lord Salisbury, London.

THOUGH I would have preferred the recall of Prince ALEXANDER, still, if you are willing to undertake the responsibilities of the situation, and determined, as a constitutional Prince, to safeguard the

liberties of the Bulgarian people by opposing tooth and nail the machinations of Russian aggression and intrigue, then I counsel your acceptance of the crown. And I flatter myself that the constellation produced at St. Petersburg by my spirited declaration, made the other evening at the Guildhall Banquet, will have rendered the course I indicate to you an easy one to follow. Once at Sofia, you will of course take your cue from Constantinople, where Sir WILLIAM WHITE will be empowered to afford you all necessary assistance. He will no doubt be easily accessible with the aid of an intervening Pasha or two. But how about your Father?

From Prince Alexander of Battenberg, Darmstadt.

If you'll be guided by me, you'll let it alone. Anyhow, here's a bit of advice for you. Take care you have double patent locks to your bedroom doors, and don't go to sleep without a loaded revolver in each hand. Also keep a portmanteau ready packed, in case of night surprises, for you'll find it so inconvenient to start at 2 A.M., for you don't know where, without anything prepared. *Experto crede.* Take my advice, and drop it.

From General Boulanger, Paris.

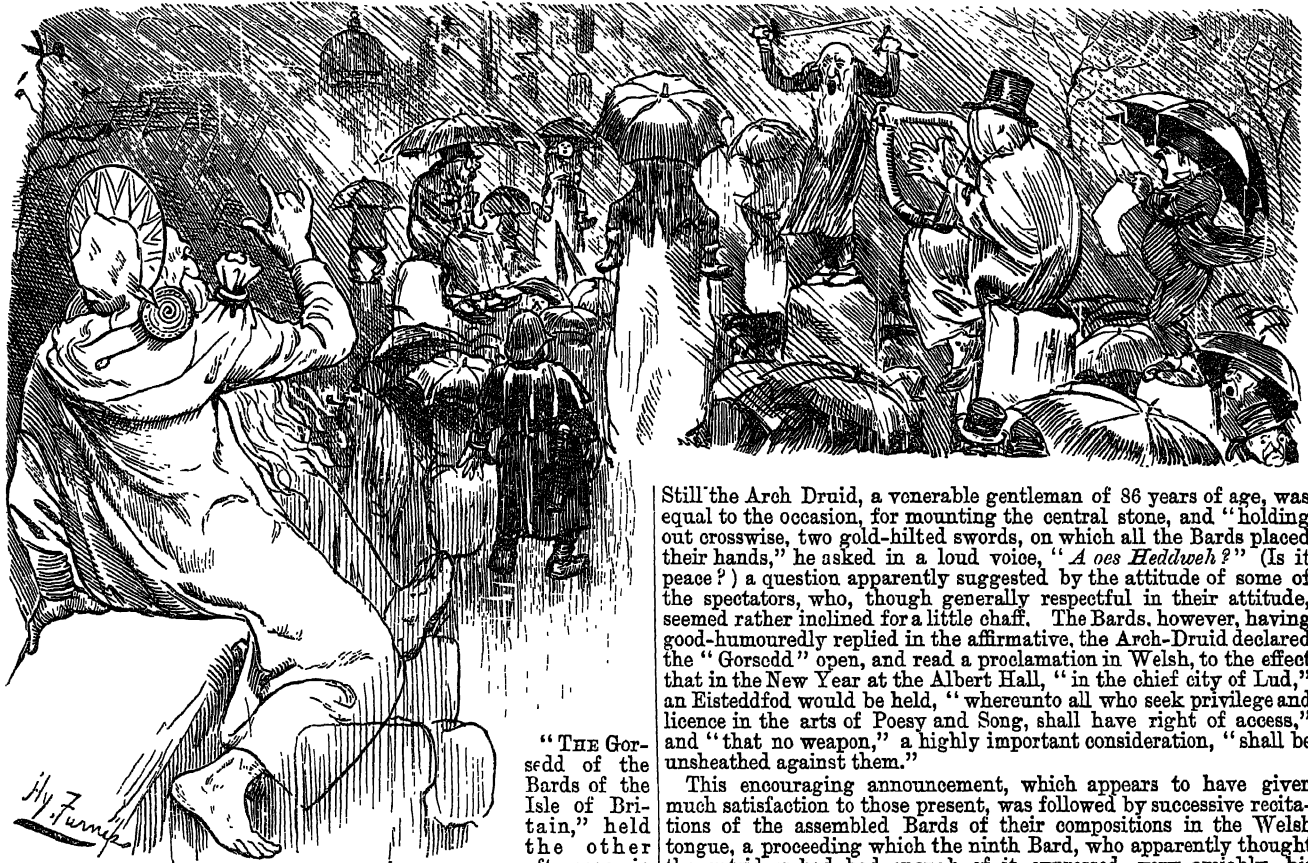
You have not asked my opinion, but I nevertheless give it to you. You will not accept the Bulgarian crown. Related, through Madame the Princess, your wife, to a family not only reprobated by the whole of France, but hostile to me personally, you are not in a position to be acceptable to those who are at the present moment guiding the destinies of the great and glorious Republic. I do not mean this as a reprimand. I give it as a hint. But it is one that I am convinced you will see the necessity of taking without further ado.

From the Sultan, Constantinople.

As your Suzerain, what should we counsel you, my good Prince, to do? Before we reply, we must take the advice of our esteemed and admirable friend, the Czar of all the Russias. Meantime, you cannot do better than be guided entirely by him. Our Ministers have, with our full approval, confided the future destinies of Bulgaria entirely to his august hands. If, therefore, you are acceptable at St. Petersburg, your presence at Sofia will be equally agreeable to us. *Kismet!*

THE BULGARIAN DIFFICULTY.—Mrs. RAM declares that it is greatly owing to the SULTAN'S vaccinating policy.

DRUIDS AT HOME.



"THE Gorsedd of the Bards of the Isle of Britain," held the other afternoon, in

the Temple Gardens on the Thames Embankment, appears, notwithstanding some drawbacks, to have been on the whole a remarkably spirited and entertaining affair. The proceedings carried on in a circle of "twelve unhewn stones, placed a few feet apart," were attended by a throng of Bards whose very name lent instantaneously a Druidical character to the undertaking, for to an outsider the announcement that such worthies as CLWYDFARDD, TELYNOR CYMRN, HWFA MÔN, BERW, CEIRIOG, WYR O WYRFAL, LLYFBRYF, and a heap of *confrères*, all endowed with other equally sonorous titles, were assembled on the ground, must at once have been a convincing proof that the "Gorsedd" at least meant business. Spite the powerful array of names, however, only the harpist seems to have appeared in the Druidical costume, which as the proceedings had, owing to the rain, to be conducted under open umbrellas, was just as well.

Still the Arch Druid, a venerable gentleman of 86 years of age, was equal to the occasion, for mounting the central stone, and "holding out crosswise, two gold-hilted swords, on which all the Bards placed their hands," he asked in a loud voice, "*A oes Heddwch?*" (Is it peace?) a question apparently suggested by the attitude of some of the spectators, who, though generally respectful in their attitude, seemed rather inclined for a little chaff. The Bards, however, having good-humouredly replied in the affirmative, the Arch-Druid declared the "Gorsedd" open, and read a proclamation in Welsh, to the effect that in the New Year at the Albert Hall, "in the chief city of Lud," an Eisteddfod would be held, "whereunto all who seek privilege and licence in the arts of Poesy and Song, shall have right of access," and "that no weapon," a highly important consideration, "shall be unsheathed against them."

This encouraging announcement, which appears to have given much satisfaction to those present, was followed by successive recitations of the assembled Bards of their compositions in the Welsh tongue, a proceeding which the ninth Bard, who apparently thought the outsiders had had enough of it, expressed, very amiably, his intention of varying, for the benefit of those present, by reading his own composition in English. His announcement was, however, met with such deafening shouts of "*Dim Sassenach!*" and "*Cymraeg!*" that he had to abandon his original intention, and stick to Welsh. The last of the Bards to mount the stone was the HWFA MÔN, who, referring to the banks of the "Taffwys," the report says, "was rudely interrupted by some of the audience who did not understand the Welsh tongue." The proceedings shortly after this came to a conclusion, the Arch Druid, probably resenting the recent interruption, again making the earnest inquiry of the Bards, "*A oes Heddwch?*" (Is it peace?) To this they, very sensibly ignoring the little disagreeable *contretemps*, replied, "*Heddwch!*" (It is peace!) And with this thoroughly satisfactory announcement the afternoon's business came to a close.

AN INTERNATIONAL EPISODE.

(Not by Henry James, Junior.)

THE Public Orator at Cambridge has written an address of congratulation in Latin, to Harvard University, on the 250th anniversary of the latter's foundation. At a wine-party recently held at Trinity College it was unanimously and hilariously decided that the Undergraduates of England ought to send greeting to the Undergraduates of America at the same time. The following address was at once drawn up:—

CARISSIMI JOHNNIES TRANSATLANTICI,—Audimus vos vivere in altero Cambridgio Americano, quod nos vapulat ut specialiter rumum. Sentimus tamen obligati mittere ad vos fraternas congratulationes in hac auspiciosa occasione anniversarii vestri. Non novimus antea aliquam rem in America esse tam antiquam quam duo centum anni, sed vos cognoscitis optime circum id.

Orator Publicus noster concocxit nullum finem floridæ orationis ad vestros Donnos, quam, ut nos sumus parati deponere, decem ad unum in equalis, illi nunquam capient laborem legere. Prope viam, appellatisne illos homines "Donnos" in America? Nos facimus. Audivimus quoque vos non habere flumen simile nostro, quod est perfecta bestia fluminis, sed unum primæ classis. Per Jovem vos estis diabolicè fortunati.

Habetisne Proctores, odiosos Virorum oppressores? Si ita, vestri Proctores euntne swaggarantes circa cum feris canibus Molossis, quos appellamus "Bull-dogs?" Nostri id faciunt aliquibus temporibus, lugemus dicere. Sed non ita difficile est evadere ex illorum viâ. Probabiliter habetis eandem idioticam systemam examinationum in quâ nos gaudemus. Prope viam, quod est vestrum "Parvum Ite" simile ad, et dum estis in statu pupillari, estisne condemnati induere habitum semi-via inter bibum infantis, coloratum nigrum, et adfixum tergo, et immundum pannum cujusdam coqui?

Nunc valete, quoniam odimus scribere, in Latino, id est ita fatigans. Habemus quoque premens engagementum cras ad Novum Emporium, antiquam urbem Romanorum prope hoc. Sed cogitavimus ut debemus ostentare ad vos quomodo faciliter possumus exsecare nostrum Publicum Oratorem, qui non cogitat, parva tubera sui styli Latini. Nostri respectus ad LOWELLUM, qui est unum de nostris D.C.L.'s, et circa optimum, ut credimus.

DUODECIM UNDERGRADS CANTABRIGIENSIS.

Datum Idibus Oct. (?)

A.U.C. (Datum non notum.)

MADAME PATTI has starte'd on her American tour, and her railway-car, we learn from the *Pall Mall Gazette*, "is a furnished house on Wheels." A house of this sort is evidently a little Wheeler.

STUDIES FROM MR. PUNCH'S STUDIO.

STUDY No. III.—BUTLERS.



ROUGHLY speaking, the worst butlers have the best manners. The Model Butler's are of course irreproachable. He is of serious mien, and may be overheard to hum hymns in the pantry. He belongs to the Church of England, and plays a little upon the German concertina. His chief ailments are a weak digestion and an active conscience; the former of which renders him temporarily unfit for any exertion, while the latter impels him to regard the destruction of a kitchen tea-cup as a crime only to be expunged by confession and self-abasement. Fortunately, he damages nothing of value, and should you observe that your glass and china have been passing through curious transitions and developments, or even rever-

verting to simpler forms, he explains that these Darwinian peculiarities should be assigned to an earlier period. With almost morbid honesty, he allows the last glass of Marsala to fur its decanter for a fortnight, while he more than shares your pained surprise at the rapid diminution in the number of pints of dry champagne.

Reluctantly does he denounce the page-boy, who it seems has been habitually making himself sick with purloined cigars, and when he is constrained to express disapproval of the lightmindedness of the under-housemaid, it is easy to discern the struggle between a sense of duty and still lingering partiality.

While he remains with you, the local Post-Office is even more arbitrary than usual in restricting the transmission and delivery of your letters.

The Model Butler's relations are all in comfortable circumstances, but fragile health; they indulge immoderately in funerals, from attending which functions he returns at advanced hours, in a state of utter prostration.

Six weeks are sufficient to constitute him an old and attached family-servant, entitled to take a respectful interest in the welfare of his employers, and an occasional liberty.

His relations in the Country send him up at intervals small articles of dairy produce, of which he gracefully begs your acceptance, and which do not strike you as greatly superior to, or even dissimilar from, those supplied by your London tradesman.

The Model Butler's final outbreak, resembles a volcanic eruption, in that it is frequently preceded by subterranean disturbances and "warnings" from various quarters.

His voice, divested of all silkiness, is heard addressing fellow-servants in terms of strong condemnation; he carries his polemics upstairs with the coal-scuttles; he develops an alarming tendency to involved explanation, and selects unseasonable hours for performing those duties from which he does not excuse himself.

At last, one afternoon—most probably while you have visitors—he will bounce into the room, and, sitting down on the carpet, hiccough his irrevocable resolution to quit a house in which the cook officiates in a state of chronic inebriation.

Whereupon, far from there being any attempt to dissuade the Model Butler from his intention, he will generally be rendered every assistance in carrying it out with the least possible delay.

After his departure, he will write requesting you to testify to his honesty, industry, and sobriety.

Perhaps, after all, the Model Butler is a pleasanter person to have to deal with, than one of the austere type.

Your Austere Butler wears an air of disapproving on principle of surroundings that are in bitter contrast to a nobler state in which he had two men under him, and was not expected to wait in livery.

Attendance at your table appears to cause him much the same agony as ANDERSEN'S Mermaid felt when she danced—though his movements are less graceful. Should the conversation of your family strike him as exceeding the limits of becoming mirth, he may be heard to murmur, "Oh, quietood—quietood!" in accents of unutterable yearning.

He opens the front-door with the manner of a man who feels he is

making a concession, and he hands you your umbrella in the morning with an obvious conviction that you will employ it for some unworthy purpose.

At the end of a month his endurance comes to an end, and he discharges you, when you may next obtain the services of Mr. Punch's next study—the Oratorical Butler. He is well-meaning, but he will regard most events as requiring to be rounded off by a neat speech. At dinner he is very happy in his apologies for the unavoidable absence of a fish-slice, and brings in a dish as if he were introducing a deputation. He defends himself and the cook from a charge of unpunctuality with a combination of dignity and pathos.

He surprises you by the masterly command of detail with which he exposes the scandalous condition in which his predecessor has left the pantry, the eloquence with which he warns you of the urgent necessity for a new crumb-brush, and the real debating skill displayed in his advocacy of some patent plate-powder.

If you are a good listener, he may stay with you some time, but upon the whole, Mr. Punch thinks that an ordinary householder will prefer the Cheerful Butler.

The Cheerful Butler admits you with a beaming welcome, and if any duty is disagreeable to him, he does not draw attention to the fact by going about it like a Saint SEBASTIAN. He takes a discreet interest in your table-talk, and is not too proud to pay it the compliment of a respectful smile occasionally.

Gradually you come to regard him as a personal friend, you have no secrets from him, and he discharges all commissions with tact and accuracy.

Nothing comes amiss to him; in the country he teaches your boys cricket, and bowls them out with deferential daisy-cutters.

You leave everything to him, you boast of his merits as if they were your own manufacture; you are flattered by being congratulated upon the possession of him. And then comes the awakening.

What? does he, too, turn out a disappointment? Ah, yes—and perhaps the keenest of all. After years of loyal exemplary service, he reveals himself in his true colours as the selfish egotist he is—he marries your cook, and the ungrateful pair devote their energies to letting chambers, which a just and proper resentment forbids you to recommend.

STUDY No. IV.—THE OCCASIONAL THEATRE-GOER.

THE Occasional Theatre-goer is usually to be found in the dress circle, where he takes his seat at least twenty minutes before the time at which the curtain is advertised to rise. This he does either from pure perversity, or with some idea of bracing his mind for the intellectual strain to which it will be presently exposed.

Having selected his theatre at hazard, he is invariably surprised by the nature of the entertainment he finds there. He will go to the St. James's prepared for burlesque or comic opera; expects to laugh himself sore at the Lyceum, and to see Mr. IRVING or Mr. WILSON BARRETT at the Gaiety in "something of SHAKESPEARE'S."

Consequently, as soon as he discovers his error (which is not, as a rule, until after the First Act), he is apt to feel defrauded and resentful.

The comprehension of the plot is a task with which he grapples manfully, though he much prefers to have the story explained to him as it proceeds. Even then, he never quite succeeds in mastering its intricacies, and spends the *entr'acte* in diligent perusal of the programme, for the study of which he fortifies himself with a Neapolitan icoe. He finds insuperable difficulty in identifying the several characters of the drama, and has a tendency to go away after the Second Act, in the full persuasion that it is all over, or else to remain seated till the house is almost empty, in patient expectation of seeing more. He confesses, as he goes out, that he "didn't quite follow all of it."

The female variety of Occasional Theatre-goer always looks forward to having a good cry, and is extremely indignant at being betrayed into a smile. A piece which has had the honour of provoking her to actual laughter she designates as "silly"; if it amuses her husband more than herself, she condemns it as "vulgar."

The Occasional Theatre-goer suffers severely from reaction on the following day.

The Pity of It.

WHEN GOSSE reproves COLLINS, and COLLINS chides GOSSE, The world might ignore the small squall without loss; But when Poet SWINBURNE steps into the fray, And slangs like a fishwife, what, what can one say? When Genius has found the Elixir of Life, The Immortal should soar above Billingsgate strife. Why, why should it force us with sorrow to own It at least has not found the philosopher's tone?

WELSH AND IRISH.—How fairly to appreciate an "Eisteddfod" and a "Gorsedd." According to an assessment of estates in Ireland. Estimate them by "GRIFFITH'S Valuation."

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—In no case can Contributions, whether by a Stamped and Directed Envelope or Cover.

MS., Printed Matter, or Drawings, be returned, unless accompanied Copies of MS. should be kept by the Senders.

A MADE MUSICIAN.

(Communicated by a Mesmerised Composer.)

"Musicus fit, non nascitur."



SUCCESSFUL? Rather!—I should say I was! I had to struggle hard at first, because, To gain a reputation, I allow One must eat dirt. But there! I've done it now. I'm not a foreigner—I pass as one In England—but that's more than half the fun; Hoxton's my birthplace, and 'tis my belief My father did a trade in ham and beef. Of that I can't be sure; for while quite young I got kicked out of home for too much "tongue." And, after wandering in hopeless plight, I found at last a friend who set me right. A kindly lady! Would that she, now dead, Could see the laurels that adorn my head! She took me in and taught me all I know, Trained me herself in playing music, so To her I owe my tender, tearful touch. She gave me what she had. It was not much. Together o'er the Continent we hid, I lived on her, and sorrowed when she died. She loved me. But, though she had no relations, Her will scarce realised my expectations: I'd grown to man's estate; alas! her own All went to "Charities." If I had known Her game beforehand, I'd have broached the topic Of "Self." Why will folks be so philanthropic? *Something I had to do.* Italian, French, Spanish and German, not on scholar's bench Learned as in England, but to *speak* I knew, And I could warble, though my notes were few. "I'll be a Great Musician!" I exclaimed. "A Cosmopolitan! Composer! Famed! England's my home! Too long my light's been hid. I'll do a thundering business there!" I did—Eventually. But ah, the tedious toil, The weary weeks I passed ere I struck oil! And, oh, what rapture when I got a letter (After my landing, quite a month, or better) From Lady VERE, to say—"I heard you sing At Signor TWANKI'S. Will you kindly bring Some music, and allow my friends to hear Your charming voice? Yours truly, V. DE VERE." That note I treasure in my album yet. Ladies, dear Ladies! yes; I am your pet!

Thus was the first stone of my fortune laid: [afraid] I made a *succès*—what's more, I'm That fond hearts fluttered as I sang and sighed, [unsatisfied] Hearts doomed, perchance, to break, Oh, it was rich! I rolled my gooseberry eyes, [cries] Rattled my R's, rent heaven with my I ogled, languished, forced my throaty voice, [choice] Trembled with passion—till the men for Fled from the room; but Ladies, small and great, Clamoured for more! I let them have it straight.

And now, my place assured, I pile up gold, Each song I write is quickly bought—and sold.

For, as you know, I work like any—thing, [sing] And I "compose" the music that I Of course I'm ignorant of "harmony," and so on, But none the less exultingly I go on Procuring lays that deal with Love and June, And on the piano fumble out the tune. My stuff is "ungrammatical and crude," As candid Critics say, when in the mood; But what care I what anybody says? I write for *Women*, and I find it *pays*: And though my songs may possibly make you sick, [music] The Ladies like them, and they buy my Farewell, farewell! Here, take this brace of grouse, Sent by the Duke. I'm off to Squall-borough House!

FIVE O'CLOCK FRIVOL.

(By a Real Lady.)

DEAREST MADGE,—Such a funny thing happened to my last letter. It was sent to the manager of the oldest evening paper by mistake, instead of to you. I have been blushing crimson every time I have driven down the Strand since.

Furs will be very much worn this winter. This will be good news indeed to many ladies of position, whose furs are very much worn already; for, as you know, *ma chère*, if there is one thing more dear to a *mondaine's* heart than another, it is to be in the forefront of the *mode* without being obliged to pay for the privilege. CECIL, who is such a tease, says I ought to have written "the fur-front of the *mode*." What do you think?

Papa and the boys have been having very good sport lately, and we girls have tried our culinary skill upon the trophies of the chase. Hens, riddled with shot, are very nice indeed, treated as pheasant, and JOHNNIE'S white rabbits made a really succulent dish. The poor boy, who is no sportsman, made a great fuss about his pets, and CECIL had to give him five shillings for the sake of peace. But, as Papa says, if they have to pay so much for their shooting at home, they might as well have rented some, in spite of this tiresome depression in trade. We girls have done wonders with the fowls and rabbits, but we wouldn't allow them to make game of Puss,—I mean the Pretty, or Domestic Puss, dear; *Felis Sauvaginea*, GUY calls it— even though she is, they say, a dreadful poacher. CECIL asked us "if we could dress Hare?" Of course we said "Yes;" and he produced what he calls NELLIE'S "*à larousse*." She was so angry; but everybody knew where she got that beautiful "wealth of auburn," and how she couldn't pay for it when the bill came in.

The event of the week down here has been the DE LACY UNDERWEARS' Ball. Some of the dresses were very novel and pleasing. Mrs. FRILLIE TUCKER, who, *entre nous*, is to be the beauty next season, wore a magnificent costume of shot plush—what the French *modistes* call *Jacques poivrée*. The colour was a delicate shade of burnt gunpowder, and the shot, as well as I could judge, about number six. Lady VESTA LAMBSWOOL excited much admiration in a wonderful fluffy, fleecy gown cut *à la Bopeep*, a fashion which is likely to be all the rage this winter. It has no waist to speak of, which perhaps is the reason why dear Lady VESTA has taken it up so warmly, but it is certainly striking, and suitable for girls of a rheumatic type of beauty.

Mamma and I were not at the Ball. You know, dear, that the DE LACY UNDERWEARS, for all their wealth and high position, are not quite in our set. They made their money in a large *lingerie* emporium in Regent Street, which I have often delicately puffed in the papers to which I contribute. Besides this, we were not invited, and you know that even *journalistes* of position cannot well go to a house after all their efforts to obtain an invitation have been unavailing.

Noblesse oblige, my dear; and we stayed at home and mended our stockings with LADDER AND RUOK'S excellent silk-cotton-wool; which is really the best and cheapest now before the public. No house is complete without it. It will tie up parcels for the post, clean the boys' pipes, act as an excellent substitute for shoe-strings, make a really dressy necklet, and trip people up if tied across the stairs. This reads quite like one of those silly advertisements you see in so many so-called "fashion" articles, but I need not disclaim anything of the kind to you. Best love, dearest, from your volatile little TICKSEY.

P.S.—Do get the new literary novel, *A Lone Whisperer*. It is published by DULLER AND DULLER. GUY says it is exactly like life. If I were a man, I know I should have been an actor. TICKSEY.

NOT GENERALLY KNOWN.—SIR ROBERT HAMILTON has been appointed to the responsible position of Governor of Tasmania, the Tasmanians being unable to govern themselves. The holder of this office, ranks before the Governor of Hanwell or any other Lunatic Asylum. The most distinguished experts are of opinion that Tas-mania is not incurable, but requires gentle yet firm treatment. The costume of the people is picturesque, the male Tasmanians for the most part wearing strait-waistcoats. Some persons say that Sir ROBERT'S official duties in Ireland constituted excellent training for his new work.



PHILOLOGICAL.

Bus Conductor (shouting from the Foot-board). "WES'-MINISTER! WES'-MINISTER! WES'-MIN-STER! WES'-MIN-IS-TER! WEST-MINISTER!"

Accurate Passenger (though in a hurry, he'd borne it for ten minutes, when—). "LOOK HERE, CONDUCTOR! SURELY YOU MUST MEAN 'MINSTER,' WHICH IS A BUILDING, YOU UNDERSTAND,—NOT A CLERGYMAN—OR PASTOR OF ANY—AH—RELIGIOUS DENOMINATION. I IMAGINE WE'RE GOING TO THE PART OF THIS ANCIENT CITY FAMOUS FOR THAT VENERABLE EDIFICE—"

Conductor. "THEN WHA'S THE GOOD O' THE 'W'!?"

COLD WATER.

(Being the earnest remonstrance of a member of the Deputation which waited on Lord Randolph Churchill concerning the renewal of the Coal and Wine Dues.)

OH, bless us and save us, where are we? A fog o'er my spirit there steals, And I'm dashed if I know, Brother Blogg, if I stand on my head or my heels. Was ever a poor Deputation so dished as was ours, Brother Blogg, In spite of the splendour of STONEHAM, the might of JAMES M'GAREL-HOGG? O RANDOLPH, our new Rising Hope, is it you who should bid us despair, Is it you that should round on us thus? How your arguments made us all stare!

It might have been GLADSTONE we listened to, doubled with BOTTOMLEY FIRTH. You will move the Free-Traders to raptures, the City Reformers to mirth. The Coal and Wine Dues, my dear RANDOLPH, are ancient, and pull in the cash, And if that doesn't win Tory love, why our Party has just gone to smash. Four hundred and fifty net thousands last year! There's some fingering there; Yet you've doubts about keeping them up. Ah! for heaven's sake, do have a care!

Just think what we've done with them, RANDOLPH, Embankments, Streets, And you'd chuck all that up like a shot, just to cheapen the Working-man's coals! You'd lump on the Citizens' rates, out of care for the labourer's scuttle? Oh, surely your objects are wrong, Sir, your arguments too jolly subtle. From COURTNEY we might have expected it, Rads are such grinders all round; But Sir JAMES and ourselves never thought, I am sure, to be precious near drowned

By such high economic cold water, pumped on us so freely by you. Turn it over, my Lord, in your mind, as Sir JAMES HOGG suggested,—now do!

Then your "Municipality" hints, just consider what mischief they'll play; Just imagine what HARCOURT will think, and just fancy what Bealites will say. After SALISBURY so cheered us up, too! The *Standard* will slate you, be sure; But we don't want to turn you quite up; we do trust you're the true Simon Pure. Only don't dash our hopes in this fashion, and just as we thought we had won. You are not a Reformer, now, are you? Do say it was only your fun!

ADVICE GRATIS.—MEDICAL.

By Our Own F.R.C.P. (Chaitanooa).

PARAFFIN OIL.—You complain that after obeying my orders, and also spending five shillings on what you call that "compendium of drivelling quackery—*Dyspepsia, its Cause and Cure*," you're very much worse than you were when you began. You also demand compensation for the loss of an infant, who did not take kindly to my prescription of equal parts of liquorice, castor oil, sulphuric acid, chopped chicory, and laudanum. Yours is a specimen of the ignorant prejudice with which one who attempts to benefit his species is sometimes rewarded. Take soothing syrup last thing at night. If not cured, don't bother me again with an account of your symptoms.

LUMBAGO.—Thanks for fee. Am glad the complaint is better. No, there is no cheap edition of *Dyspepsia, its Cause and Cure*, published, but you will find it well worth the five shillings charged for it. It is written in a graphic and racy style, and is just the sort of book to read in a railway-carriage, or at the sea-side. Bishops often quote whole paragraphs from it in their sermons, without acknowledgment, and the inferior kind of Nigger Minstrels on the Margate sands could hardly get on without borrowing from its sparkling pages. In fact, pirated and disguised extracts from it, form the stock-in-trade of the Orator, the Statesman, the Philanthropist, the Comedian, and the Divine. The exhilaration of spirits caused by its perusal is alone sufficient to cure most diseases. Its effects on patients who have been given up by their doctor, is surprising, and almost maddening. Get it without delay!

AFTER THE PLAY.

Mr. Nibbs. How were you pleased, Sir?

Mr. Punch. I was both interested and amused by the entertainment at the Criterion. The plot is well constructed, but the dialogue is poor, and the principal characters are carelessly drawn.

Mr. N. I do not quite understand you. Surely *Squire Chivey*—

Mr. P. Well, *Squire Chivey*, who might be a *Tony Lumpkin* on a visit to London, is just the one consistent character throughout, and the part, rather exaggerated in the First Act, is judiciously played by Mr. GEORGE GIDDENS in the last. And it is some time since I have laughed so heartily as I did at the scene when *Squire Chivey*, slightly the worse for liquor, has an interview with *Ada* and old *Ingot*. Mr. GIDDENS' impersonation of a really though moderately inebriated noodle, is in excellent contrast with Mr. WYNDHAM's acting of *Garrick's* mock violent intoxication in the preceding Act. There can be no comparison between the two. They are both illustrations of BELOT's saying, "*L'ivresse se traduit de différentes manières, suivant la qualité du vin et d'après le tempérament du buveur.*"

Mr. N. But the character of *Garrick*—

Mr. P. Well, I am bound to say, that the hero might as well have been called SHAKESPEARE or BETTERTON, or KEMBLE, as GARRICK, for there is nothing in the part, either as written by the author, or as represented by the actor, which to my mind recalls any of the historical characteristics, physical or moral, of the fiery little DAVY. But let this pass: the author chose to make it *Garrick*,



just as Messrs. TOM TAYLOR and CHARLES READE selected *Peg Woffington* for the heroine of that capital play *Masks and Faces*, in which occurs that ridiculously improbable—I should be inclined to say impossible, but that philosophy forbids—portrait scene. Mrs. BANCROFT, who played *Peg* to perfection—I had seen several *Pegs* before her—bore no more resemblance to any one of the portraits of MARGARET WOFFINGTON (with whom, by the way, little DAVY was at one time in love) than does Mr. CHARLES WYNDHAM to any portrait of DAVID GARRICK. When ROBSON played the little actor who is mistaken for Garrick, in *Garrick at Last*—this was, I think, the name of the farce—his stature, and his nervous manner, greatly favoured the error. Mr. WYNDHAM's *Garrick* is not the real Garrick, but the ideal, with whom *Ada Ingot* falls in love.

Mr. N. You liked Mr. WYNDHAM in this?

Mr. P. In the First Act, excellent. His air of quiet amusement, his revelling in the idea of some sort of odd adventure, his humouring old *Ingot*, all excellent. In the theatrical speeches, too, of this part of the performance, the actor admirably interpreted what, I suppose, was the author's meaning. But the sudden inspiration that strikes him, as to the means he is going to use in order to disgust the lovesick girl, is not sufficiently emphasised. His manner of announcing his intention to old *Ingot* conveys the idea that he has come with his scheme ready out and dried. Call the hero "*Garrick*," and he could not, for an instant at least, have repressed the visible delight which such a "Happy Thought" must have caused him. His action and exclamation should have electrified the house, and utterly staggered old *Ingot*.

Mr. N. The Second Act, Sir, how did you like that?

Mr. P. I thought it too long. Preposterous! Mr. BLAKELEY was as amusing as he always is, but the author has scumbled in these minor characters anyhow. The Act is entirely on Mr. WYNDHAM's shoulders, and it is a burden which he bears wonderfully. The drunken scene, which should be painful and not comic, would appear less tedious if the dramatic motive were made clearer by the conduct of *Ada* and her father. Here a great opportunity is lost. The girl's should have been a very fine part,—the heartbroken agony of her horror should have been within an ace of forcing her doting old father to reveal the secret. As it is, her sudden start into indignant and majestic womanhood, in ordering Mr. Garrick to leave the house, has nothing whatever to lead up to it.

Mr. N. And the Third Act?

Mr. P. The Third is the author's best. Here we see what the characters were really intended to be. *Ingot*, the fond, foolish old father, so weak-minded that he is like "The shallow pot, soon hot," cursing his disobedient daughter one instant, and telling her he didn't mean it the next, attempts no wit, delivers himself of no flowers of speech, does not talk like a poetical bookseller (as he is made to do in the First Act) and say better things than Garrick himself, but speaks plain homely cockney English, of the period, as such a man would speak; and in this Act, as indeed throughout, Mr. DAVID JAMES does his very best with the materials, except that he misses one opportunity, which if it had made *Ingot's* part a great one, would have proportionately injured that of Garrick.

Mr. N. Miss MOORE is a pretty and charming *Ada*?

Mr. P. Yes—that, and nothing MOORE. On such a weak bread-and-butter Miss, Garrick is throwing himself away. I did not believe Mr. WYNDHAM so capable of conveying his own idea of the intensity of a situation as he proves himself to be in the Third Act. But the illusion of the scene's reality is spoilt by the feeling that *Ada* will always want him to go on acting, and that she fell in love with him "in character," and loved him (if the word "love" may be so profaned) for what he represented, and not for what he really was. Charming pretty, as you say, she is; but even the author's carelessly sketched *Ada Ingot* might say, politely adapting *Cassio's* speech, "Unhappy chance that gave me to the MOORE!"

Mr. N. But I am told that the piece has been altered for Mr. WYNDHAM since Mr. SOTHERN played it.

Mr. P. Perhaps so; and if it be improved by the alteration, the original must have been the very poorest stuff ever penned by TOM ROBERTSON. SOTHERN's performance did not so impress me that I could draw any comparison. I should say Mr. WYNDHAM is quite as good in this part as was ever Mr. SOTHERN. On the whole, I spent a most enjoyable evening, and I should say that with *David Garrick* Mr. WYNDHAM will fill his theatre for some time to come—until he takes a fancy to play something else. *Au revoir!*

"DOWN ON HER LUCK."—In the Bromley County Court (*vide Daily Telegraph's* report, Nov. 15), JESSIE KEEN, a laundry-maid, sued the proprietor of the laundry, one LUCK, for three weeks' wages. "She was singing at her tub," she said, and that's how it all began. More sensible this than singing to her tub. However, it appears that singing had been forbidden by Mr. LUCK. In fact, the laundry-maids could only sing when the tune was "There's nae Luck about the House." The Judge, however, decided in the Defendant's favour. A Keen disappointment. Now she'll be more down on her Luck than ever.

THE JELLY-FISH AND THE PHILANTHROPIST.



Her beauty, passive in despair,
Through sand and seaweed
shone,
The fairest Jelly-fish that e'er
Mine eyes had looked upon.

It would have made a stone abuse
The callousness of Fate,
This creature of prismatic hues,
Stranded and desolate.

Sadly I said: "My mind's un-
strung,
Love, Hope, are in their grave;
But, ere I perish all unsung,
One Jelly-fish I'll save."

And yet I fancied I had dreamed
How, on some shore unknown,
I met a Jelly-fish who seemed
As utterly alone.

But ah! if ever out to sea
That Jelly-fish I bore,
Immediately awaited me,
A level thousand more.

I knew none ever could desist
Who tried to float them all,—
And, though I am an altruist,
I felt that it would pall.

"And yet, *this* Jelly-fish," I cried,
"I'll rescue while I may.
I'll wade out with her through
the tide,
And leave her in the bay."

She said: "Ah! spare the pro-
mised treat,

Though your intention's kind;
The sand, the seaweed, and the
heat

I really do not mind.

"The smothering sand, the blind-
ing foam,
Are much the same to me;
I seem to make myself at home
Wherever I may be.

"When wild waves tossed me to
and fro,
I never felt put out;
I never got depressed and low,
Or paralysed by doubt.

"To wander through the mighty
deep

I do not greatly care;
I somehow seem to go to sleep
Here, there, or anywhere.

"'Twas not the ocean's soothing
balm—

No—it was something more.
I'm just as peaceful and as calm
When shrivelling on the shore.

"It does not matter what may
come,

I'm dead to woe or bliss.

I haven't a Sensorium!—
And that is how it is."

A REAL GRIEVANCE.

MY DEAR MR. PUNCH,



Mending and Re-
forming.

To whom can I complain, if not to you?
Since the second year of our happy marriage
some little time ago now, my husband has
been accustomed to stop out very late, and come
in very early. He promised me he would
reform. He told me one day that he had become
a member of the Reform Club, and I was
delighted to hear it. The name alone was
grateful to my ears! Alas! it was but a name,
for, though he belongs to the Reform Club, he
is not a bit better, but rather worse. What is
to be done? I dare say there are many poor
wives whose husbands belong to the Reform
Club, but who have not my spirit to address
you. Your broken-hearted
PENELOPE.

MEMOIRS OF A SECRET MISSION.

(Extracted from the Diary of BYTO, M.P.)



WITE a crowd of people at Victoria Station to see me off. But very polite; nothing intrusive in their demeanour; in fact, took no more notice of me than if their business on the premises had been of quite another character. Five minutes before the train started, a familiar figure broke through the respectful crowd. A hand withdrawn from caress of a truculent moustache, pressed mine, and a familiar voice cried,

"Going away, Toby, old man, and without calling to say good-bye? I know why that should be. I understand it perfectly; still, I thought you wouldn't mind my seeing you off. But what's this?" he asked, pointing to a label on which was boldly written, "TOBY, M.P., Passenger to Marseilles." "You don't

mean to say you're going abroad in your own name? I know all about your mission. You're going to see the Prince of MONACO; you'll find out the Dey of ALGIERS, and the Knights of Malta. I shouldn't wonder if you had a secret interview with the Doge of VENICE; and yet you're going about under your own name, just as if you were nobody! Royalty, and people like you and me, on our travels use an *alias*. LORNE, you know, is booked as "Colonel CAMPBELL." I have been heard of as "Mr. SPENCER." HARCOURT, who has royal blood in his veins, avails himself of this privilege. Why shouldn't you?"

"RANDOLPH!" I said, returning his warm grasp, "I will."

And so it came about. Between London and Dover I had all the labels taken off what we should call in Italy my *impedimenta*, and "BYTO, M.P." substituted. I am glad RANDOLPH thought of it. If now I can only get a few newspaper fellows on my track, it will be all right.

Marseilles, Sunday.—A dirty place, Marseilles, and a smelly. Houses six stories high, with balconies on which women and children lounge, and clothes are hung out to dry. Narrow streets, in the middle of some of which there runs a stream of water, and kneeling women gossip and wash their dirty linen in public. Muggy weather, with the sky overcast, and the Gulf of Lyons outside tossing up interminable white caps. It being Sunday, all the *cafés* are full of men smoking cigarettes and drinking *petits verres*; a sprinkling of soldiers in the throng, for the most part seedy little chaps, whom the Lifeguardsmen on duty at the Horse Guards could take up and hold out at arm's-length. At the open door of one *café* a family party of six women playing cards and drinking *petits verres*, the surplus population not accommodated in the *cafés* standing about on the pavements, mostly smoking cigarettes.

But whether in *café* or on pavement, standing or sitting, every man and boy carries an umbrella; and such an umbrella! A stout gingham, sun-tanned, or faded from brilliant hues of blue or scarlet. In the Ancient Port where the *Hiawatha* lies at anchor, and where hundreds of sailing ships, bearing manifold signs of sea travail, are tied up with their noses to the grindstone of the roadway, small boats all day pass to and fro. There are generally two persons in each. One stands up and rows with his face to the prow. The other stands behind him with an umbrella pendant in his hand, if it is not raining. If it rains, as it has rained to-day, he opens the umbrella, and generally makes a friendly effort to shelter the boatman, with the result of directing a stream of water down the nape of his neck. Who invented this curious fashion of journeying across the water no one knows, but it is invariable. They come and go all through the day, the man to the fore laboriously tugging at the oars, and the man abaft always with the umbrella, and always standing. Saw two men engaged upon the embankment going to their work, each under the protection of an umbrella. Fancy two British navvies arriving upon the scene of their labour under outspread umbrellas!

Next to the umbrellas are the bells. Day and night they ring out all round the harbour, the Church of St. Victor calling out to the

bells of Notre Dame de la Garde perched high up to the southward, the bells of St. Charles, St. Joseph, and St. Martin clanging in. Happily most of the bells are sweet-toned, or high noon would be a hard time at Marseilles.

Monday.—Here's an extract from this afternoon's *Le Petit Marseillais*:—"Yesterday Admiral Sir BYTO, M.P.'s yacht the *Hiawatha* cast anchor in the Old Port, later in the day the Admiral accompanied by his Sailing-master, made the circuit of the Harbour in his steam-launch. He was, we hear, much impressed with the superiority of the principal naval arsenal of France, above anything possessed by *la perfide Albion*."

"Later, a rumour reaches us, that the distinguished stranger whose arrival we reported in an earlier edition, is not what he seems. Admiral Sir BYTO, M.P., is, we understand, merely a *nom de guerre*, under which English Statesmen are now accustomed to travel. We believe we are right in stating that Admiral Sir BYTO, M.P., is none other than the Lord Duke BELLESFORD, M.P., one of the most daring officers in the British Navy. It was he who went to the rescue of the lamented GORDON, and steaming up the Nile to Khartoum, sat upon the safety-valve of the engine for thirteen hours without light or food, and so prevented an explosion that must have proved fatal. Our distinguished visitor declines to be interviewed, and says he has merely come to Marseilles to go to the theatre. It is needless to say that the Authorities of the Port are on the *qui vive*. At Fort St. Jean sentries have been doubled. From Fort St. Nicolas a lime-light apparatus has been prepared, ready at a moment's notice to cast a flood of light upon the proceedings on board the yacht. *La Cannebière* is foaming with excitement."

Mr. DICK got up steam this morning, and is already pitching about in the Gulf, still turbulent with the Mistral. Poor Mr. DICK! we all liked him, but are really glad he is gone, for the position was a little embarrassing. It is a pitiful story. Less than six months ago Mr. DICK was in full possession of his senses, enjoying the munificent fortune he had amassed through a life of hard work. Then something went wrong. I fancy it was in the copper market. Mr. DICK's overwrought brain gave way under the shock, and he began to babble of green fields and other inconsequential matters. His friends hired a yacht and sent him out to see what wonders a cruise in the Mediterranean might work.

A most affable gentleman is Mr. DICK, with wide plans for the future and a tendency to take passers-by into his confidence.

"I am going," he said to me this morning, across the narrow strip of water that divides the anchored yachts, "to have a ship built entirely of copper. I shall fill it with dynamite, and go and destroy all the ancient cities of the world—the Phenicians, the Romans, the Egyptians, the Mummies, and the Tear-bottles."

In the meantime Mr. DICK occupies his time by doing a little oil-painting. As he lays the colours on with his fingers and wipes them off with his pocket-handkerchief, there is some lack of precision about the detail. But it is very good, quite reminiscent of one of Mr. WHISTLER's studies, as Mr. DICK holds it up for approbation. Mr. DICK is still bubbling with delight at a sensation he created yesterday. Being permitted to go ashore, he eluded the vigilance of his attendant, and entering a grocer's shop in *La Cannebière*, said he wanted some mustard.

"Combien, Monsieur?" asked the shopkeeper.

"Well," said Mr. DICK, after a moment's reflection, "send me £40 worth," and he whisked out his cheque-book, and wrote a cheque for the amount.

He did not mention the transaction on his return, and it was only when an emissary from the shop boarded the yacht to make arrangements for the delivery of the mustard that the truth came out.

"What did you order such a lot of mustard for?" our Sailing-master asked Mr. DICK.

"Why," he said with a genial smile, "I meant to make it hot for them."

In order to prevent further extravagant addition to the yacht's stores, Mr. DICK has been since kept a prisoner on the yacht. He has been determined to go ashore, and as the only available route was by the water, we are glad that he has been safely got away.

Wednesday.—Not a favourable start in the weather. As far as we have gone they make it just as good in England. Sunday no sunlight, close and cloudy. Monday the Mistral blew furiously, cold and still dark. This morning transformation scene, the clouds all blown away, a blue sky spread over an almost bluer sea. Steamed out of the Harbour past the group of Islands, just off the city, and so into the open Gulf. The sea still heaving with the late gale. When we got off Cape Sicie the wind freshened up, all on board are of course veteran sailors, but we were all secretly glad when the Sailing-master called out "Yere! Yere! Yere's Hyères!"

Hyères is a delectable place, and if we cannot get any further East, we are content to spend a day here. But alas! we stay with a difference. We are bound to drop anchor nearly two miles from the coast, and the sea is so rough, even in the Harbour, that no boat can reach the shore. Indeed, we have presently to shift our anchorage. Squall follows squall, the rain beating like musketry on the deck,



SCENE FROM THE PROLOGUE TO THE "IMPERIAL INSTITUTE."

(Founded on Shakspeare's "King Henry the Fourth," Part II., Act v., Sc. 5.)

"It is understood that none of the present Exhibition Staff will be retained."
Times, Nov. 19.

Prince (rejecting False Staff). "PRESUME NOT THAT 'T'WILL BE THE THING IT WAS;
 FOR PUNCH DOETH KNOW, SO SHALL THE *TIMES* PERCEIVE
 THAT I HAVE TURN'D AWAY MY FORMER SCHEME:
 SO DO I THOSE THAT ARE FOR HOLDING TO IT." [Tableau.]

and the wind whistling weirdly through the rigging. More than ever we congratulate ourselves on the happy thought that made us leave London in November in search of summer seas and skies. The Sailing-master says 'twas ever thus, and reminds us that *Isaac of York*, sometime the companion of *Ivanhoe*, recalls how "in the Gulf of Lyons, I flung over my merchandise to lighten the ship, while she laboured in the tempest, robbed the seething billows in my choice silks, perfumed their briny foam with myrrh, and enriched their caverns with gold and silverwork." That was all very well in the time of *Isaac of York*, but the Gulf of Lyons has since had time to learn better.

Thursday.—Steam up, and made for the open Gulf, but did not get beyond the open portals of the Harbour. The sea worse than ever; incessant squalls and rain. Moreover, the wind got round to the East, and bites shrewdly as it did in *Hamlet's* time. After a brief battle gave up the attempt to put to sea; anchored nearer town. Steward and boat's crew went ashore in search of fresh provisions. Found things ashore rather worse than afloat. The town, which nestles under a hill, some two miles distant from the coast-line, inaccessible owing to floods. Oldest inhabitant does not remember such fearful weather at this time of the year. It has, moreover, lasted, in less or greater force, for a month. Came across a swart mariner, captain of a felucca, who reports that he has been thirty-three days on a voyage that ordinarily takes him thirteen. Nothing to do but to remain on board the yacht. All morning a heavy swell, which incessantly rocked the vessel. Three French men-of-war at anchor close by, engaged upon gun-practice. In the chopping sea the targets enjoy unvaried security. Sometimes we wonder if a stray shot may strike us! We wonder, but no one seems particularly to care how it may turn out.

What a day we are having, to be sure!

IN CELEBRATION.

WITH a view to satisfying the present rage for "Centenaries," the following, with brief suggestions for their appropriate commemoration, have been added to Mr. Punch's reserved list:—

Lowther Arcade.—Whole area cleared, and devoted to a three days' Military Tournament. Drawing-Room Entertainment given by Chairman and Directors of South-Eastern Railway Company from over the way. Performance of the Beadle on the tight-rope. Public admitted by voucher.

Bedlam.—Grand Race of Lunacy Commissioners in sacks. Letting of insane patients loose on to the neighbourhood for a fortnight. Display of Fireworks, with colossal set-piece depicting the Governor in a padded room, struggling with two attendants.

Invention of Blacking.—General Parade of the Shoe-black Brigade at Charing Cross. Public blacking of the boots of Cabinet Ministers on the Treasury steps in Downing Street. Peerages conferred on Messrs. DAY AND MARTIN.

Public Analysts.—Monster Meeting of Public Analysts to receive five hundred samples of purposely poisoned food. The latter partaken of freely by their assistants, with results. Hymn of Thanksgiving by economically-disposed Ratepayers, followed by orgy of Publicans over large sale of adulterated Beer.

Birch's, Cornhill.—Three days' gratuitous supply of soup to starving Common Councilmen. Turtle races in front of the Royal Exchange. Public Acrobatic Performance on the steps of the Mansion House by the LORD MAYOR, the two Sheriffs, and the City Remembrancer. Presentation of the Freedom of the City to the local crossing-sweeper.

The London General Omnibus Company.—Universal reduction of the fares to a halfpenny on all routes. Cutting down the conductors' time of service to twenty-two hours a day. Races with the Road Car Company up Piccadilly. Pic-nics to Liverpool Street, organised by Duchesses who go there on the roof.

The Dogs' Home.—General rejoicing and letting loose on to the immediate neighbourhood, of 2,500 dogs unmuzzled and under no control. Raid by the Police and summons against the Institution. Wild dance of Members of the Antivivisectionist Society around the premises, and final apotheosis of the Secretary in the Lethal Chamber.

FOX-HUNTING.

(By D. Crambo Jun.)



A Merry Burst with a Fawkes. Exciting Run with the Belvoir.



A Meltin' Pack and a Hot 'Scent.



A Ringing Run.



An Awkward Take-Off.



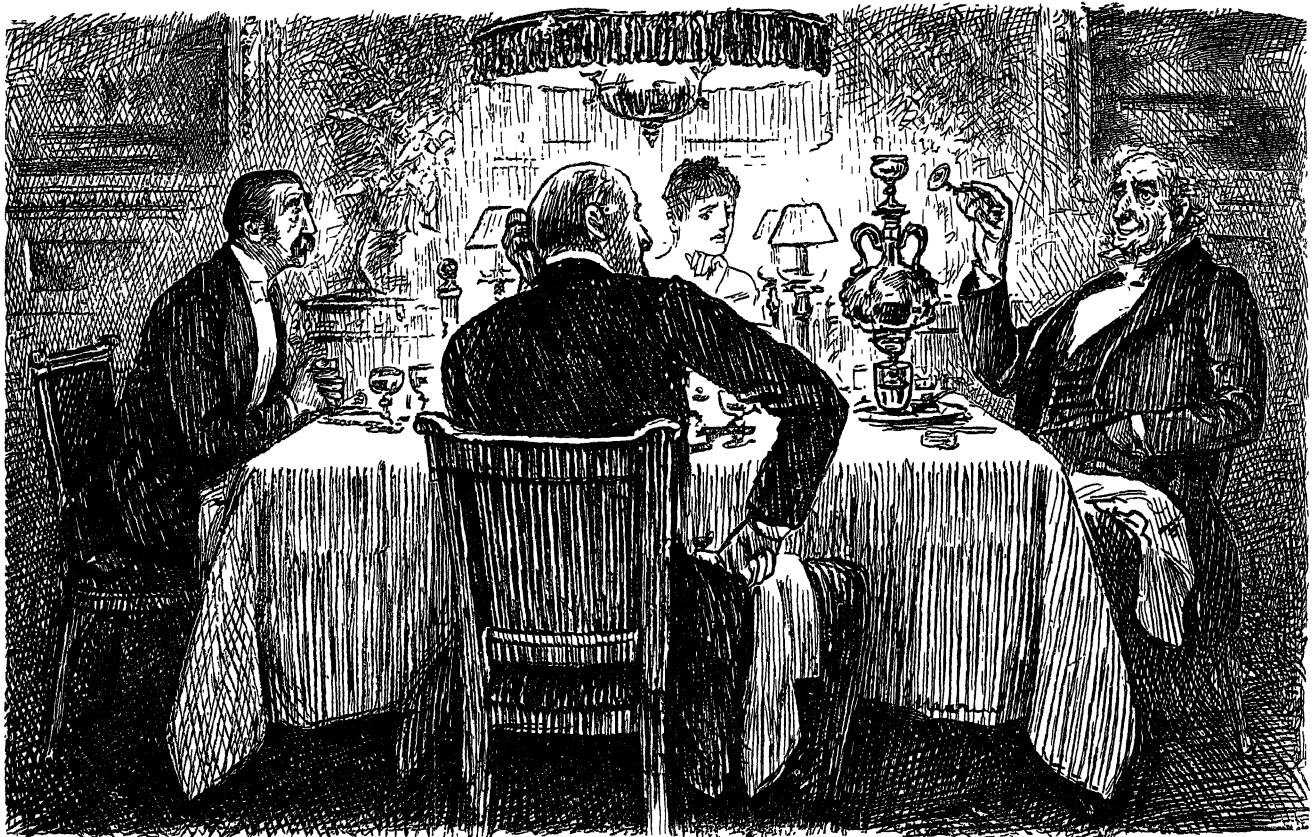
Saved his Brush.



A Rank Refuser.



Skirting the Wood.



SOCIAL AGONIES.

BROWN (THE EMINENT AND WITTY Q.C.) WOULD BE THE MOST DELIGHTFUL COMPANY IN THE WORLD, BUT FOR A HABIT HE HAS, WHEN HE HOLDS FORTH, OF UNCONSCIOUSLY BUILDING THE MOST ELABORATE AND TOP-HEAVY STRUCTURES WITH HIS HOSTESS'S BEST WINE GLASSES AND DECANTERS.

THE TEMPTER.

TEMPTER and Toiler! Demos, and despoiler of labour's tribute as of
wealth's fair store;
A troubled land's twin portents, there they stand. Not hand in
hand—not yet, or the fierce roar
Of the hot hate that only blood can sate were at our gate. Who,
who will read aright
The meaning written in this scene, red-litten
With danger's lurid light?

It is the hour to read it. Heed it, heed it, O high-placed holders of
our power, our purse!
Light mockery now, cold pride's uplifted brow, will bring, anon, a
stricken nation's curse.
One gaunt grim shadow o'er our El Dorado of civic opulence and
splendour lies,
Sombre, unlifting, as the ceaseless drifting
Of tempest-darkened skies.

Some legend olden of a city golden, with aureate streets and courts
and towers, tells,
Serene, sun-litten, fair, yet wizard-smitten at last by the most
sinister of spells,
What time it slept a shapeless shadow crept, a shadow small as any
summer cloud,
Between it and the blue; it grew and grew,
Till it became a shroud.

A shroud all-covering like some night-bird hovering above that golden
city, till the gleam
Of tower and wall beneath that deadly pall died like the lustre of a
night-struck stream;
Died slowly, wholly; till the melancholy requiem of hooting owl and
bittern harsh,
Rose sad, rose only through the silence lonely,
Of sand-waste, mound and marsh.

Is there no shadow fleets athwart our streets? Is not our golden
Babylon haunted too,
By spectres grim that half its brightness dim, make pale the sunshine
and make sad the blue?
What is this swelling cry which rises high and higher from the
myriad throats of Toil?
Must they who moil and moan be left alone,
The Anarch Tempter's spoil?

Demos and Demogorgon seem to meet, grasp hands and greet in many
a neighbouring land.
Here also must they close as friends not foes, make common cause,
strike threatening hand with hand,
Here where Wealth swells so high, and Charity at the street corner
stands with liberal dole?
Can wealth and pity in our affluent City
March to nobler goal?

What ails the roots of which these things be fruits, the broad founda-
tions whence these woes uprear,
Their spectral faces? Are our social bases firm set in justice, past all
doubt, all fear?
These questions high clamour for clear reply; not force alone, nor
love of civic peace,
Will lay these ghosts, make mute these murmuring hosts,
Or bid these questionings cease.

The Tempter stands! Fierce eyes, destroying hands—hands that
invoke and eyes that promise war.
Anarchy's fruits await his blind recruits, Death's Dead-Sea Apples.
"Break the iron bar
Of Wealth's stronghold, and snatch the hoarded gold *your* hands
have stored for *him*!" the Anarch cries;
Poison his breath, his dark delusions death,
His promises sheer lies.

And yet, and yet the Worker's eyes are wet with weary waiting for
the dawn of good.
If labour fail, if patience naught avail, if hands hang idle, children
cry for food,



THE TEMPTER.

"SPIRIT OF ANARCHY. "WHAT! NO WORK! COME AND ENLIST WITH ME,—I'LL FIND WORK FOR YOU!!"

What then? The Tempter's answer quickly comes to courts and slums. Let patriot Wisdom say
If Toil's long woe it can abate, and show
A safer, nobler way.

Ay; Order must be kept, Mob-riot swept from Trade's thronged way and Fashion's pleasant walk.
But after? Not stern force nor careless laughter will lay the ghosts that through our City stalk.
That civic state where willing hands must wait, helplessly, hopelessly, for work and wage,
Is rotten at the core, must reel before
Roused Anarchy's red rage.

IN THE COURT OF COMMON SENSE.

(Before Mr. Justice Punch, without a Jury.)

Bramwell v. Baylis.—This was a case of some considerable importance, involving two questions—(1) Whether a Legal University ever existed; (2) Whether Serjeants' Inn was a part of such University. Mr. Justice PUNCH decided in favour of the Defendant on both issues, and reproved the Plaintiff for the unnecessary violence of his language.



County Court Judges v. Lord Esher.—Mr. Justice PUNCH said that in this case each side should pay its own costs; and he further intimated that it would be necessary to bind over Lord ESHER to hold his peace towards all Her Majesty's subjects, especially after dinner, for the next six months. The effect of this post-prandial order will be extensively felt and universally appreciated.

Cavendish-Bentinck v. Oldrid Scott.—Mr. Justice PUNCH gave judgment for the Defendant, and added, that the only order he should make in this case would be that Mr. BENTINCK must study Architecture for the next five years, and keep his knowledge to himself.

Mr. Justice PUNCH said that he was constantly receiving letters on matters *sub judice*, which it was hardly necessary to say he never read. It was, however, with great pleasure that he announced the receipt of the thousandth and last post-card on the result of the SEBRIGHT case, containing the same joke. "If I had the offenders before me," observed the learned Judge, severely, "I should not be inclined to let them off 'Scot-free.'" (Applause in Court, which was instantly suppressed.)

Quiet Londoners v. Socialists and Salvationists.—Mr. Justice PUNCH said, that this was just one of those cases with which this Court, and this Court alone, possessing as it did unlimited powers to pronounce on matters of every conceivable kind, could satisfactorily deal. Londoners wished Sunday to be a day of rest; a day when they could, if they were so properly minded, attend to their religious duties, and enjoy healthful recreation in the Parks, quiet and peaceable perambulation of the streets, and that where there might happen to be free exhibitions of pictures or other works of Art, or where music was provided in or out of doors, all Londoners should be free to profit by these and similar entertainments, according to their taste, without let or hindrance of any kind. The Socialists, said the learned Judge, have access to all the newspapers; the Press is at their service. For one worthy man that can attend a meeting, there are a hundred who can read a newspaper. Such public meetings as these are an anachronism, and only serve to disgust those whom, as I should have supposed, it would have been considered desirable to attract. And this, too, applies to the Salvationists with their discordant bands, and what they are pleased to call their singing. Good, quiet, respectable folk cannot enjoy their Sunday in London as long as this state of things is permitted; and if the annoyance continues, I shall not hesitate to issue a warrant to bring before me, sitting as President of this Court of Common Sense, not only the offenders themselves, but those Authorities whose mistaken sense of duty has led to the present abuse, by certain parties, of that freedom which is the birthright of every Briton, and in the perfect enjoyment of which consists the Lawful Liberty of the Londoner. (Great applause, in which everybody joined as the Judge left the Court.)

Mrs. RAMSBOTHAM says she is glad to hear that Colonel FRASER was handsomely complicated by the LORD MAYOR on the recent excellent police arrangements.

THE COMING WINTER.

A TRAGEDY IN BLACK AND WHITE.

"We see the Coming Winter," say the children, "in our dreams One round of endless holiday the merry Christmas seems. There is a good time coming of feasting, fun, and rhymes, Of clever conjurors by day and nightly pantomimes! Good Santa Claus will hover, round the household as we sleep, And bring us costly toys to break, and pretty books to keep; There'll be pudding, pie, and pastry in a world too sweet to last, All in the merry Winter that is coming on so fast!"

"We dread the Coming Winter," sigh the children in the street, "For the cold it chills our bodies, and our shoeless little feet. About the shops we wander, to the Market down our way, With eyes too tired for weeping, and hearts too sad to play. We are hungry in the morning, and go starving to our bed, And it can't be 'Jolly Christmas' when we want a bit of bread; We may cry for food to Mother; she'll have nothing left to give In the long and dreary Winter that is coming—if we live!"

"I love the happy Winter!" laughs the careless-hearted lass, As she turns to love herself once more before the looking-glass. "There'll be country-house and covert, there'll be pictures and the play, And skating till the night-time, and dancing till the day; There'll be lots of pocket-money for the girl who only knows To frill her pretty neck with lace and advertise her hose! The boys are coming back, and bring their College friends no doubt, In the cheery Coming Winter when the money flies about!"

"Ah, God! the Coming Winter!" sighs the maiden at her wheel; "If only our young sisters there, could picture what we feel! If only pretty virtue could but know how we begin To break off from our praying and in fancy dream of sin! We are dying at our sewing, as the cruel wheel goes round, And we dream about the river and the noisome underground. We were not born for sorrow, but it hurries on us fast, Before the Coming Winter, that will shiver us at last!"

"Confound it! here's the Winter!—oh! it cuts one like a knife," Cry the boys, who, like the children, break the little toys of life! "Let us shirk the beastly weather, and unite the night and day In one long and festive gambol that Society calls play. There'll be baccarat and poker when we make our little 'pile,' And swindle one another in a gentlemanly style! He's a fool who thinks of working, there's the odd trick and the rub, So we'll sort our Christmas Cards like jolly fellows at the Club!"

"Can I face the Coming Winter and its miserable ways?" Asks the threadbare shabby fellow who has known his better days. They shun him who have robbed him, and they cut him in the street, For grim poverty has stamped him from his head unto his feet. He hasn't nerve to cringe to them, and hasn't heart to think, So he shambles round the corner, and he warms himself with drink. 'Tis the only food that nourishes forgetfulness—alas! So he toasts the Coming Winter from the poison in his glass!

"About the Coming Winter?" asks the husband to the wife, As they rub along together, in their calm contented life. "There's the orthodox subscription that perhaps we ought to give, For they tell me these poor creatures find it very hard to live!" "Well, be just before you're generous," says the matron to her spouse,

"For if you've to pay the carriage, I have got to keep the house!" So they order up their dinner, since they've other fish to fry, And elect to think about the Coming Winter by-and-by!

Look up, good Mr. Dives! from the table where you dine, And hear the men who murmur, and the little ones who whine. Go out into the highways and the byeways, and behold The truth, or the deception, of the saddest story told! It may be some are thriftless, and many more who walk And curse their empty pockets, spend their toiling-hours in talk. It may be this, it may be that, that causes them to fall, But the cruel, crawling Winter! it is coming on them all!

Go! tell the little children to sacrifice their fun, Remind the giddy women, "What is Pleasure when it's done?" Say to the boys who gambol, "A better life begin, Assist a wretch from starving and a woman's soul from sin!" This is no time for dreaming! they are drowning within reach! Fling out a rope to save them! let us practise what we preach. There is wailing, there is weeping, there are bodies on the rack, Let us face the Coming Winter! and attack it back to back!



POOR LETTER 'H.'

"HAVE YOU GOT ANY WHOLE STRAWBERRY JAM?"—"No, MISS. ALL OURS IS QUITE NEW!"

LIGHT FOR THE LEAGUE.

THE Secretary of the New Liberal League, just established "to secure the co-operation of men and women in Liberal work, and especially in counteracting the machinations of the Primrose League," having invited "Liberals and Radicals of all sections and both sexes to forward any suggestions they may wish to make, which will assist the Committee who have been intrusted with the drawing up the rules and constitution," has already received the following encouraging communications that have been submitted to him for his guidance:—

A "LIBERAL CHAMPION" writes:—"To combat, as you suggest, the machinations of the Primrose League, what we Liberals require is, an organisation of a similar, but overwhelmingly superior character. We must crush our enemies by smiting them with their own weapons. And this is how I would do it. To begin with an emblem. Let the Liberals take the sunflower. It is at once popular and showy, and has this immense advantage over the primrose, that when worn in the button-hole it is unmistakable. The League, therefore, should be known as the "Sunflower League." Then the Knights of the League should, on all public occasions, wear some distinguishing dress. The badges of the Primrose League have been a success. Why should not the Sunflower Knights carry the principle still further, and appear in full chain-armor? The Dames too might wear some appropriate courtly costume of rich silk brocade that would, on the same lines, invest the meetings held at the various 'Habitations' with impressive dignity. Then these meetings themselves, that should be given at the mansions of the Dukes, Earls, and Barons holding high office in the League, should be celebrated by champagne banquets, to which the navvies, coalheavers, and bricklayers, and all who represent its humblest adherents, should not only have free access, but be specially summoned and earnestly invited to attend. The canvassing, too, for recruits should not be confined to the mere distribution, as in the case of the Primrose League, of coats and blankets, but comprise a right royal largesse, involving the unstinted giving away of suits of clothes, household furniture, legs of mutton, unlimited groceries, barrels of beer, and a full supply of the domestic necessities encountered in each individual household of the new associates. The matter is simple enough, and only wants testing in operation. I am convinced that if essayed under such conditions, the New Sunflower League would have an enthusiastic following, capable of sweeping down all opposition, and of outrivalling any hostile political scheme whatever."

An "IMPECUNIOUS PATRIOT" suggests as under:—"To my thinking, what is wanted is a permanent guarantee fund, from which a handsome salary could be paid to an efficient organising Secretary. And for that post I beg to submit myself. I have a wonderful working scheme in my head, the which, on being duly installed in the appointment, and

having a quarter's stipend in advance, I should be ready to disclose."

An "ELECTIONEERING MAIDEN" writes:—"You appeal to your supporters of 'either sex,' but I do not think you recognise how far more efficacious than the male is the female element as a compelling political power. Do you appreciate the strength and force of feminine youth and beauty, when let loose to work its own sweet will on the loafing denizens of some river-side slum? I tell you that all the political theories, urged with ever such adroitness by the male canvasser on the attention of the buttonholed bargee, do not affect him in any degree comparably with the exercise of a little blandishing coquetry by one of the softer sex. So be guided, and, while you men meet together and keep the accounts of the League, leave the active work of canvassing for its interests to us women. You may hold Mr. WILLIAM SIKES unwillingly for a few minutes by your words, but we can bind him permanently in a chain of roses a submissive captive with our smiles."

"COMMON SENSE" concludes:—"Surely the proper and only way to set the New League on foot, and establish it as a powerful political agent for the Liberal cause, is for each one of us to bring to its support that fund of earnest and personal zeal, without which no movement, however artfully planned out in mere talk, and carefully mapped out on paper, can hope to succeed. And here, without copying the ridiculous paraphernalia of our Primrose League rivals, we can at least take a leaf out of their book. They knew what they wanted and went at it with all their will. As an initial step we can not do better than say to ourselves we will go and do likewise."

AT IT AGAIN!

(Dedicated to the Shelley Society.)

"LAST night the Shelley Society gave what their programme described as a 'performance' of *Hellas*, in St. James's Hall. . . . The audience, full to begin with, gradually thinned under the depressing influences of the occasion, and the most ardent Shelleyite present must have felt relieved when the performance was over."—*Times' Report*.

THE "Kyrles" great age begins anew;
The cultured folk return
To Town, and gladly would renew
The sport for which they yearn:—
To show, as plain as heart can wish,
How poor a dramatist was BYSSHE.

A drearier *Cenci* must be acted,
But one more moral far;
So 'tis by FURNIVALL enacted,
Culture's great morning star;
How *could* a poet such as he,
A SHELLEY, from odd fish be free?

"If all its faults and flaws be shirked,"
Shelleys will exclaim,
"This play of *Hellas* may be worked,
To bring us heaps of fame;
Although around our mimic stage
The critics furiously rage."

Unfitted for the footlights' glare,
Those lovely lyrics leave!
Show mercy to a Genius rare,
Nor make his ghost believe,
That even to Cultured Bards is sent,
A state of future punishment!

SPECULATIVE BUILDERS.—Proposers of the Church House, and Palace for the People.

AN EVENING FROM HOME BY THE LIGHT OF "DAY."



Mr. Peter Dumpkin, who expects to be appointed one of the Muddlesen Magistracy, was so struck by the self-sacrificing practicality of Mr. Justice Day (as recorded in the "Daily Telegraph") in being personally conducted through the Liverpool slums and visiting the "Loose Box," that he informed a friend, that, as he will have to vote for granting licences to various places of refreshment and entertainment, he felt it his bounden duty to make a personal inspection of some of the most notable among them at any risk. His friend, who happened to be an expert, offered to see Mr. Dumpkin through it for one night only. The above series faithfully represents Peter's Progress.

A PRETTY DANCE.

MY DEAR MR. PUNCH,

I MUST admit that I was extremely surprised to see in the columns of the *Times* that the critic of that paper had discovered no plot in the new ballet at the Alhambra entitled *Dresdina*. I was present at the initial performance, and I must confess was deeply interested in the dance-drama in question. The story was simple but

exciting. A number of Hungarian students are engaged in learning dancing at a German University, when they are attacked by a band of robbers disguised as muleteers. They upon this take to drinking, when the chief of the false muleteers is so shocked by the occurrence that he and his *troupe* give up brigandage, and form themselves into an itinerant street orchestra. A lady (who I cannot help fancying must have been known in those parts as the "*Maid of the Mill*") appears and flirts with the reformed robber-chief, but subsequently coquets

with a nobleman whose property has been reduced to the solitary holding of a bundle at the end of a stick and a large wide-awake hat. It must be confessed that both peer and pickpocket are very effeminate, and for awhile the Maid seems unable to decide between them. Ultimately, however, she prefers the thief, upon which the nobleman wanders dejectedly in a ruined castle where he meets some animated statues. He practises his steps with these quaint personages, and is subsequently joined by the Maid herself (who seems on the whole to be rather a fickle individual, for she has evidently deserted the ex-robber chief), and the five indulge in a *pas de cinque*. It is scarcely necessary to say, that after going so far there is but one course open to the peer and the peasant girl, and that is immediately to visit the Palace of Dresden China, and assist at a "porcelain ballet." They do so, and live happily ever afterwards. And yet the leading "morning paper," declared that *Dresdina* had no plot! For the rest, the scenery and costumes are simply superb. On the first night, a number of persons, some of them in morning dress, were called before the footlights. With the exception of M. JACOB (who had composed some very pretty music for the piece) I did not recognise anyone. I was told, however, that a gentleman in dark spectacles was the maker of the dresses, from designs furnished by someone else. I should say that this ballet will have a long run. It ought to, as it has capital legs to do it with.

Your faithful contributor,
RUSTY CUSS IN URBE.

STUDIES FROM MR. PUNCH'S STUDIO.

No. V.—WYCKHAM OF JUDE'S.



"STILL the old place," I thought, as I escaped from the Great Western, in a regular Oxford cab, and a regular Oxford day.

"Oxford that scarce deserves the name of land," seemed an obvious parody from MARVELL, as we splashed through the yellow Slough of Despond under the railway bridge, and caught a glimpse of the posts in the floods, that "to the stake a struggling country bind." Everything aboveground was a dirty grey, everything on the ground a dirty yellow, and the water ran down the old College walls, inside and out, when I reached St. Jude's, quite in the old familiar fashion.

"Mr. WYCKHAM, in Sir? yes, Sir," said the porter, ushering me to the remembered rooms. Old TOTTER had them when I was up.

One never saw him except when he "drew" you for not going to chapel. As he was too shy to speak to you when he had captured you, the interview was rather painful and embarrassing.

As I stood on the eccentric wooden step outside WYCKHAM's door, and was about knocking, he rushed out like a whirlwind, hurrying on his gown as he came, and nearly sent me to the bottom of the stairs. However, he caught me, and held me as tight as if it were football, and I trying to run in with the ball.

"Hullo!" he cried in a great cheery voice like the North wind, "here you are, I had given you up. Come on in!" He dragged me through his outer chamber, where there were little lecture-tables and chairs, into "a penetralia," as a learned author has it, and thrust me into an arm-chair by the fire.

"Not more than one minute to wait," he said; "just off to a meeting about Ifley Lock."

"What's the matter with Ifley Lock?"

"Oh, Ifley there ever! Don't you see the floods? Don't you smell 'em? The Master's New Gut's no good, only a temporary palliative. If we don't sweep away Ifley Lock, the remains of the University will soon be in the alluvial deposit of the Thames valley. Dinner in Common room at seven; I'll be back at six."

Then he fled, and I was left to warm myself, and reflect on WYCKHAM and the new sort of Don. A man's books and furniture tell you a good deal about him. WYCKHAM's told me that he was an energetic, and, so to speak, multifarious character. His cap and sword, as an officer of the Volunteer corps, were lying on a sofa. Two oars with dark blue blades were crossed over a queer old oak

cabinet, full of classics in very crabbed type, and very thick stamped pig-skin binding. There were some blue crackle vases, and four big boating powders on the chimney-piece, inscribed with the names of ancient crews, that WYCKHAM had "stroked." A mummy case, with a gilt face, gleaming rather awfully in the fire-lit dusk, stood against a wall on which were hung a pair of bats, and a trophy of spears from the Soudan. The table was littered with College notices and copies of the *University Gazette*, and with high-class Magazines, "*Social Sophistries*, by R. A. WYCKHAM," I read in the contents of one, and "*Ground and Lofly Tumbling, as a Mode of Motion*," by the same author, in another, a scientific periodical. There was also the *Journal of the Hellenic Society*, with an essay on "*Cock-fighting in Ancient Athens, as illustrated by two Dipyron Vases*, by R. A. WYCKHAM."

The signs of WYCKHAM's versatility and energy were as frequent in the College notices as anywhere else. "Mr. WYCKHAM will coach the College Four, at three." "The College Trombone Society, will meet in Mr. WYCKHAM's Rooms at ten, on Tuesday Evening." "The College Browning Society will meet in Hall, on the thirteenth. Essay on *Browning's Aversion to finishing his Monosyllables, and the Bearing of this on his Philosophy of Love*, by Mr. WYCKHAM."

While I was turning over these things men were constantly bolting into the room in search of WYCKHAM; some were in pink, some in cap and gown, some in boating flannels. They all begged my pardon and rushed out again; apparently life in Oxford is more energetic than it used to be. In my time the stroke of the University boat complained constantly of languor. About an hour after he had gone out WYCKHAM returned like a charge of Cavalry. "Ifley Lock has life in it yet," he said. "Now, if you'll excuse me, I'll just knock off all this comp., and then I'm your man." He seized a bundle of Greek and Latin exercises, and hewed his way through them, as it were, with a red pencil, "blazing" the passages he disliked, correcting, adding, and shouting out to me the more ludicrous solecisms he discovered. When he had finished, it was time to dress, and I was then taken to one of the bare little slits of bedrooms, the floor damp with spilt of many tubs, which are the least luxurious of things Academic.

Dinner at High-Table Hall at St. Jude's is never exhilarating. There were only three Dons in addition to myself and WYCKHAM. One of them was æsthetic and unemployed, the College having no use for his gifts, which were chiefly devoted to composing sonnets, and virelais. He seemed clever, depressed, and disagreeable, and said as many things as he could to annoy the clerical bursar, and the Dean of the Chapel, who either did not understand or did not answer his remarks. WYCKHAM plunged with them into dissertations on University Sermons and Oxford Charities, throwing himself into these topics as if they were the things nearest to his heart.

He sent for two undergraduates to join us in Common Room, young men so much young men of the world that I own I quailed before them, and felt it impossible to talk up to their level. But WYCKHAM did; he discoursed of hunting, and the county families, and the noble youths seemed perfectly at home. They provided themselves, however, with excuses very cleverly when WYCKHAM proposed to take them on with us to an evening entertainment at Mrs. NIPPER's, wife of NIPPER of St. Gatten's.

"You remember NIPPER?" he said to me,—"the man who kept the bear in his rooms at St. Gatten's? Well, he's married."

"And what is Mrs. NIPPER like?"

"You'll see," said WYCKHAM, and led me out to the Parks, where we arrived at the red-brick house which Mrs. NIPPER styled Eleutheria Hall. "Liberty Hall" was not sufficiently classical.

The company might have been called mixed without any sense of social disrespect. Parthians, Medes, and Elamites, Hindus, Parsees, and Mingrelian Princes, all of them undergraduates, were there, enjoying the elegant hospitality. I noticed that whoever was introduced to any of these aliens, at once began to pump him with questions as to the customs, resources, scenery and religion of his native country. This greatly embarrassed the foreign undergraduates, who knew but little, as was natural in men of their years, about their native institutions. Some of them came from countries which had no institutions at all. The rest of the company consisted of Scotch freshmen, middle-aged Dons with puzzled wives, and Psychological Researchers. WYCKHAM was soon engaged in thought-reading, or deciphering the unexpressed ideas of a very pretty young lady. So successful was he in this branch of research, that I really began to think there was "something in it."

But when we left Eleutheria Hall and its exciting society, WYCKHAM admitted that his success was the result of collusion with the young lady. "In fact you may congratulate me, my dear fellow," which I did very heartily, and still more, when I heard that he had accepted a flourishing professorship of Greek in an Australian College. I think WYCKHAM may thrive to be President of the Australian Republic, which will be even better than being President of St. Jude's.

THE TINT OF THE EUXINE.—It is too evident that the CZAR wants to convert the Black Sea into Russian Lake.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—In no case can Contributions, whether by a Stamped and Directed Envelope or Cover.

MS., Printed Matter, or Drawings, be returned, unless accompanied Copies of MS. should be kept by the Senders.

UNDERGROUND STUDIES.



Smoking Compartment.



Wait till the Train Stops.



Third Class. To Seat Six.

TO EVERYBODY.

In answer to the questions which have appeared in newspapers all over the world, and also to those contained in letters from innumerable correspondents, as to the meaning of a Pictorial Joke signed with the well-known initials C. K., and entitled "Philological," which appeared on p. 254 of the Number for November 27, *Mr. Punch*, with every wish to calm the public mind, which during the recent fogs has been so greatly exercised on this subject, has great pleasure in announcing *urbi et orbi*, that the Artist will give a prize, the nature and value of which will be fixed by the donor, and that *Mr. Punch* himself will supplement this with an additional prize of one copy of his Royal Jubilee Almanack for 1887, to Anyone, Anywhere, who, having full possession of his reason, and being in the perfect enjoyment of his liberty, shall offer such a solution as shall be within distinctly measurable distance of the exact point of the original joke intended to be set forth in the above-mentioned prize-puzzle picture. And hereto we set our hand and seal.

(Signed) 卅四不七號.

ADVICE GRATIS.

LEGAL.

Supplied by T. SHARPUS, ESQ., Solicitor, 26, Botany Bay Buildings, E.C.

A. GULL.—You are evidently quite at the mercy of your creditor. Only a very clever Solicitor can get you out of the scrape you are in. I advise you to consult one. You had better be careful to go to a lawyer who gives some guarantee for his thorough respectability and competency (such as a recognised City address, contributing legal advice to weekly journals, &c.) Without in any way obtruding personal claims in this column, I may mention that my own office hours are ten to five, and my fee unusually low.

BESSIE.—Certainly you are legally married. In fact from your statement, which is very confused, it seems that you have been married three times over. If so, you have committed Bigamy. Consult a Solicitor.

LAW STUDENT.—1. No, a Will had better not be written in pencil

on the margin of an old newspaper. 2. Look it up in BLACKSTONE; you cannot expect me to act as a Coach (without remuneration) for your forthcoming Exam. 3. The Master of the Rolls is *not* the Managing Director of the Aerated Bread Company.

HOUSEHOLDER.—Yes, you can appeal against your Rates, if you think it worth while to do so. After waiting two or three months, you will probably, at some time during your summer holidays, when you are away and have forgotten all about the matter, be summoned before the Assessment Committee to explain your reasons for appealing. There is not the least chance of your assessment being lowered, but there is always the possibility of its being raised as the result of an Appeal.

J. D.—You say a noisy and savage mastiff, under no control whatever, frequently comes over the back wall into your garden. Why not strew prussic acid on the grass? You have the right of user of your own premises. It will cure his barking. N.B.—Be careful to carry a thick stick with you for the next week or so. Owners sometimes resent their dogs' decease, and attempt a battery.

A HUMANE MISTRESS.—No, you have no right to knock the cook down the kitchen-stairs with a broom-handle, and I fear you may get into trouble in consequence of having done so, in a moment of forgetfulness. Consult a Solicitor, and see answer to A. GULL. Strapping your housemaid tightly to the handle of the pump, while you ransacked her box in search of missing forks was also perhaps "*ultra vires*." Her excuse for wishing to leave, viz., that you frequently assaulted her when intoxicated, and kept her for two whole days without any food whatever, would be a good one, if true. But, as you say, nowadays servants never know when they are well off. Your case is an interesting one, and I should be happy to take it up on public grounds.

ENGINEER.—*Sharpus on Costs*, is the authority on the matter you ask about. It is an excellent work, and can be obtained at any Law Stationer's.

TENANT.—You have certainly been unfortunate. The Landlord has no liability to rebuild the chimney-stack which has fallen through into your front bedroom, or to put a new roof on in the place of the one blown off by a recent gust of wind. The fact that the whole house is infested with a venomous West-African spider, imported by the last tenant, and that all your family are prostrate with typhoid fever, from the fact of the parish sewer emptying itself directly into your basement, does not give you the right to claim damages from your Landlord, or the Vestry, or anybody else. A Solicitor's letter might do good. Try one. We keep blank forms at our office.

DISTRESSED LANDLORD.—If, as you say, the man you have put in possession has locked himself into a cellar and refuses to come out, owing to the presence of six large and ferocious Australian fighting wombats in the house, which the defaulting tenant—who is now in Russia—brought over with him in a recent voyage from Melbourne, I do not see what you are to do. As you remark, it is no use to send another man in, as nobody would go. Apply to Broadmoor, and see if they can lend you a couple of powerful criminal lunatics for a day or two, to enter and overpower the wombats. Meanwhile, perhaps you could get the people next door to knock a hole in the wall, and so feed the imprisoned baillif by means of arrowroot conveyed through a pipe. Consult a Solicitor.

READY FOR THE ROD.

FIVE thousand and twenty-one teachers employed by the London School Board have petitioned that august body in favour of their being allowed, in some shape or other, to administer corporal punishment to refractory pupils. Much has been well urged on the other side, and the sort of instrument that ought to be used for punishment is also under discussion.

As it happens the Board have still time to institute further investigation in the matter, the decision of the question having been adjourned, it would really be as well if in the meantime the Members could, by some practical tests on each other, arrive at a definite conclusion on the subject. The Rev. Mr. DIGGLE, as Chairman, could, if intrusted with several specimens of canes and rods, be safely relied on not to jeopardise his judicial calm by the display of any unusual excitement in their use. In this way some interesting experiments might be essayed, and valuable evidence secured, and no doubt those Members of the Board who are in favour of the extension of corporal punishment would only be too happy to volunteer their services for its experimental reception. By the carrying out of some such arrangement, Mr. DIGGLE would be able, at the next meeting of the Board, to address it with the authority gathered from actual experience of the subject, and the matter might then, once and for all, be definitely disposed of and settled.

Sublime Person. Will you not come with me to hear the lecture on the Utter?

Frivolous and Unæsthetic Person. Depends on who's the Utterer.



A HAPPY THOUGHT.

"ULLO, COUNT! WHY YOU'RE WRITING A LOVE-LETTER IN ENGLISH!"
 "YES. I WRITE TO ZE SHARMEENG VIDOW, MISTRESS VILKEENSONNE."
 "BUT YOU'RE COPYING IT OUT OF FRANK FAIRLEIGH!"
 "MA FOI, YES! I ALWAYS USE MYSELF OF ZIS BOOK—NOT FOR ZE SENTI-
 MENTS, VICH ARE NOT MINE, BUT FOR ZE CONSTRUCTION!"

NURSERY RHYMES FOR PRESENT TIMES.

For the Ocar.

KALNOKY's oration is vexation,
 SALISBURY's is as bad;
 The League of Three doth puzzle me,
 And KATKOFF drives me mad.

For Katkoff.

FEE, FI, FO, FUM!
 I smell the gold of an Englishman!
 Be his name CECIL, or be his name WHITE,
 I can see through his intrigues quite.

A Song of a Sell.

HICKERY, dickery, dare!
 The Socialists met in the Square;
 WARREN nabs one,
 Away the rest run,
 Hickery, dickery, dare!

Neglected Wails.

TAFFY was a Welshman, TAFFY had a farm,
 TAFFY wouldn't pay his tithes, but kept 'em
 in his palm;
 His Vicar lowered TAFFY's tithes, for the
 sake of quiet,
 TAFFY had rejoicings, ending in a riot.

The Landlord sent his Agent, and doubled
 TAFFY's rent,
 TAFFY's now for Welsh Home-Rule, and
 Disestablishment!

A Randolphian Lullaby.

THERE was a little man,
 And he had a little plan
 For depriving London of new Parks, Parks,
 Parks;
 He left MCGAREL HOGG
 In an intellectual fog,
 And he thought all the while it was larks,
 larks, larks!

OUT OF THE LOST LETTER-BAG.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,

THOUGH your delightful Artists reflect
 almost the whole of English life in a most
 agreeable mirror, do you not think that they
 overlook one pretty corner? You will re-
 member, Sir, that JOHN LEECH once drew
 "The Children of the Mobility." I miss the
 Children of the Mobility of to-day from your
 Gallery; though the children of the comfort-
 able classes—the garden flowers—are so pret-
 tily sketched, the little wild flowers are neg-
 lected. Yet one often sees beautiful children

ROBERT'S CONFESSIONS.

A LADY in a werry high persition has dun me the
 honner of asking me jest to fill up a page in her Book of
 Confessions, and as praps sum other nice people, both in
 high and low persitions, mite like to see 'em, as we most
 on us likes to know summat about other people's affairs,
 I apends 'em:—

Your favorite virtue?—Libberality.

Your favorite qualities in man?—Punkshuality and
 cheerfulness.

Your favorite qualities in woman?—Pashence and
 creedulity.

Your favorite occupation?—Riting.

Your chief characteristic?—Corectness in Spellin.

Your ideal of happiness?—A reel grand Bankwet.

Your ideal of misery?—Cold Sholder of Mutton.

Your favorite color and flower?—White. Collyflower.

If not yourself, who would you be?—Head Waiter at
 Winsor Carsell.

Where would you like to live?—At the Grand Otel.

Your favorite prose authors?—TUPPER and Mrs. GLASSE.

Your favorite poets.—Dr. WATTS and TOM HOON.

Your favorite painters, and Composers?—Sine Painters.
 Hot Whisky and Water, or B. and S.

Your favorite heroes in real life?—Lord Mares.

Your favorite heroines in real life?—Lady Maresses.

Your favorite hero in fiction?—Pryer Tuck.

Your favorite heroine in fiction?—Sairy Camp.

Your favorite food and drink?—Turtel Soup and
 Champagne.

Your favorite names?—ROBERT and LOOWEESER.

Your pet aversion?—A nagging female.

What characters in history do you most dislike?—
 Most all on 'em.

What is your present state of mind?—Pretty cumfural.

For what fault have you most toleration?—Extrava-
 gance.

Your favorite motto?—"May good Dergestion wait on
 Happytigh!"

ROBERT.

Shakspeare at the A.D.C.

THE A.D.C. Cantabs seem to have achieved a genuine
 success with their *Henry the Fourth* (Shakspeare, J. W.
 CLARKE's edition), by returning to their old rule of inclu-
 ding in the cast members of the Club who had "gone down."
 Some of these ancestral Shades from the Ha-des Sea ap-
 peared, and did good service. ("Gave their Aid d'ye see?"
 says Mr. WAGSTAFF.) The A.D.C., some thirty years ago,
 used to admit Oxford Dramatic brethren to join their com-
 pany and appear on their boards. *Henry the Fourth* is
 a good choice, but, to put it logically and arithmetically,
 if HENRY 4 is good, HENRY 8 must be double as good.
Ergo, next time play *Henry the Eighth*.

in the dirtiest lanes, as happy as kings, and
 in the most touching attitudes. Two or three
 days since I passed an ugly hoarding in West-
 minster, an ugly hoarding, with an ugly hole
 in it. But these greasy boards were the frame
 of a pensive little lass in blue, who was sitting
 perched there, looking out on the road, like
 an unconscious child *Mariana*. The waste
 ground behind her was her enchanted castle,
 and she watched the wayfarers with an acci-
 dental grace, as if she did not see them!
 Then one has seen a tiny nurse of six years
 make herself a ladder for her fostering of
 four to climb on, and so reach the giddy
 height of the knocker on the door. How
 touching is their gaiety when the little girls
 dance to the music of the hurdy-gurdy, as
 gracefully, I am sure, as any *contadini* in the
 native land of the artist with the monkey and
 the musical instrument. We don't want fewer
 of your pretty drawing-room or nursery
 wits, *Mr. Punch*, but are not the little
 humorists of the courts and lanes also pleasant
 models for the pencils of your Artists?

Yours obediently, A GREAT UNCLE.

"UNCOMMONLY HANSOM."—The Cabmen's
 testimonial to Sir EDMUND HENDERSON.



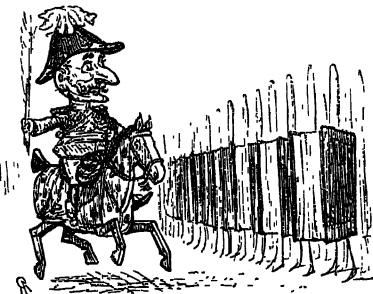
"THE OLD ADAM."

The Minister (coming on them unawares). "E-E-H! SANDY McDOUGAL! AH'M SORRY TO SEE THIS! AND YOU TOO, WULLY! FISHIN' O' THE SAWBATH! AH TROUGHT AH'D ENSTELLET BETTER PRENCIPLES——" (A Rise.) "E-E-EH! WULLY, MAN!—YE HAE 'M!—IT'S ENTIL 'M! HAUD UP YER R-ROD, MAN—OR YE'LL LOSE 'M—TAK' CAR-R-RE!"

[Recollects himself, and walks off.]

MR. PUNCH'S REVIEW.

MR. PUNCH's table groans, not under all the delicacies of the season, but under a pile of books, which never seems to diminish. Big



Mr. Punch Reviewing Books.

books and little, heavy literature and light, all await his notice. No wonder the table groans, no wonder Mr. Punch groans. He thinks nothing of reviewing an army; but when he comes to review books, he puts it off as long as possible. Tax on books would doubtless be a good thing. But should knowledge be taxed? Are books knowledge? This opens a wide question, so Mr. Punch will open a wide book—which is, without doubt, full of knowledge—*The Cruise of the Land Yacht, Wanderer*, by Dr. GORDON STABLES. There we have the account of thirteen hundred miles' travelling in his caravan. A most delightful way of voyaging, and a

method of living which can never become vulgarised, as the house-boat stands a very good chance of. Endless variety, no considerable amount of adventure, and frequent change of scene, are the great features of this book. It abounds in illustrations, and it is the best book of the kind that has appeared since CHARLES ALLSTON COLLINS's incomparable volume, *A Cruise upon Wheels*. It was COLLINS who may be said to have invented this system of cruising, more than five-and-twenty years ago.

Here is another large volume, *The Dogaresa*, by MELMONTI—translated by CLARE BRUNE. It is full of interesting details concerning the Venice of the past, and Venice past and present is perhaps the most interesting city in the world. It also contains a most delightful preface by GEORGE AUGUSTUS SALA. It is said prefaces are never read. This will be most assuredly prove a notable exception to the rule. A capital number is the *Century* for December. Notable amid the contents are the papers relating to HENRY CLAY, "An American Beauty," "The Hundredth Man," by FRANK R. SROCKTON, and "Old Chelsea," by Dr. MARTIN. The whole of the illustrations are of unusual excellence. Especially good are those to the last-named paper by Mr. JOSEPH PENNELL. "The Girl in the Brown Habit," by Mrs. EDWARD KENNARD—albeit it has a little too much "horse" in it—is a wholesome love-story well told. It would have been better if it had been shorter.

The Senior Major is another story which would doubtless gain by being in two volumes instead of three. However, it is amusing

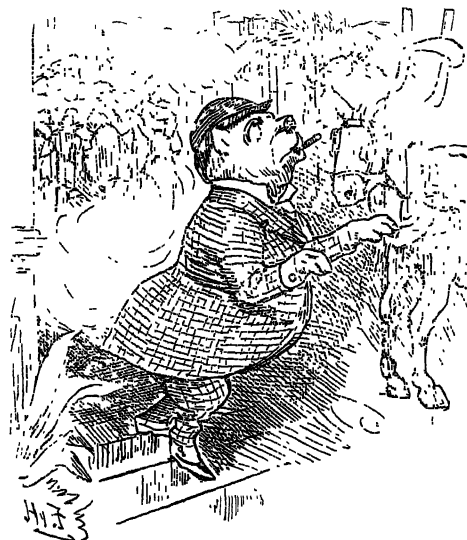
enough. It is announced as being written by PHILIP GASKELL. But certain evidences lead one to imagine it is the work of a lady. It is quite a new thing this strange mania for Ladies writing stories of military life. Possibly it has been inspired by the success of the Author of *Boodle's Baby*. That lady has just brought out a clever little story called *Mignon's Secret*, in which some of the characters in her former work reappear. It is lightly touched, and has somewhat a tragico termination. It is easy to imagine we have not seen the last of *Mignon* yet, by a long way. Regimental infants promise to be as profitable as *Helen's Babies*. *Manners Makyth Man* is not a book on etiquette. It is a series of Essays by the Author of *How to be Happy though Married*. By its study it will doubtless contribute to happiness, even though the reader may be wedded either to his own opinions or somebody else's. It will also be read with considerable pleasure and profit by the single, and ought to become as popular as its predecessor. *Spoilt by Matrimony*, by E. JAHN, is another view of a popular institution which those desiring to view both sides of the question should not neglect to peruse.

WHEN Mr. TOOLE reappears at his own little House of Entertainment, his first piece will be *The Butler*: to which performance it is probable Mr. Punch will devote one of his Pages.

WHAT celebrated ruin does an irritable French clergyman represent? Nettley Abbé.

MEMOIRS OF A SECRET MISSION.

(Extracted from the Diary of BYTO, M.P.)



YÈRES, Friday.—Wind still fresh, and the Gulf still lively, but determined to make a bolt for it. Can't be pottering about here for a month, getting varied views of Hyères from divers points of the Bay. So get up steam, and face the terrors of the Gulf. Not so bad, after all. The wind has fallen, but there is a heavy swell on; sky overcast, but light enough to shed on the Mediterranean an alowely soft greenish light. Here and there, for no

apparent reason, the colour breaks into wide patches of dark blue. Can even see a thin ripple of white where one colour meets the other. On the right hand a waste of greenish water breaking somewhere on the shores of Africa. To the left a charming coast, made up of dark purple hills and islands, with here a white lighthouse, and there a red-roofed house standing in a terraced garden. Passing Cannes, a cluster of white villas nestling under a hill, and Antibes, with a cluster of islands doing sentry duty at the Cape. Long before Nice was anything more than a blurred white patch, we could see the long range of the Maritime Alps crested with snow. The sky was still dark overhead, but there was evidently a sunny land somewhere, a band of pale blue sky showing above the snow. As we drew nearer, the blue sky and the snow-clad Alps disappeared from view, and, when near enough to make out the houses of the town, there was nothing to be seen but the nearer and lower hills with verdure clad. Dwellers in Nice, shut in by this lower range of hills, know nothing of the white world that girdles them to the north.

Entrance to the little harbour exceedingly pretty. Buttressed by the Castle Hill, which, with the sunlight upon it, looks more like a *chef-d'œuvre* of Scenic Art under the direction of AUGUSTUS DRU-RIOLANUS than an actual site for dwelling-houses and a garden for live palms, orange-trees, the cypress, and the aloe. The tiny harbour is a delight to the eye. It was nearly full of little ships, by the side of which the *Hiawatha* looked like a Triton among the minnows. On the land side houses are built up close to the quays, and the masts of the schooners seem to be poking in at the first-floor windows. One steam-yacht lay among the miniature fleet in the harbour. There seemed something familiar about its build, and there, sure enough, upon the deck, boldly dashing colours on his canvas with his fingers, and wiping them off with his pocket-handkerchief was Mr. DICK.

Saturday.—Raining this morning just like it does in dear old Scotland. The fair promise of last night broken. Save that the temperature is higher, our November day on the Riviera is very much like what is probably lowering by the banks of the Thames. There have been terrible times here lately, culminating in the storm of Wednesday when we were dodging about the Bay of Hyères. On Tuesday evening it began to rain and poured all night. On Wednesday the wind rose to a gale and drove the mad Mediterranean dead on shore. At various points it broke up the Promenade des Anglais uprooting the palm-trees, and carrying clean away the fringe of tamarisk bushes. Hear to-day of an English yacht driven ashore and becoming a total wreck. At many points along the coast, the heavy rains have washed away the railway embankment, and the railway conductors enjoy themselves more than ever, creeping along at a snail's pace past dangerous places.

Nothing to do on a day like this but go to Monte Carlo. The tables all full and the balls a-rolling. What a pitiful sight it is! Not sure whether I would not as soon spend an hour or two in the company of dipsomaniacs. Monte Carlo has the advantage inasmuch as the gamblers are quieter than the drunkards would be; but the surrender of body and soul to the vice is as complete. Of course there is a sprinkling of casual visitors who stake their francs or their napoleons and go their way without being any the worse. But the *habitué* of Monte Carlo is quite a different person. The men are bad

enough, but alas! the women. For the most part they are to-day a singularly dowdy lot. The passion for *roulette* or *rouge et noir* leaves no room for indulgence in feminine vanities. Here was one woman, evidently of the *bourgeoise* class, dressed in black. She had a little bag on her arm and looked as if she had stepped in on her way to or from market. But the little bag was full of five-franc pieces and half napoleons, and she went on, steadfastly watching the game, and now and then staking upon its chances. Close by was another equally plainly dressed, who played at higher game. Frequently she had twenty napoleons distributed over the table at the same time. Was losing heavily, but beyond an occasional twitch of the lips, made no sign. It was otherwise with her unfortunate husband who stood behind her. A little spare man with deeply wrinkled brow, when the *croupier* drew in a larger than usual proportion of his wife's stakes, he shook his head, folded his arms, moaned "*Mon dieu! Mon dieu!*" and walked rapidly a few paces up and down on the skirts of the throng at the table. But he, too, had the soul of a gambler, and when all her napoleons and five-franc pieces were gone, he produced from an inner breast pocket a hundred franc note, taking it out slowly as if he were tearing out his heart, and gave it to her.

Close by were another pair, husband and wife. They were comfortably seated at the table each with a piece of paper on which was noted the course of the game. They were more prosperous, and sometimes came in contact with each other, as contrary to the prevailing practice, they half rose from their seats to grab at their respective winnings. The man had two little boxes fitted to hold napoleons. As these emptied he visibly aged, when in a stroke of luck they were filled to overflowing, his wrinkles were smoothed out, his eye brightened and I fancied he was meditating upon the desirability of presenting his less fortunate wife with a five-franc piece. If so, he thought better of it. A little lower down was a comfortably dressed homely looking lady. She never staked more than a five-franc piece, placing it on the board with conspicuous precision and neatness. Behind her stood her daughter with a sheet of note paper, recording the successive numbers marked at the *roulette* table. Fancy these family arrangements—mother and daughter, husband and wife, setting out immediately after breakfast to spend a livelong day at the gaming-table!

Perhaps the strangest sight of all was a poor shrivelled old woman who had certainly lived her three-score years and ten. Her appearance betokened a condition of absolute penury. She wore a dress of rusty black, constructed on principles of rigid economy with respect to quantity of material. On her head was an ancient bonnet, melancholy with the adornment of some cheap flowers. Her skinny hands were gloved in yellow cotton; her left jealously guarded a treasure-heap of three five-franc pieces. If her neighbour on the left had any designs upon them, he must long ago have abandoned them. As long as I was there she did not play, but industriously recorded the various figures cried aloud by the *croupier*. She too had a system, and her precious fifteen francs may yet be instrumental in breaking the bank. The old lady, like all the rest of the players, did not speak; only the voice of the *croupier* calling "*faites le jeu, on ne va plus*," broke the ghastly silence that brooded over the handsomely appointed room. Looking round at the faces, not one pleasant to the eye, I thought of the famous "party in the parlour, all silent and all damned."

Mr. DICK finally disappeared; a yacht found to be on the whole, not the most convenient locality for him. So the voyage has been brought to a sudden conclusion, the yacht is now heading for Scotland, and Mr. DICK, accompanied by his medical staff, is going home overland. He is, however, still resolute in his design about building the copper ship, and relentless in his deadly purpose with respect to the ancient cities.

Sunday.—The sun at last—on its own natal day. Transformation scene complete, and Nice revealed in its true colours, as one of the most beautifully situated and handsomely built cities of the Continent. Walked to town through the market, which spreads itself out all along at the back of the *Promenade du Midi*. Seems to be part of the religious service of the working classes to go to market and buy a cabbage on Sunday morning. Quite a procession of clean healthy looking housewives each swinging her cabbage. Till you get used to it, a little dangerous walking about the streets. The *cochers* make a point of driving at full speed, especially round corners. Never saw such an odd collection of horses in the public service. Look as if the majority had entered upon life in the circus business, passing on thence to more prosaic work in the streets of Nice. They, moreover, develop a curious tendency towards local disturbances. Sometimes the head seems to swell, or to diminish out of all proportions to the body; or the neck grows unnaturally arched or alarmingly elongated; or the forequarters do not appear to have anything whatever to do with the hindquarters. The Sailing-master explains this phenomenon upon the theory that at night all the cab-horses are taken to pieces and stowed away, being hastily put together in the morning with the results noted. That certainly seems a plausible explanation, but I cannot find anything about it in *Baedeker*.

Much interested this afternoon in watching the inhabitants who flock down to the pier and stare at the yacht or each other. On the day we were moored, noticed on the pier two stalwart men in high top-boots. Had taken off their coats, turned up their sleeves, put their hands in their pockets, and looked out with resolute regard, evidently ready to do anything and go anywhere. In the meantime there they are to-day, as top-booted, as ready, and as resolute as ever; but still with their hands in their pockets. Cannot fully express the satisfaction it is to know that those two men are there. Supposing a fire were to break out on board, or a leak suddenly to disclose itself, here is help close at hand.

A good deal of fishing goes on in the harbour; a very serious business, not to be undertaken with a light heart. To-day came two elderly gentlemen of severely respectable mien. Guess they were Town Councillors, perhaps Deputies. Armed *cap-à-pié pour la pêche*. One, the graver man in spectacles, had two bags, one slung across either shoulder. Nothing like being prepared for emergencies. Too exasperating to haul in the fish by the dozen, and not have wherewithal to carry them home. Both carried fishing-rods of stupendous proportions. Remained there so long that I forgot them. Then a bustle apparent in the little group at the pier-head. The gentleman in spectacles had caught something. As far as I could make out, with the aid of an opera-glass, it was a sardine! Pretty to see the air with which he placed it in the larger of the two bags. Prettier still to note how his less fortunate companion ignored the whole proceeding.

Interviewed the Prince of MONACO to-day. Most important communications; but hold over till next week.

MR. PUNCH'S CHRISTMAS NUMBER.

THE Sage of Fleet Street regrets to say that the affairs of the world in general, and Europe in particular, having recently become extremely "mixed," require all his attention, and consequently he will be unable to publish a Christmas Number, to take its place with those of his pictorial contemporaries. This is the more to be regretted as the work was in a forward state of preparation, the stories having been sketched out and ready for illustration. As a novelty, the tale deals with the Law, and is called *A Family Suit, or Bound to a Bar*. As a matter of interest, he subjoins a list of designs that had already been selected with the wish that it may be of service to some deserving family paper, say the *London Journal*.

I. ALICE's best friend at Lawyer BROTHERHOOD'S. II. Discovery of the Concealed Trust. III. CLARENCE BOOKIT is entrusted with the Family Diamonds. IV. MARION defies the Chief Clerk in the Judges' Chambers. V. MARK MUDFORD reads the fatal affidavit to MALCOLM GRAHAM at Midnight. VI. MARK MUDFORD shows CAROLINE the brief by LAWSON'S grave. VII. Scene in the Court, the Judge refuses MARION'S application. VIII. Lawyer BROTHERHOOD makes an appointment with the Chief Clerk. IX. The murder in the Organ-loft—Death of MARK MUDFORD. X. Lawyer BROTHERHOOD in the condemned cell. XI. Lawyer BROTHERHOOD escapes from Newgate. XII. Scene on board the Emigrant Ship bound for Australia. XIII. The Judge reverses the decree on further consideration. XIV. The Railway Accident—Death of Lawyer BROTHERHOOD. XV. CLARENCE BOOKIT finds the Codicil. XVI. Scene at the Village Church, Marriage of ALICE to the Baronet.

Such subjects as the above, treated in the proper way, should secure an enormous circulation.

"THE CRY IS STILL, THEY COME!"

DEAR MR. PUNCH,

MR. HENRY IRVING (for whom, with the rest of the world, I feel the profoundest respect) having successfully "freshened up" *Faust* by introducing "the Kitchen Scene," with a prospect of future refreshers in the shape of yet-to-be-produced additions, will you allow me to suggest that the system might be adapted to other plays. Take, for instance, *Hamlet*. Say that this noble tragedy were produced in January, it might run the whole year with a little judicious management. I will give a Calendar, to better explain my meaning.

January.—First representation of *Hamlet*, *pur et simple*.

March.—Interpolation of Prologue, in dumb show, illustrating funeral of *Hamlet's* father.

May.—Date for introducing vision to accompany Ghost's explanatory speech, when seen in *Hamlet's* "mind's eye—Horatio."

July.—Panorama of *Hamlet's* voyage to England.

November.—*Tableau* of the Prince's childhood. *Hamlet* mounted on the back of *Yorick*.

September.—Introduced episode of the Inquest on *Ophelia*.

Christmas.—Grand spectacular finale. The Victory of *Fortinbras*. As the above programme would, from a sartorial point of view, be a decided advance in the right direction,

I beg to sign myself, A SHAKSPEARIAN DRESS-IMPROVER.

IN THE COURT OF COMMON SENSE.

(Before Mr. Justice PUNCH without a Jury.)

Re the Fire at Hampton Court.—His Lordship gave judgment in this matter in the following terms: I have been asked to restrain the future letting out in lodgings, without rent, of a certain Palace known as Hampton Court, to the indigent rich. I am told, that although the property contained in the building, belongs to the Crown, yet by an established custom, the usufruct of the pleasure to be derived from inspecting the contents has passed to the people. I understand that the letting out complained of has recently been the cause of two fires, creating considerable damage, which, moreover, but for a fortuitous concurrence of circumstances, would have resulted in irreparable loss. It is before me that the last fire arose from the upsetting of a paraffine lamp, in the apartments of a tenant, which, however, were "in the temporary occupation" of a stranger. I am told that this "temporary occupation," was against a rule by which persons granted the use of the apartments, are restrained from lending or letting them to anyone else. If this is so, it seems to me that the cost of the damage should fall upon those who have infringed this very proper regulation. As no doubt the intention of treating Hampton Court as a kind of auxiliary to the casual ward is a benevolent one, I am unwilling to restrain the letting of it for the purpose indicated. Still, the great pleasure given to thousands annually, derived from inspecting a number of most valuable and interesting objects of Art, whose loss could never be replaced, is much in excess of the benefit conferred upon a favoured few by allowing the last to live rent-free. There, moreover, seems to be a doubt that these favoured few are specially worthy of the indulgence shown to them. However, admitting for the sake of argument, that they are eminently worthy persons, I yet am of opinion that they should be strictly under control. I order that in future all the "charity apartments" should be supervised by an official, whose duty it shall be to punish the infringement of a rule by the immediate expulsion of the defaulting tenant. A night watchman and fireman must also be added to the staff.



The Curates of All Saints, Margaret Street v. Whitworth.—This was an appeal from the decision of the Bishop of LONDON, allowing the present incumbent of this well-known place of worship to turn the unmarried clergy out of the presbytery attached thereto, that he (the incumbent) might have the building for the sole benefit of himself and family. His Lordship immediately granted the application, and ordered the Bishop to reverse his permission within a week. The case to be mentioned again to Mr. Justice PUNCH in the event of any delay in carrying out the order.

Adams v. Coleridge.—On appeal, Mr. Justice PUNCH declined to interfere with the finding of the jury in this matter. He said he considered the verdict in every way a most proper one. This decision was received with applause, which was immediately suppressed.

In re The People's Palace.—An application was made to his Lordship to prevent the sale of intoxicating liquors in the proposed building about to be erected by the Trustees of the Beaumont Bequest, and to cause the same Institution, upon completion, to be closed on Sundays. Mr. Justice PUNCH said that although the same persons supported the two petitions, the relief sought, if granted in both cases, would result in causing the very evil which, no doubt, it was their desire should be remedied. He was bound to say that he had no great sympathy with the applicants, who, in spite of their professions, were, he feared, very narrow-minded persons. However, giving them the benefit of the doubt, and assuming that their motive was to benefit their fellow-men, and not to act as tyrants, he would point out that closing the coming Institution on Sundays would be the means of driving into the adjacent public-houses those who otherwise would have visited it. He was not sure that, under proper supervision, the sale of unadulterated—albeit alcoholic—beverages would not help the cause of sobriety rather than militate against it. It might be argued that a glass of wholesome beer, if procurable at The People's Palace, would serve as a preventive to a visit to the gin-tavern, but on this point he reserved his decision. As to the closing on Sundays there could not be two opinions, and he refused the application, with costs. The decree was received with loud cheers, which were suppressed with difficulty. Silence being restored, Mr. Justice PUNCH saying that he had to attend a meeting of the Judges, when no doubt the delays in the Chancery Division (which were attributable rather to the Chief Clerks than his brothers on the bench) would receive consideration, adjourned the Court for a week.



THE POWER OF IMAGINATION.

Street Arab (to Doctor, who has just been taking his temperature). "AH, SIR! THAT DONE ME A LOT O' GOOD, SIR!"

YOUNG KING COAL.

New Version of an Old Song.

YOUNG King COAL was a merry young soul,
And a merry young soul was he;
He called for his pipe, and he called for his bowl,

And he called for his fiddlers three.
There was CHAMBERLAININI, and HARTING-
TONINI,

And, GOSCHENI to make up the three;
For young King C., oh, was fond of a tri-o,
Very fond of a trio was he.

Young King COAL left his rivals in the hole,
When he took the Chancellerie
Of the British Exchequer, and, to keep up
their pecker,

They slanged him unmercifully.
So himself to cloak from the very provok-
ing jeers of the Rad Part-y,

Young King COAL their old mantle stole,
And a very smart Rad made he.

Young King COAL loved "smoking" in his
soul,

And his Brummagem Best Bird's-eye,
And his "Cavendish," went faster than was
pleasing to the master

Of the House where his new baccys he would
try.

And our young King C., and his fiddlers
three,

They kicked up such a shine and such a
fume,

Mr. IRVING's worst Witch-riot in a *Faust*-
scene's clear and quiet,
To the Tory-Democratic Big Boom.

Young King COAL he called for his bowl,
And he called for his fiddlers three,

And he served 'em out a dozen pounds of best
Union rosin,

And they all played a symphoney.
CHAMBERLAININI and GOSCHENI played like

STRAUSS and like ZERBINI,
And then HARTING-TON-I-NI

Played "*God Save the Queen!*" and the
others all joined in,

In a way to make a patriot pipe his eye.

Young King COAL he laid down his bowl,

And a dickens of a speech made he;
And he talked so loud that he frightened
half the crowd,

And broke up the symphoney.
At least some (in the Chorus) cried, "*This*
music can't be for us,"

But as for those fiddlers three,
Whilst the Chorus cried, "*We're diddled!*"

they symphonically fiddled,
And muttered, "*O, fiddlededee!*"

Young King COAL still waves his pipe and
bowl,

Though they reek of Rad flavour still.
Some say it's far from right, that he'll set
himself a-light,

And blow up like a gunpowder-mill.
But as for the whole of the "principles" of

COAL,

When he was a true Toree,
If you want 'em you may see 'em in the
British Museum,

Or the writings of Lord SALISBURY.

THE Westminster Scholars this year are
going to act the *Adelphi* of TERENCE. This
piece will be performed without prejudice to
the *Adelphi* of Messrs. GATTI, where the
Harbour Lights are still shining brilliantly.

A VOICE FROM THE SHADES.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—Aha! So, in spite of
School-Boards and Advanced Humanitarian-
ism, your conceited, cosmopolitan, modern
world is coming to the conclusion that, after
all, it cannot get on without the much-derided
Orbilian Stick. If I had not flogged QUINTUS
HORATIUS into obedience he would probably
never have sung himself into immortality.
Schoolboys are fond of doggerel rhymes.
Might not your modern Board Schoolboy
warble as follows?—

Must Assistant Teachers not whack us,

Because of some spouting Rad GRACCHUS?

ORBILIUS the bold

The same did of old

To QUINTUS HORATIUS FLACCUS!

Compulsory Education, forsooth, without
the most fundamental form of compulsion!
Your Board Schools will never produce a
HORACE, of course. But they *may* produce
decently instructed and fairly well-behaved
mediocrities, if they are not above taking a
tip (as your wretched slang has it) from

ORBILIUS FLACCUS.

"JOHN COMPANY."—The New Pavilion
Company, which, as we hear, is to have the
benefit of Gaiety JOHN's services, ought to be
a "real good thing." Of course the site should
have been acquired for the English Theatre
(subsidised), but this would have been only a
matter of pure sentiment, whereas continuing
the present highly-successful Music-hall En-
tertainment will be a matter of something like
twenty per cent.-iment for the shareholders.
A Pay-vilion indeed!

SONG BY THE LIVERPOOL CHAMBER OF COM-
MERCE.—"*We fear no foe in Mailed Armour.*"



YOUNG KING COAL!!!

(AND HIS "FIDDLERS THREE.")

HALL OVER!

(A Dialogue after the performance in St. James's Hall.)

Mr. Nibbs. Sir, how were you pleased with *The Golden Legend* at St. James's Hall last week?

Mr. Punch. Sir, to quote SHERIDAN, I was "in amazement lost" at Sir ARTHUR SULLIVAN's skill in dealing with such a subject. I should select as the gems, first, the music illustrating *Lucifer's* presentation of the phial to *Prince Henry*—

Mr. N. Played by the phial-lins. Sir ARTHUR is a musical wag.

Mr. P. Sir, I do not suppose that such a ridiculous idea ever entered into the Composer's head in conjunction with this theme. My second selection would be the "*Kyrie Eleison*," which can be taken bodily out of its surroundings, and used in the solemn functions of the Church. The entire Prologue is as good as it can be. ALBANI was magnificent.

Mr. N. "On such a night," too! It was plucky of them, one and all, to come out, and they came out strong; but, fortunately, the fog was partial.

Mr. P. So they describe it. But I wish it were not so partial to London. Luckily it cleared up at about eight o'clock, or if it had not, *The Golden Legend* would still have remained a myth to many of us. Mr. LLOYD was in excellent voice; so were they all. It was a fine performance—and that, I take it, is also your opinion, Mr. NIBBS.

Mr. N. I am not qualified, as a musical expert, to be critical. I liked it immensely.

Mr. P. Some of Sir ARTHUR's dramatic musical illustrations are excellent, as for instance the sparkling accompaniment to the presentation of the alcoholic drink—apparently an effervescent draught or a brandy-and-soda—by *Lucifer*; then the gentle inflection to the right indicating that *Prince Henry* and *Elsie* are turning down a green lane—where the Composer ventures on entirely fresh ground—and again the halting measure which on every occasion notifies the advent of the limping *Lucifer*.

Mr. N. Sir ARTHUR has excelled himself in most instances, yet I can mention one where he is not quite up to his own old level.

Mr. P. And that is?

Mr. N. In illustrating the stage-direction, "*They reach a height overlooking the sea.*" A similar situation, you may remember, occurs in *Cox and Box*, where *Box* is describing how

"I solemnly walked to the cliff."

* * *
Heard the wild seagulls mournful cry,
Looked all around—there was nobody nigh,
None but I—on the cliff so high—
* * *

I stood on the edge of the rock so steep,
And gazed like a maniac on the deep."

Well, Sir, who that has ever heard SULLIVAN's wonderfully dramatic setting of these lines could think of comparing the meagre treatment of a similar situation in *The Golden Legend*?

Mr. P. Let us admit the possibility that the lines in *Cox and Box* which you have just quoted are far more inspiring than LONGFELLOW's. Have you any other remark to offer?

Mr. N. I agree with you, Sir, that the Prologue is the best. The latter part wants cutting. It becomes tedious,—though this effect may be partly due to the absence of any interval, say a couple of hundred bars' rest, between the two Parts, or between the two Acts, into which it ought to have been, but is not, divided.

Mr. P. Sir, I am inclined to agree with you.

Mr. N. It is written in Scenes, why not in Acts? When first I read the book I was struck by such stage-directions as, "*Spire of Strasburg Cathedral—Night and Storm—Lucifer, with the Powers of the Air, trying to tear down the Cross—disappearing—drinking—Villagers disperse—Ursula entering the house—They turn down a green lane—They reach a height, and encamp*"—and I concluded that there was to be a novelty introduced into the Novello Series of Oratorio Concerts by having the platform arranged as a stage, with characters in costume and dissolving views illustrating the action. However, Sir, once seated in St. James's Hall, I saw no signs of any preparation for scenic effect; no damp sheet hung up for dissolving views, and no stream of light from the gallery opposite, where the magician with his magic lantern would have been seated had he been going to exhibit. No; the hall was crammed full, and so was the platform, every seat from the orchestra up to the back, under the Organ, was occupied by the ladies of the Chorus in white, and the gentlemen of the Chorus in black. How, then, were they going to carry out the stage-directions, for evidently



the *cantata* depended on dramatic action, and must be comparatively unintelligible without it? Suddenly, on the right-hand side of the platform, up among the white-robed Choir, I caught sight of a red baize screen. In a second the truth broke upon me! Sir ARTHUR, with that fine dramatic instinct which he has always possessed, and which the Savoy experience has developed and cultivated, had taken a hint from Lieutenant COLE, and a dramatic licence for the St. James's Hall having been applied for and refused, he had given leave of absence from the *Mikado*, for this night only, to Mr. GEORGE GROSSMITH, who, I said to myself, has been stationed behind this screen, and will appear from time to time over the top, only half of him seen—the better half—impersonating the various characters, and so giving just that dramatic illustration which, judging by the book, would be absolutely essential to the complete success of the *cantata*.

Mr. P. But you soon discovered that you were mistaken? The screen to which you allude served the purpose of concealing the eminent performer who played the bells.

Mr. N. So I was informed, to my great and unutterable disappointment. And all I can say is, that Sir ARTHUR is perfectly welcome to adopt my suggestion, which I am sure, if properly carried out, would be the making of any future performance of *The Golden Legend*. Mr. GROSSMITH would make a capital *Prince Henry*, and if he liked to come out from behind the screen, the use to which he could put the legs of the weak-kneed Prince would draw all London to hear the *Can-cantata*.

Mr. P. You think *The Golden Legend* would be improved by developing its dramatic character?

Mr. N. It is written, Sir, as a drama in Scenes. Why should it be played in the orchestra only? Why not by dramatic players?

Mr. P. I remember Mr. BELLEW did something of the sort. He read *Hamlet*, or *Macbeth*, a chorus sang, and Actors acted in pantomime only.

Mr. N. Exactly so, Sir. Let Mr. BENNETT read his book, Sir ARTHUR conduct, the eminent vocalists and chorus sing, and let Mr. GROSSMITH, in dumb show, represent *Prince Henry*.

Mr. P. To whom would you assign the part of *Lucifer*—a member of the Tonic Sul-phur Association—and a feeble kind of *Mephistopheles* instead of a "superior person?"

Mr. N. Quite so, Sir—his part should be given to Mr. PENLEY, who played the Curate in *The Private Secretary*.

Mr. P. And the hysterical *Elsie*?

Mr. N. My dear Sir—there is only one actress in London who could play it, either with dialogue or in dumb show.

Mr. P. And she is—?

Mr. N. Mrs. JOHN WOOD.

Mr. P. Of course. The Messrs. NOVELLO will do well to give your valuable and original suggestions their earnest consideration, and, if unable to procure Mr. GROSSMITH to entertain, and take all the characters, then they can manage it with dumb-show and dissolving views. Perhaps you will see Sir ARTHUR on the subject.

Mr. N. I will, Sir. Good evening.

A RONDEL OF THE FOG.



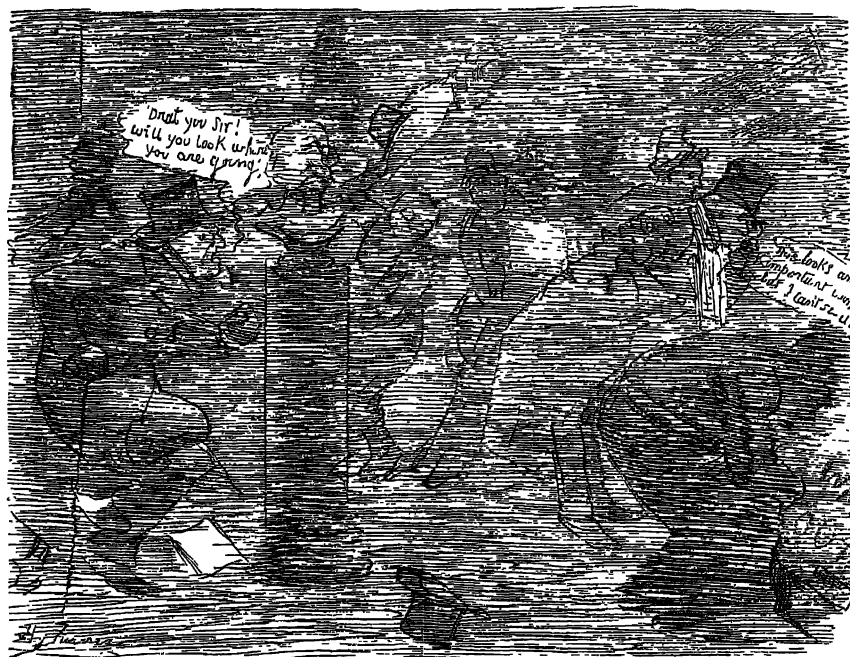
LOST IN LONDON

ALL in the Fog! We see
not any light,
Knowing at noon a darker
day than night.
Choked with fell fumes, and
dazed by murky gloom,
We hail with thankfulness
such lamps as loom
Fitfully faint, lest we our
neighbour jog
All in the Fog.

And whether skies be clear
or overcast
Above this earth, below our
lives are passed
In struggling with ob-
scurity: half blind
With tears we battle till
we leave behind
The muck and mud that
still our movements clog,
All in the Fog.

THE Irish Peasantry say they've been hearing, and are likely to hear more in 1887, of the Victorian Era. They want to know if they're to keep the jubilee of the Evictorian Era?

COMMERCIAL INTemperance.—Tightness in the Money-market.



THE WINTER ART EXHIBITIONS

OPENED LAST WEEK, TO THE DELIGHT OF ALL. OUR ART-CRITIC, WHO SENDS MR. PUNCH THE ABOVE, HAS NOT SENT ANY NOTES OR SKETCHES!

A GAME OF WHISTLER.

A HURRIED visit to the Society of British Artists has established the fact that the present Exhibition owes much, very much, to the genius of its President, Brevet Sir JAMES MCNEIL WHISTLER. Not only has "the Knight that is to be" (if everyone has his rights) decorated the rooms in which the pictures are displayed with the greatest possible taste, but he has also contributed no less than five inimitable somethings from his own atelier. The Catalogue gives the prices of the paintings, so that it is possible to purchase the gems as they hang to the walls. However, it would be an improvement were the sums charged for the frames also published. Thus No. 306, "*As the Twigs bent the Tree is inclined*," has a frame of even greater value than the picture, and yet both are lumped together for £40. Brevet Sir JAMES gives the prices of two of his "paintings"—No. 331, *Nocturne in Brown and Gold, 'St. Mark's, Venice,'* £830, and "No. 369, *Note in Blue and Opal, 'Pastel,'* £126." As both these remarkable productions must have cost the Artist minutes, if not hours, of patient labour, it is sincerely to be hoped that he will get the reward he expects. To the other three pieces no sums are affixed, the cost being left in blank. This is as it should be. Even the most prejudiced must admit that they are priceless!

IMPERTINENT ANSWER.—*Preceptor*. What is the Earth? *Pupil*. Tellus.

ON THE HORIZON.

As a rider to a recently proposed apocryphal European scheme, the following, emanating from an inspired Parisian source, will just now be read with interest:—

England, putting her foot down on the Russian candidature of the Mingrelian Prince, formally declares for the return of Prince ALEXANDER of Battenberg, and installing him together with Sir WOLFF and Sir WHITE, as advisers at Sofia, by the aid of a regiment of Les 'Orse Guards smuggled through the Bosphorus and landed at Varna by the Duc d'EDINBOURG in a pleasure despatch yacht, summons the Sobranje and announces the development of the situation.

The news spreading to Vienna and St. Petersburg, causes an immediate collision of the Russian and Austrian troops, and the European war commences.

Germany prepares for action, but is confronted by a coalition of Belgium, Holland, Denmark, and Italy, and France, is left free to prefer her just demands against England.

The whole of the British Mediterranean and Channel Fleets, having entered the Black Sea, where they are shut up owing to the closing of the Dardanelles by the order of the Sultan, the French Government propose to the Cabinet of St. James's, the immediate evacuation of Egypt, the handing over the Suez Canal shares to a French Syndicate, and the cession of the Channel Islands, Gibraltar, Malta, Aden, Ceylon, the Cape, and certain prominent portions of India and Canada, to the power of France. These pacific overtures being declined, the invasion of England takes place.

Margate is seized after bombardment, and 500,000 French troops land at Herne Bay, marching to London, when seizing the Bank of England they are welcomed as deliverers by the Chiefs of the Social Democratic Federation, who proclaim the Universal Republic and declare "Ome Rule" established in Ireland, India, and the Isle of Wight.

Peace is now signed, Bulgaria having disappeared from the map of Europe, and England undertaking to pay an indemnity of £500,000,000 to France.

BRAVO, Prudential Assurance Co.! *Mr. Punch* congratulates Londoners on Staple Inn having fallen into such excellent hands. The Directors have given the Public their prudential assurance, that nothing shall be done to the Old Inn that can injure its architectural and antiquarian value. In future, when anyone wants to know what may be the little game of the P. A. Directors, he will only have to request permission to see what may be henceforth known as their Preserve. The purchase is an excellent illustration of what a Liberal-Conservative policy means: Liberal in buying, Conservative in keeping what you've bought in the best possible state of preservation.

A LIBERAL PARTY.

WHILST rival zealots are hotly insisting upon their opposite and irreconcilable "conditions of support" to the proposed People's Palace for East London, Mr. WILBERFORCE BRYANT, who has already contributed £2,800 "to make up an even sum much wanted at the time," has now expressed his intention to provide the balance required (about £4,000) for the completion of the great central room for concerts and entertainments, to be called the Queen's Hall. So announces Sir E. H. CURRIE, Chairman of the Beaumont Trustees.

Mr. Punch only hopes that the squabbling zealots, when their singularly troublesome "consciences" are quieted, will do half as well, and prove half as liberal, as the generous, unconditional, and fifty-named Mr. WILBERFORCE BRYANT. The Beaumont Fund Trustees have announced their final intention of not applying for a liquor licence for the Palace, and also of opening portions thereof at stated times on Sunday. This is a compromise which, if not entirely satisfactory to sturdy lovers of liberty, would appear to be a wise concession to the necessities of the situation. It seems, however, that the Sabbatarian section of the fiery faddists are still unsatisfied, and still disposed to smash up the great philanthropic project rather than yield a point, or a pint. These gentlemen will probably soon be found advocating the disestablishment of the Sun because it shines on Sunday, and the destruction of all song-birds on the ground that they take part in Sabbath-Day Concerts of what is not demonstrably "sacred" music. After all, 'tis a poor conscience which dares not be consistent.

ODE TO AN EXPIRING FOG.

(*Mrs. Leo Hunter improved.*)

I CAN view thee, panting, lying
In asphyxia, without sighing,
I unmoved can see thee flying
From this bog,
Expiring Fog!

Farewell, fiends, in shape of boys,
With wild shouts and horrid noise!
Farewell, all the marshy joys
Of a frog,
Expiring Fog!

Once again can I respire,
See the lamp-posts, spot the spire,
Leave off coughing, quit the fire,
Townward jog,
Expiring Fog!

Jove! There is a glimpse of sky,
Good-bye, demon Fog, good-bye!
Choked no longer need I lie,
Like a log,
Expiring Fog!

A POST OFFICE ORDER.—On account of the demand for a subsidy generally claimed for carrying letters abroad, the conveyances will now be known as H. M.'s Fee-Mails.



'ARRY ON 'ORSEBACK.

'UNT.N' INDEED! GIVE ME ROTTEN ROW IN THE WINTER! ALL THE DIET AND NONE O' THE DANGER!"

[N.B.—The Row at present is in a delightful condition of slush, nearly knee-deep.

POLITICAL ASIDES; OR, TRUTH IN PARENTHESES.

(SOME WAY AFTER HOOD.)

By an "Official Liberal" listener to Mr. Labouchere, at Manchester.

"The flesh-pots of Egypt are bad food for the official Liberals. They are in the desert, and must have the free air of the desert, and a light diet of locusts and wild honey to strengthen their backbone, and nerve their moral fibre."—MR. LABOUCHERE.

WE really take it very kind,
This visit, my dear LABBY.
(I wish he had been left behind
By railroad, car, or cabby.)

Praise to your speech we're bound to give;
So sensible, so funny!
(Confound his impudence! WE live
On locusts and wild honey?)

Your programme, too, our hearts prepares
For all the coming tussles.
(The sort of rabid stuff that scares
Our Stanleys and our Russells!)

Home Rule? Of course, it's bound to come,
Though CHAMBERLAIN'S turned crabby.
(One can't call him, and there's the hum,
A flabby, dabby, Labby!)

'Twas vastly funny, quite your way,
Comparing BRIGHT to MOSES.
(But that you are our Joshua,
Who, but yourself, supposes?)

I yelled "hear! hear! at every hit,
I roared at all your raileries.
(Especially that lovely bit
About our lumping salaries.)

Your praises to the "advanced guard,"
Were bound, of course, to charm me.
(I am quite sure I should be barred
From your "great Radical Army.")

What! must you go? Well, well, I hope
That many a coming measure,
May for your programme furnish scope!
(I'd see it smashed with pleasure!)

Good-bye! good-bye! Come again soon,
Or I shall think you shabby.
(I hope—would be a blessed boon—
I've seen the last of Labby!)

A Winter Garden in Pall Mall.

"Fog Fantasias," "Discoards in Mud," and "Studies in Water-Colours," have been more frequent than welcome in London lately. But the show of Water-colours of the Royal Society, is of quite a different description, and is mighty pleasant to behold in these dull December days. Here SIR JOHN GILBERT, "our" MR. DU MAURIER, MRS. ALLINGHAM, MISS CLARA MONTALBA, MESSRS. BIRKETT FOSTER, HERBERT MARSHALL, SMALLFIELD, ANDREWS, STACY MARKS, SIR OSWALD BRIERLY, MESSRS. GLINDONI, CARL HAAG, CHARLES GREGORY, HENRY MOORE, E. K. JOHNSON, NAFFEL and others, contribute clever pictures which make us for awhile forget the miserable London winter which is raging outside the pleasant gallery in Pall Mall.

CREMORNE!

A Doleful Ditty sung by Sir P. Cunliffe Owen and his Co-Sufferers.

AND is our blithesome dream then o'er!
A thing of yesterday.
And ah! shall we, alas! no more,
Draw, each of us, his pay!
Does now a slough of dank despond
Replace scenes once so bright?
Has SPIERS disappeared with POND,
And left us but the night!
Ah, me! we cry, with anguish torn,
Oh, give us, give us back Cremorne!
Shall no more gleam the coloured lamps,
No more gay music sound!
No more the public brave the cramps,
Of crowded Underground!
Shall silence hold the mournful scene
As we go wailing by,
And, dreaming of what might have been,
Through Courts deserted sigh!
"Ah, me! Why were we ever born,
To love—yet loving—lose Cremorne!"

"THE SALISBURY TREATMENT OF DISEASES."—This is the title of a work containing special "instructions for combating the various diseases produced by unhealthy and indiscreet feeding." Perhaps this SALISBURY treatment is calculated to remedy some of the consequences of Conservative dinners, which ought to be prepared by Salisbury Plain Cooks.

LITTLE WHAT'S-HIS-NAME?—The Battenberg Baby should be called Prince JUBILEE. May all good Fairies attend the christening!

STUDIES FROM MR. PUNCH'S STUDIO.

No. VI.—THE NEW M.P.



for tea. Mr. GLADSTONE a year or two ago achieved some renown by recommending jam as a desirable direction for the extension of business on the part of agriculturists. DICK BROWN found this out years ago, and acted up to it. He bought his fruit cheap, sold his jam less dear than other people, and did an enormous business. Whatever he touched turned to gold, though in the process it was subjected to various flavours. For DICK's hand was in everything, from a barrel of herrings to a barrel of apples, from a pat of "Dosset" to a Cheddar cheese imported from the United States. He was up early, went to bed late, and was constantly adding to his balance at the Bank. This was some fifteen years ago, and it was at this epoch that DICK got married. Mrs. BROWN meant that DICK should attain to higher things, and began very early working out her purpose. First she got DICK elected on the Town Council, a step he much resented, as it took him away from business. But he presently discovered that he possessed what he called, in those degenerate days, "the gift of the gab." He found a thrilling delight in being on his feet addressing the Town Council, and finding a report of his speech in the weekly paper. In due time he became an Alderman; then Mayor with a gold chain, and, finally, Mrs. BROWN had her heart's delight. She wheedled DICK out of the shop.

This was a difficult task not accomplished in a day or a year. But Mrs. BROWN proceeded with great skill. By degrees she inculcated in DICK's mind a distrust of "Dosset," a dislike of the feel of clammy bacon, and an animosity to jam. The rest was easy. DICK retired on a competent fortune, took up his residence at The Towers, a suburban house with a stucco front, and was for a time supremely miserable. But Mrs. BROWN kept him and all things going. He was re-elected Mayor, began to take an interest in politics, enjoying himself more than ever at public meetings, and at the last general election that ever was, was returned at the head of the poll for his native borough.

DICK had become R. CHOLMONDELEY BROWNE, when re-elected Mayor and now M. P. was added. He had been a little puzzled as to the politics he should adopt. Such convictions as he had tended in the direction of Liberalism. Mrs. BROWN was a Tory. In the end, by way of compromise, it was decided that DICK (or rather CHOLMONDELEY) should stand as a "Liberal Imperialist." Mrs. BROWN invented that word, which of itself did much to win the election.

"Invariably, CHUMLEY," she said, as he went forth to the canvass, "drag in the word Empire at the end of your speech, and as often as you please in the middle."

"I will my love," he said; and he was as good as his word.

He, as he once declared in the absence of Mrs. B., made the British Empire "a line" in the display of his political wares. He clothed himself in its boundless glory and historical grandeur, and literally swelled with elation as he denounced some imaginary cravens who it appeared were actually in treaty for selling their birthright.

CHOLMONDELEY, it should be said, was in personal appearance a very different man from the DICK of old days. Of course he never, out of the privacy of his dressing-room, appeared in his shirt-sleeves, though there he had a tendency (severely reprovod by Mrs. BROWN) to roll them up to his elbows, and lean upon the table.

"I declare, CHUMLEY," Mrs. BROWN once said when he greeted her thus on entering the room, "I thought you was going to recommend some prime Wiltshire, 'just arrived.' Do get out of those disgusting manners."

MR. R. CHOLMONDELEY BROWNE, M.P., was not always CHOLMONDELEY, and, of course, was not from birth an M.P.; nor, for the matter of that, did he always spell his surname with six letters. There was a time, now twenty years back, when he was known to a wide circle of friends as DICK BROWN, and might be seen any day in his shop with his sleeves turned up, and his hands redolent of "Wiltshire." He was a bright, brisk man, with a wonderful taste for pure "Dosset," a nose infallible in search of good coffee, and a priceless palate

CHOLMONDELEY looked very well in his black broadcloth, being rosy-gilled, and acquiring quite a respectable baldness. His manner in company was quiet, not to say contemplative. He had a really valuable gift of looking as if he was going to say something memorable. He never did. But who should say what might not happen to-morrow? Of course Mrs. BROWN went to Town when the Session opened. She even sat in the Ladies' Gallery when CHOLMONDELEY was sworn in, and heard the lady who sat next to her (Mrs. SEYMOUR, wife of the Under Secretary for Inland Seas) giggle when CHOLMONDELEY halted in the middle of the floor, and bowed right and left.

"Oh, here's one of those funny New Members," she said. "I wonder what he'll do next."

Mrs. BROWN won't forget that, if she gets a chance of putting things straight with Mrs. SEYMOUR.

Mrs. BROWN had arranged CHOLMONDELEY's appearance on the Parliamentary scene as she managed everything else. It was all very well for ordinary Members to go in with the herd, and scramble for copies of the New Testament across a table, and take the oath *ensemble*. Mrs. CHOLMONDELEY had been in the Ladies' Gallery before, and had seen newly-elected Members come up singly, after well-fought contests, receiving the meed of party applause. So CHOLMONDELEY was kept back for a fortnight, and then came up to the table all by himself, halting, as mentioned, midway, and saluting first the Ministerialists and then the Opposition with that suave courtesy which, in olden times, had often atoned for a lack of freshness in the last pound of butter 'from stock. The House did not cheer CHOLMONDELEY, for obvious reasons. Liberal Imperialist was regarded as a party designation a little vague. On the contrary, it laughed heartily at CHOLMONDELEY's salute, and his gills were redder than ever, when, having insisted upon shaking hands with the Clerk, under the impression that he was the SPEAKER, he stood on the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER's extended foot whilst he signed the Roll of Parliament.

CHOLMONDELEY took his seat below the Gangway on the Liberal side. That showed his independence of the yoke of a Leader. Mrs. BROWN insisted upon his appropriating a corner seat, which he did on the first night; but he was so stared at, and became the object of so many whispered observations, that he did not repeat the experiment. A gentleman of genial manners, benevolent visage, and an ever-ready smile (CHOLMONDELEY subsequently heard his name was Mr. JOSEPH GILLIS), took a kindly interest in him.

"They won't let you sit there," said the Old Member. "But I'll tell you what. If you only come early enough, you'll find plenty of room on the front bench by the table. Get the seat opposite the box, and ye'll be comfortable for the rest of the night."

CHOLMONDELEY thanked his friend, and thought the matter over. But he observed, in the course of the evening, that when Mr. GLADSTONE was not in this particular place Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT filled it. He therefore retained his place below the Gangway, sitting wherever he could. When Mrs. BROWN was in the Ladies' Gallery (which often happened), he timidly put his feet up on the back of the bench in front, which gave him an easy and assured attitude.

Being naturally a sharp man, he speedily grew accustomed to the arrangements of the House, and only once voted in the wrong Lobby. Members making that mistake are accustomed to confess it at the table of the House. But CHOLMONDELEY, as he said to Mrs. B., was "not such a fool." He made believe that he meant to vote "No," and, as no one ever knew how a Liberal Imperialist was going to vote, his defection on this occasion excited no comment.

He has not yet spoken, though he has prepared several speeches and taken them down to the House. But, somehow, it does not seem so easy to orate in the House of Commons as it did in the Town Council. CHOLMONDELEY's tongue cleaves to the roof of his mouth when the moment provides opportunity for catching the SPEAKER's eye. His knees tremble, a cold sweat breaks forth on his massive brow, the lights dance up and down before his eyes, and the SPEAKER seems to be pirouetting round the Chair with the mace. Urged on by Mrs. B., who is sure he would make a great hit, CHOLMONDELEY once *did* catch the SPEAKER's eye.

"Mr. CHOLMONDELEY BROWNE," the SPEAKER cried, as the New Member half rose in his seat.

"New Member! New Member!" shouted six of the eight Members present.

Here was CHOLMONDELEY's chance. The remarkable phenomenon already described took place, and he was speechless. But the SPEAKER had called upon him and the House was waiting. Something must be done, so the unhappy CHOLMONDELEY, half rising and turning towards the locality where he recognised the SPEAKER jumping about, he said, "Sir, I beg your pardon, my Lord. It wasn't me."

CHOLMONDELEY had a bad time after this with Mrs. B.; but she has not finally given him up. He will, she thinks, come out yet, take the House by storm, and perhaps be made Home Secretary. In the meantime, CHOLMONDELEY is gaining increased ease, talks of "GLADSTONE" and "CHAMBERLAIN," and "RANDOLPH," and "HICKS-BEACH," in an off-hand manner, as if he had known them all his life.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—In no case can Contributions, whether by a Stamped and Directed Envelope or Cover.

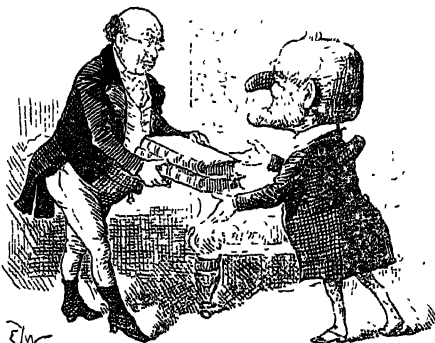
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ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL.

MR. PUNCH has "rarely been more pained than on hearing that a lady, and especially so charming a lady as MRS. GENT-DAVIS, had felt herself aggrieved by a sharp sketch recently made in the course of the series of "Studies" now issuing from his Studio, to which, as it has already been publicly exhibited for two days, in the presence of, the LORD MAYOR, at the Mansion House, further reference in this place is unnecessary. Mr. Punch is delighted to be able to inform this lady—and her friends, including those—ahem!—"good-natured friends"—that she, personally, was not in that picture which came from Mr. P.'s literary easel; and, *à propos* of pictures, he wishes her every success on her next political canvass. By the way, at the Mansion House last Friday, Mr. GENT-DAVIS, M.P., who is not a likely man to miss a chance of saying something happy when it occurs to him, lost a great opportunity of making a brilliant *jeu de mot*. "Our" Mr. MONTAGT WILLIAMS asked him something or other, to which Mr. GENT-DAVIS replied to the effect that he couldn't solve riddles. He ought to have answered, "*Davis sum, non Edipus*." But he didn't; and Mr. Punch presents it to him, gratis, for use on any future occasion, and so bids both of them heartily farewell.

MR. PICKWICK'S JUBILEE.

MESSRS. MACMILLAN as Publishers, and Mr. CHARLES DICKENS—"The Younger"—as Editor, are to be congratulated on their Jubilee Edition of *Pickwick* in two volumes. The illustrations are most interesting, and give the work a real historical value.



"They come as a boon and a blessing to Men."

be genuine posers even to those students who have not recently refreshed their memories, by carefully perusing the book which, years ago, was to them as a household word.

What will certainly strike the reader who undertakes the pleasant task of going right through the book again in its present form, is the variety of picturesque spots in town and country that the Pickwickians visited, and they will probably wonder that not one question in *Pickwickian Topography* occurs in Mr. CALVERLEY's examination paper. He could have framed several questions calculated to test the accuracy and memory of the candidate, such for example as (1) an inquiry into the peculiarities of the ancient precincts of St. Clement's Church, Ipswich, (2) of the Great White Horse in the same town, (3) of the route to Ipswich, (4) a question as to the probable geographical position of Batonswill, (5) on what occasion Mr. Pickwick visited Dunchurch, Daventry, and Towcester, (6) and at what hostelry did Mr. Pickwick put up at Birmingham?

Mr. CHARLES DICKENS has compiled guide-books, for home and abroad, for river and road, he should now give us the *Pickwickian Tourist's Guide*. In fact nothing but a set of coloured maps, indicating Mr. Pickwick's line of route on various occasions, is wanting to complete this First Jubilee Edition, and perhaps in the twentieth edition of this re-issue the maps may be added.

As for the sketches of Old London—"the remains" of which are fast disappearing—they will have for all Londoners a peculiar charm. Looking at the picturesque old places, Staple Inn, Barnard's Inn, Furnival's Inn, where CHARLES DICKENS lived, and the ghostly corner in Clifford's Inn, as depicted in these pages, we can only hope that the architecture of the future, will combine the beauty of the past with the sanitary improvements of the present.

Yes, Mr. *Pickwick* is a Welcome Guest at Christmas-time—the time so specially dear to the great Novelist and Humorist—for Mr. *Pickwick*, gaiters and all, is no stranger to any one of us,—though we shall never look upon his like again,—and, he is immortal. Times change, manners and customs change, modes of expression change, and modes of thought too, but Human Nature is the one constant quantity, and grotesque and exaggerated as are some of the types in *Pickwick*, yet the motives and the actions are human, the humour throughout is unforced and irresistible, and the absurd complications in which the principal characters found themselves involved, arise out of the most natural and ordinary causes.

As a present, and particularly as a Christmas Present, for young and old, the Jubilee Edition of *Pickwick* will be very difficult to beat. Mr. Punch is of opinion that it is the prize-book for the Jubilee Year.

"PHILOLOGICAL."—The attempts at solution are arriving in shoals. Our Artist "C. K.," says he must draw the line somewhere, and he refuses to receive any further correspondence after Saturday, Dec. 11. He has not yet determined what the prize is to be.

WESTMINSTER AT SILVERTOWN.

THE Duke of WESTMINSTER, with that kindness and good sense that always distinguishes him, took the chair at a public meeting at Silvertown, the other day, which was held for the purpose of securing North Woolwich Gardens as an open space for the recreation and enjoyment of the inhabitants of that cheerless and neglected locality. When a vote of thanks was proposed to him for presiding, it was said by the seconder of the proposal, a working man, that it was pleasant to see Westminster coming so far East for the purpose of doing a kind action; to which the Duke replied, with his usual quiet smile, that WESTMINSTER was very glad indeed to come to Silvertown to help in a good cause, adding, that WESTMINSTER would be pleased at any time to re-visit Silvertown, if Silvertown thought that such a visit would be of the slightest service either to the place itself or to its hard-working inhabitants.

"Ah!" said one man, as the meeting broke up "if all Dooks was like this Dook, they'd be a precious sight more popular among us than they ever have been."

"Yes," replied his friend, "and to bring his beautiful wife with him to show her that life wasn't all beer and skittles, that's what pleases me most of all."

"Ah! I should just like to know what she thought of us all, and of our not very lovely surroundings, and of the swarms of shouting kids. Why, it must have been quite a revelation for her! And what a contrast to what she's accustomed to, bless her beautiful face!"

Perhaps if the West occasionally visited the East when some good deed is to be accomplished, a better understanding might result in a larger amount of sympathy on the one hand, and of respect on the other.

TELL IT TO THE SUBMARINES.—The new Submarine Boat, of which experimental trial was made the other day in the Victoria Dock, seems from all accounts of the facility with which it immersed itself, certainly to have gone down well with the naval experts who were present to witness its performance. Lord CHARLES BERSFORD, who went on board and allowed himself to be submerged in it, in seventeen feet of water, expressed his approval of the little craft, which, apparently with a view to a prospective look ahead at the marine warfare of the future, is appropriately constructed on a telescopic principle. Indeed the inventor, who manœuvred it at the bottom of the dock, took, as the official occupants of the tiny cabin expressed it, "quite a rise" out of them, by the facility with which he again brought them to the surface. On the whole the essay was peculiarly successful, and if the Admiralty give orders for the construction of a number of similar craft, it is understood that, for divers obvious reasons, the cost will be defrayed from a sinking fund.

ANGLING.

(Angled by D. Crambo, Junior.



Early Example of an Artificial Fly.

Orange Bumble.



Fly-rod.

Whipping for Chub.

A FOREIGN 'DEVIL' FISH IN BRITISH WATERS.



Father Neptune lequitter:—

AHOY! Ahoy there, Mr. BULL! A pretty sort of game
Some parties seem a-playing up. Why, what d'ye call *this* same?
A very jolly kind of fish to gather round your shores!
I tell you, JOHN, they're getting just the biggest kind of bores,
Plumping among us down below; the sort of thing to frighten
The pluckiest Nereid of my team, or even scare a Triton.
Why, VICTOR HUGO'S Devil Fish sings small to this, J. B.,
And, as to fish torpedoes, well, they don't run loose at sea.
Look to it, JOHN! There's room enough for all, on sea or land,
But here's a thing that I will not, and you *ought* not to stand.
We want no rows, but, hang it all! the sweetest patience frets,
To see this ugly horror play the "devil" with our nets.

I pity the poor fishermen, who simply lose their labour
When this odd fish drops down on them, a most unpleasant
neighbour.

For any little difference, which surely is a slight one.
There must be modes of settling up, but *this* can't be the right
one.

You used to rule the waves, my boy, at least, that was your notion,
But, anyhow, you ought to clear *these* fish from out the ocean.
They can't be right on any tack; to spoil my finny spoil,
And ruin with their ugly jaws the precious tools of toil,
Is simply murderous mischief, sheer unmitigated evil;
So put your foot down, JOHN, my boy, against *this* sort of devil.



"WILD WALES."

Mr. Roundabout (Interviewer from England). "IS YOUR FATHER AT HOME?"

Welsh Boy. "NO, SIR; HE'S GONE TO WORK AT RHOSLLANERCHUGOG."

Mr. R. "ISN'T YOUR MOTHER IN?" *Welsh Boy.* "SHE'S AT THE FAIR AT LLANFAIRMATHAFARMYTHOF."

Mr. R. "GOT ANY BROTHERS AND SISTERS?"

Welsh Boy. "SISTER'S LIVING AT LLANHANGEL TREVR-BEIRDD, AND MY BROTHER'S AT SCHOOL AT LLANFAIRPWLLGWYNGLLO-GERYCHWRNDROBWLLTYSLYFFWRN!"

["And yet," reflected Mr. R., "our Boys spend years of their lives in learning dead languages!"—and decided he'd study "Cymraeg" this Jubilee Year.

ROBERT AT GILDHALL.

HAVING nothink partickler to do last Tuesday I strolled into the butiful new Counsel Chamber at Gildhall, and seeing a littel crowd a going in at the front door, I went in with 'em and acshally entered its sacred presinks, when a most genelmanly yung man perlitely asked me whether I was a Princess Looweaser or a Hupton Parker; and wen I had recovered myself enuff to say, not neether, he showed me out and told me to go hup stares, and hupstares acordinly I went, and then found out as the Princess Looweaser was the name of a ome for yung gals that wanted sum money, and the Hupton Parkers wanted a new Church for their Park, witch I dessay the old ginerous Cooperation guv 'em right off the reel, as they allers does wenever they're asked for anythink. I sat up in the werry cumferal gallery a lissening to the various petitions for money, and was glad but not surprised to see that wen a poor old Widder came how kindly they guv her a seat and made her cumferal, and then sent her away smilin and appy. Wot a Board of Gardians they wood make! Everybody would get all he wanted and jest a leetle more to surprise him.

After a time I was jest a thinking of going, when a gent got up with a remarkable hi voice, and asked another Gent, who it turned out was a Cheerman, weather it was true as his Committee of 40 gents was all a going for to have gold badges of 18 carrots gold, to cost £4 10s. a peace, to wear when they hoped their new Skool of Music nex week? The Cheerman like a reel gennelman as he is, said, why suttenly, the same as you had when we gave a Ball to the Collindery people. At which they all larfed, me and all. Then sumbody else asked the Cheerman if all the Committee agreed to it, to which he replied, No, there was some on 'em, he was ashamed to say, as acshally wanted to have a beggarly honeyrareum that was ony to have one carrot and ony to cost a ginny! But won of his Committee, who

was praps the reelest and most ginerous gent among 'em all, xelaimed in a voice of thunder, "I woodn't touch it with a pare of Tongs!"

Ah, that's the man for my money. I was that delited that I amost called out "Name him!" but I fortunetly seed the City Marshall with his soard in his skabbard close behind me, so I restrayned myself. After that I am sorry to say that sumbody acshally arsked for the sacred book to be brort in, that contains all the most secretest things as ewer takes place behind the seens, and brort in it was, tho' I could see as the young Gent as brort it in, amost blushed as he did so.

Well, I hardly expecs to be believed when I says that the fine-looking Town Clark, as I've seen afore on more festiv ocasions than this, acshally read out with his fine tenner voice, so as ewery one of us coud understand ewery word, such horful rewelashuns as, how much a head they was to pay for their dinner, after the serrymony next Fursday, and how much it would be, supposing as they hadn't not no wine! Ah, that wood be a nice chearful dinner that wood, and all the toasts to be toast-and-water, I spose, as in the days of my youthful infancy! Then that perfoundest of secrets was read out, that the wine, if any was had, would cost jest as much as the dinner! Wot a subjeck for the grinning Skoffer!

And, as if this wasn't enuff to brake the art of a real lover of his Cooperation, another Common Counsellor acshally arsked the same plucky Chairman whether it was posserbel as he had sent out a circular saying that refreshments consisting of Soops and Shampain would be perwided from 1'30 to 2'30 pea. hem., for the Court of Common Counsel only, and their Lady's. To which of course he replied that it was quite true, and that he thort it was quite sufficient for Lunch as they dined at 6, and he hoped his frend would injoy it as he usually did, at which there was a good larf, in witch I coodn't jine as I left the butiful Counsel Chamber with a sad hart to think what a blo had bin struck that day at sum of the most cheriast hinstitooshuns of our noble old City.

ROBERT.

MEMOIRS OF A SECRET MISSION.

(Extracted from the Diary of BYTO, M.P.)



HERE I am at Monaco. It was not without some difficulty that I finally arranged an interview with his Highness the Prince. His territorial estate is not extensive, nor his revenues large compared, for example, with the income of Messrs. GUINNESS. But he is well aware of the importance of his position, and is not to be lightly approached. I learned very early after I had put in operation the means by which I finally secured an audience that the directors of an evening newspaper, published in London, had repeatedly endeavoured to interview his Highness on the current topics of the day. They had always been rebuffed, and persistence from this

quarter had irritated the naturally equable temper of his Highness, and caused him to double the sentries at the various approaches to the palace. Having, however, decided to make an exception in my favour, nothing could exceed the cordiality of my reception. As I passed through the Courtyard, personally conducted by the Lord High Chamberlain, the whole army of Monaco was drawn up in review order. Of the rank and file, I never saw nine fitter looking fellows, whilst of the officers, from the General downwards, it would be difficult to find eleven gentlemen, better dressed, or gifted with such moustachios.

The Prince received me in the morning-room, which commands a fine view of the Mediterranean. Seated in the embrasured window and looking South-East and West, the Prince beheld the scene of the naval triumphs of his ancestors. It was my task to endeavour so to impress his mind that the naval glories of Monaco should be revived and the balance of power in Europe re-adjusted.

"Prince," I said after the civilities of greeting were accomplished, "my communication will have prepared you for the nature of my business. We are, as you know, living in troubled times. Formerly diplomatic communications were carried on through the humdrum medium of Ambassadors. To-day we have changed all that. Mr. SPENCER suddenly visits Berlin, and whilst a cunningly devised lay-figure, with mechanical action for twirling its moustache, is placed in a box at the theatre, and deludes two nations, Mr. SPENCER is closeted at Varzin with the German Chancellor. Mr. CHAMBERLAIN, scorning subtleties, proceeds under his own name to the far East, hobs and nobbs with the SULTAN and confabulates with King of GREECE. I may mention that I myself have seen the Dey of ALGIERS. What passed between us, I may not at the moment disclose. Suffice it that I have laid the foundations of an alliance with the English Dissident Unionists, that is likely to have momentous results in the direction of European affairs. After leaving your Highness I proceeded by appointment to Venice, where I shall have an interview with the DOGE. Our glorious Chief in English is Mr. CHAPLIN. We are strong in the affections and hearts of the people, but we find the necessity of establishing powerful Continental alliances."

"Yes," said the Prince, who spoke with a slight accent, "I have heard of your Mr. CHAPLINS. A great orator, and a man of possessions, having three acres and a cow. He does not get on very well with the Lord RANDOLPH so I hear, from my secret emissary in the court of St. James's."

"Then your Highness keeps yourself informed of the state of affairs in the various Capitals?"

"In the Capitals!" cried the Prince contemptuously, shrugging his shoulders. "What shall I say? Look there!" and he pointed to rows of strongly bound volumes, rising shelf upon shelf from floor to ceiling, completely occupying one end of the room.

"Those are the reports of the last ten years, received from my secret emissaries in all your large towns. The drift of opinion in the Capitals! *Mon Dieu*, I know the drift of feeling in every one of your Town Councils. Some of them I move with my little finger."

"Ah, I have thought that their proceedings were occasionally inscrutable."

"But your CHAPLINS, if I agree to work with you in conjunction

with their Imperial Highnesses, the Dey of ALGIERS and the Doge of VENICE, he will doubtless, when he pleases, throw me over. He will form the alliance with the Irish Members. Ha! ha! I know all about your JOSEPH GILLISES and your TIM HEALITES."

I was amazed at His Highness's intimate acquaintance with the minutiae of our political affairs, but I am, I trust, too well versed in diplomacy to betray surprise.

"It seems to me," the Prince continued, "that you are a little too much sub-divided in your political parties in England. In Monaco there is but one party, *C'est Moi!*" ("And a nice young party you are, if all we hear of you is true," I said—but not aloud.) "Can any man count up the divisions of your parties? There used to be Whigs and Tories. But what have you now, with your Unionists, and Dissident Liberals, your Gladstonians, your Randolphians, and your Chamberlings. If I were to decide to back up England with my alliance, whom should I be making a bargain with?"

"We are the Coming Party, your Highness, we the Chaplinites. The rest are but names or symbols. The heart of the people beats in unison with us. All we want to consolidate our power and assure our position is a fret-work of Continental alliances. Other parties turn first to BISMARCK. If they find he is engaged on the other side, they tamper with Russia or dally with Austria, or fiddle to France. We want you to be our BISMARCK."

The Prince was evidently touched with this eloquent outburst. He walked up and down the room several times with his hands clasped behind his back. What thoughts chased through his brains! what considerations was he revolving! With what momentous issues were these few minutes pregnant.

"There is something in what you say," he almost whispered. "I have long had my eye on BISMARCK. Partly, I fear, through indolence of nature, I have left him alone till he has swollen himself out like the frog in the fable. But let him beware! By the blood of my ancestors, when Monaco speaks Berlin would do well to be mute."

This looked promising. I had evidently gone on the right tack, and by stirring up the smouldering ashes of ambition, was winning over to our cause this mighty potentate.

"Is RANDOLPH with you?" he asked, still harping on the idea of fatal diversity of action on the part of my country.

"No," I said boldly, "RANDOLPH is not with us. CHAPLIN has been most patient and considerate. Anxious only for the interests of the country, he has allowed RANDOLPH to flout him in public, declaring himself content with apologies subsequently offered in private. But he has now finally broken with him, started a party of his own, and RANDOLPH's destruction is but a matter of days or weeks."

"And what do you propose, as [the bases of our alliance?" the Prince asked after another pause.

"Well, in the first place, we shall make Russia sit up. CHAPLIN never has had much of an opinion of Russia. Some of his most stirring orations in the House of Commons, have been directed against the CZAR. I think, with your assistance, we could drive Russia out of Central Asia. Your Highness might have Central Asia if we can pacify the Doge of VENICE in another quarter."

"I own," said the Prince, "that the prospect of annexing Central Asia, attracts me. But what do you want for yourself?"

"Nothing, Prince," I answered proudly. "England's sole desire is for the welfare and peace of mankind. Possibly we might take Egypt and hurry the Germans out of any inconvenient contiguity to our Colonies. But our watchword is Peace, and—perhaps I may add—Plenty."

"How did you find ALGIERS? Does he seem of a grasping nature?"

"No, I think if we gave him back Spain, he would want no Moor."

"Well, that of course could be easily managed," said the Prince. "Of course there would be no stipulation against my establishing at Merv or Khiva a replica of Monte Carlo, if I thought it would take?"

"Not at all, not at all. I fancy such an institution would be highly popular, and would tend to solder the relations between your people and your Highness."

"And what do you propose to give the DOGE?"

"Ireland. I fancy that will quiet him. He has always been accustomed to a watery prospect, and it frequently rains in Ireland."

Your plan commends itself to me. Still, I am haunted by doubt as to whether I can reasonably and safely depend upon your party. What about the Markiss? Is he with you, or against you?"

"Oh, the Markiss he's nobody. RANDOLPH's subdued him, and CHAPLIN is RANDOLPH's master."

"Then GLADSTONE?"

"GLADSTONE's played out. CHAPLIN says so. In fact, he said so twelve years ago. Besides, if he were to rouse himself into a flash of energy, you might safely leave The CHAPLIN to manage him."

"*Bien!* I think we may come to terms, and BISMARCK will find that he does not, as he has been taught to believe, hold the fate of Europe in the hollow of his hand. There is a Prince at Varzin, and a Prince at Monaco. But leave me now. I would like to think things over. We shall meet again. *Au revoir!*"

"I shall ever feel it an honour that in communication with your Highness, the Dey of ALGIERS, and the Doge of VENICE I have been instrumental, in whatever humble capacity, in calling in the Old World to redress the balance of the New."

This is a full account—*verbatim* I may say—of what passed at this interview. In reading it over, I am struck with the occasional fineness of my own language. I never used it in the House of Commons, but I rose to the height of circumstances; and being called to confidential intercourse with a Prince, I talked as diplomatists and potentates commonly do.

BABYDOM.

A CONTRIBUTION TO THE POETRY OF PAP.

(Not by Mr. Algernon Charles Swinburne.)

<p>BABY, see the flowers! —Baby sees Other things than these. Baby, our soft age's first of powers. Baby, hear the birds! —Baby's nose Cocks at sounds like those. Baby rules our deeds and thoughts and words. Baby, want the moon? —Baby's eyes Blink in blue surprise. Baby is the boss of night and noon. Baby, hear the sea! —Baby's face Permeates all space, Filled with noises of the nursery. Baby, see the star! —Baby's hand Closes with command, [sure. Calm in claim of all things fair that Baby, hear the bells! —Baby's head, Bald and raspberry red, [tells. Rules the realm of song, as HUGO</p>	<p>Baby calmly slumbers. Artists rush With flamboyant brush, Baby's sleep to limn for Christmas Numbers. Baby sucks his thumb, Poets crowd Prompt with lyrics loud In his praise to pipe creation dumb. Baby tries to jump, Sentiment Gazes, quite content Maudlin adulation up to pump. Baby everywhere! Hood, or hat! Cuddling dog or cat! Goggling with a vacant cobalt stare! Baby, poor young chap! More and more, Blameless, you must bore, Till sound sense shall laugh away soft pap.</p>
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IN THE COURT OF COMMON SENSE.

(Before Mr. Justice Punch, without a Jury.)

Re The River Thames Steamboat Company.—This matter was mentioned to his Lordship, who on ordering it to stand over observed, "It seems to me that this property should not be allowed to waste away. No doubt, at present, those whose duty it is to protect the shareholders, have a very difficult task before them. However, I have looked at the last balance-sheet, and find that the Company is being worked at a profit. It seems strange that a means of conveyance extremely popular and lucrative in Paris, and most of our own large riverside towns, should earn so little in London. Before the matter is again discussed, I hope very earnestly that the Managers will carefully consider the position of the Company and do their utmost by improving the boats and reforming much that requires alteration to turn the Association into the road leading to perfect success."

In the Matter of Certain Newspapers.—This was an application to restrain the publication of some proceedings in the Probate, Divorce and Admiralty Division which were declared to be unfit for perusal. In refusing to make the order, Mr. Justice PUNCH said:—"The remedy may be worse than the disease. Some of the matter brought before me is certainly most unedifying, still, I am very reluctant to interfere with the liberty of the Press. The supply is created by the demand, and a newspaper proprietor can scarcely be blamed for following the lead of his contemporaries. I may add that the results of cases heard *in camera* are frequently the reverse of satisfactory. I feel that, kept within proper bounds, the publicity of the Press is most wholesome."

The Christmas Vacation.—Mr. Justice PUNCH gave notice that when the Court rose at the end of Michaelmas Term, he would still sit in his own chambers (85, Fleet Street) on Wednesdays. The early meeting of Parliament is believed to have been the cause of this announcement.



OUR ADVERTISERS.—PERSONAL.

THE GREAT SECRET OF SUCCESS IN LIFE,

though pursued by few and achieved by many, is not, however, to be found in figuring in the Bankruptcy Court, starting a Provincial Circus without sufficient means, or getting brought up before a Police Magistrate and fined for being drunk and incapable, nor is the pertinent question of

WHAT MAKES A HAPPY CHRISTMAS?

satisfactorily answered by spending it in giving a trial in turns to all the advertised Patent Medicines—still it must have occurred to many who, at this festive season, owing to an over-indulgence in the good things of the table, have seen the cheerful smile banished from the midst of their family circle to give place to a profound and overwhelming melancholy, to ask themselves in the language used by

THE EMPEROR OF RUSSIA,

whether, if they did not mind spending Threepence between them, he and

GENERAL KAULBARS, THE HERO OF BULGARIA,

could not manage to secure a hearty laugh for the outlay. Not that they would be reckless as to the direction in which they turned to expend the stipulated sum, which they certainly would, under no consideration whatever, devote to any agitation calculated to embarrass Her Majesty's Ministers in their elephantine and portentous efforts to display shortly to the world

A HAPPY AND CONTENTED IRELAND.

Nor will they—bearing continually in mind the truth of the wholesome adage that

THE ART OF CONQUEST IS LOST WITHOUT THE ART OF LAUGHING—

be likely to invest it in any of the shares of the numerous Gold Mining Companies that are just now largely absorbing the spare cash of a confiding and expectant public. But, determined to have their full threepennyworth of fun for their money, they will, without troubling

GENERAL ROBERTS IN BURMAH,

and interrupting his operations, and also without going through the process of drawing

A FURTHER CHEQUE ON THE BANK OF LIFE,

manage to combat the dire effects of indigestion, dissipate gloom, and surround with a halo of boisterous mirth and merriment the dejected and downcast spirits who ever follow in the wake of Christmas festivity, by going straight to 85, Fleet Street, and there purchasing the great and unique antidote to all doleful and dismal habits of mind, in the shape of that hearty mental refresher and reinvigorator known as

MR. PUNCH'S ROYAL JUBILEE ALMANACK,

which can be ordered and had of every Newsvendor in the United Kingdom. Price Threepence.

MR. PUNCH'S ROYAL JUBILEE ALMANACK!

Testimonial from Lord SALISBURY.

"I have found it matchless for the mental complexion."

Salisbury

MR. PUNCH'S ROYAL JUBILEE ALMANACK!

Testimonial from Mr. GLADSTONE.

"I have much pleasure in stating that I have read your Almanack for many years, and prefer it to any other."

W. E. Gladstone

MR. PUNCH'S ROYAL JUBILEE ALMANACK!

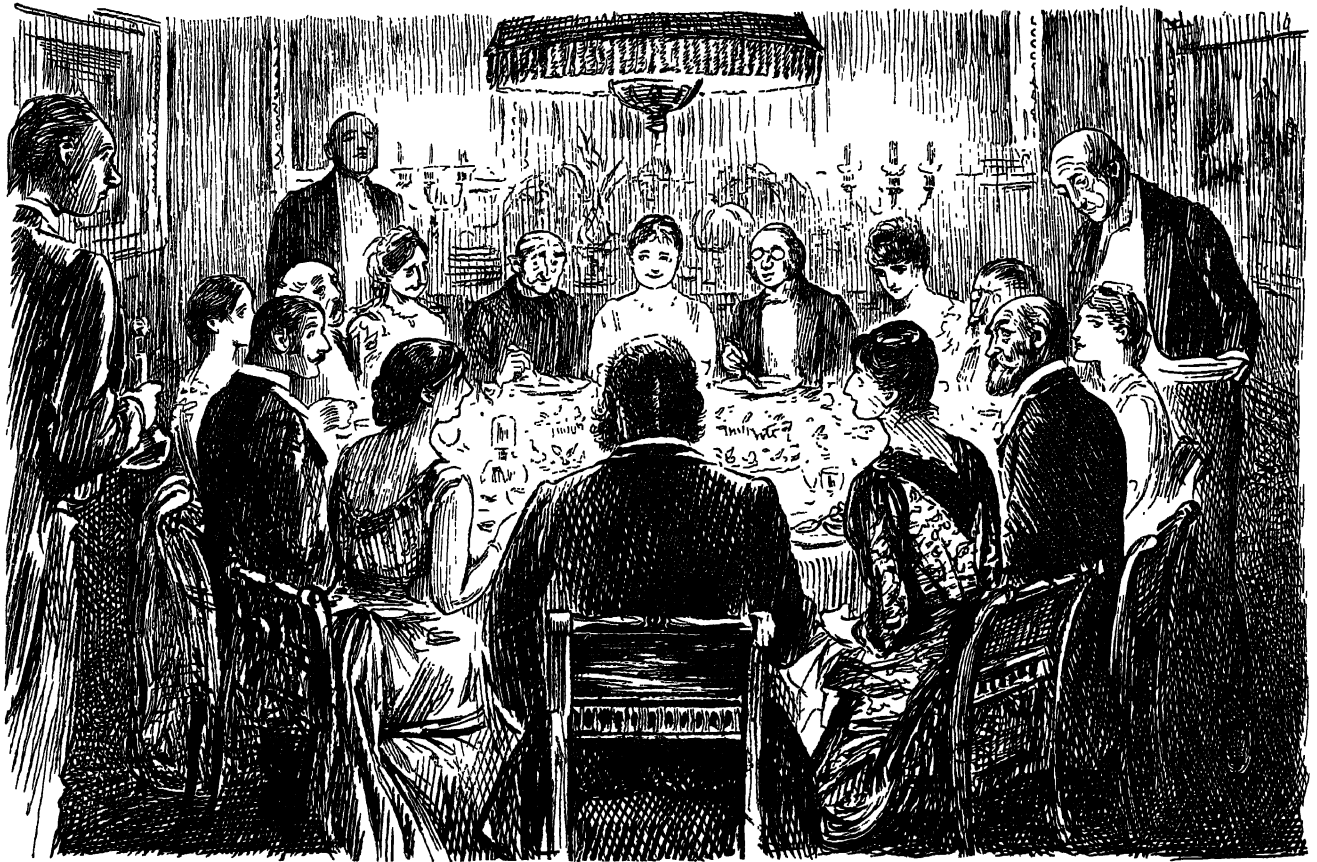
Testimonial from Prince ALEXANDER of Battenberg.

"For preserving and keeping up the spirits, removing roughness from the disposition, and inducing a general geniality of feeling, it is the finest Almanack in the world."

Alexander

MR. PUNCH'S ROYAL JUBILEE ALMANACK

can be ordered and had of every Newsvendor in the United Kingdom. Price Threepence.



THINGS ONE WOULD RATHER HAVE LEFT UNSAID.

Hostess (across table). "BY THE WAY, BISHOP, I HEAR SIR WORMWOOD AND LADY SCRUBBS ARE IN TOWN, AND JUSTICE TUPPER AND HIS WIFE. I ONLY WISH I HAD KNOWN IT BEFORE, FOR I WOULD HAVE ASKED THEM TO-DAY TO MEET YOU!"

Mental Chorus of Guests. "I WONDER WHICH OF US WOULD HAVE BEEN LEFT OUT!"

LIMITED PROSPECTS.

Latest—from Our Own City Commissioner.

THE prevalent mania for floating every concern in the shape of a Limited Company shows no signs of abatement, the most recent development of the movement resulting in the issue of the subjoined promising prospectuses which speak for themselves:—

THE AMALGAMATED BAKED POTATO-CAN AND ROAST-CHESTNUT COMPANY (LIMITED).

Directors.

JOHN MUGGINS. Mile End Road (*Chairman*).
JAMES SNOOKS. Rotherhithe.
WILLIAM SIKES. Elizabeth Street, Seven Dials.
With power to add to their number.

PROSPECTUS.

THE Company has been formed for the purpose of acquiring as a going concern, and for extending the Baked Potato business recently conducted with great financial success by Mr. JOHN MUGGINS, as also that of the Roast Chestnut interest for many years carried on at a substantial profit by Mr. JAMES SNOOKS, who received the property from his late father Mr. JERRY SNOOKS, who had already realised a large fortune out of it.

The vendors not having kept any books of their respected businesses, they have no figures to submit to the scrutiny of any firm of chartered accountants, but when they state that the proceeds of their united enterprise has produced during the last month and a half a weekly turnover of £2 13s. 6d., the valuable character of the property now offered to the consideration of inquiring investors is at once apparent.

The Directors, therefore, in making their first call for £3,000 of the Company's capital, which they propose to raise by an issue of £1 shares, of which 9d. will be payable on application, 1s. 3d. on allotment, and the balance at uncertain intervals, as circumstances may

require, beg to point out to the investing public that this sum will secure from the proprietors the stock-in-trade, good-will, and plant, the latter comprising a finished apparatus, with steam-jet and pepper and salt box complete, for the peripatetic baking of potatoes, and also a perforated brazier, in fair condition, for the sale and display of roasted chestnuts.

It is calculated that, by the energetic action of the vendors, who have consented for the first fifteen years to act on the Board of direction, that a very extensive connection, already established, may be indefinitely enlarged, and that, with fair success, a very handsome dividend will be forthcoming for payment to the shareholders.—Early application is invited.

THE IMPERIAL WHELK AND SAUCER FISH COMPANY (LIMITED).

THE Directors of this thoroughly sound and promising concern have just issued their preliminary Prospectus. In it they state that they have made arrangements to purchase on advantageous terms the movable barrow, stock of fish, vinegar, appropriate china-ware, and all the necessary apparatus for the sale of that much-estimated and high-class East-End fish, the whelk, and its kindred species, of Mr. BILL WAPPINGS, who has for many years been noted as the proprietor of the leading stall devoted to the supply of this class of edible refreshment in the neighbourhood of the New Cut.

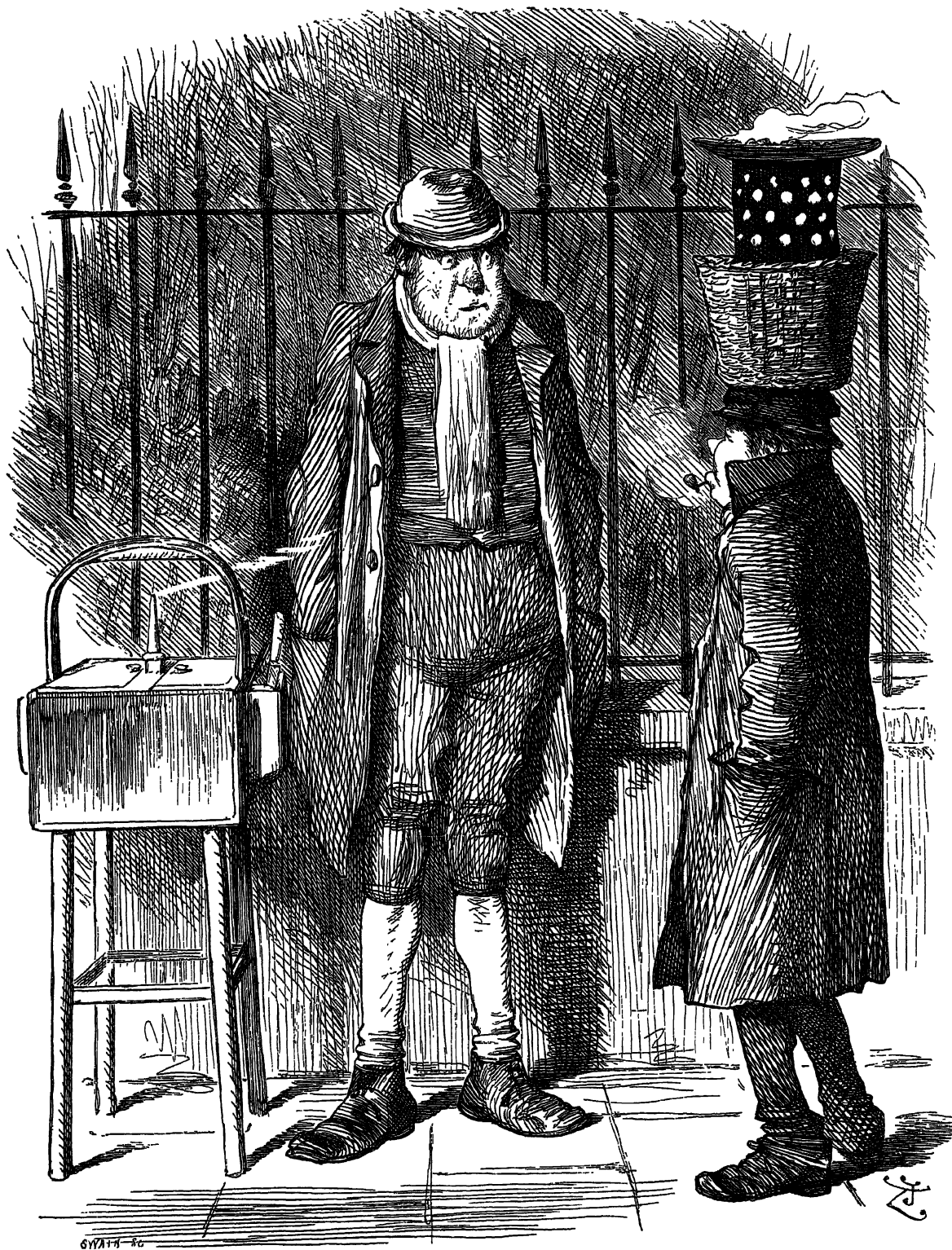
Mr. BILL WAPPINGS, who will receive half the purchase-money in fully paid-up Shares, has consented to join the Board after allotment, and give it the benefit of his valuable assistance and advice.

THE CROSSING-SWEEPERS' CORPORATION (LIMITED).

ABRIDGED PROSPECTUS.

Capital, £500,000.

THIS Company has been formed for the purpose of securing the whole of the crossing-sweeping interest of the Metropolis under one head, thereby insuring a monopoly of this well-recognised most lucrative industry. There being hardly any limit to the number of posts from which substantial incomes could be derived, the Directors



FOLLOWING THE FASHION.

BAKED-TATER MERCHANT.—“‘OW’S TRADE! WHY, FUST-RATE!! I’M A-GOIN’ TO CONWERT THE BIS’NESS INTO A LIMITED LIABILITY COMP’NY—AND RETIRE INTO PRIVATE LIFE!!!”

calculate that by charging a small premium in each case for the letting of the same to impecunious members of the Upper Middle Classes, notably to briefless members of the Junior Bar, unappreciated Artists, and unemployed Literary Men, they could count safely on the realisation, from this source, of a handsome dividend to the Shareholders.

A further and fuller Prospectus, to which will be appended a list of the Directors, who will comprise several noted Sweepers at the present moment occupied on the principal Metropolitan Crossings, under the presidency of a distinguished East-End Baronet, who will act as Chairman, will shortly be published.

An early application for Shares is invited.

THE WEST-END METROPOLITAN TRIPE AND ONION TRADING COMPANY (LIMITED).

THE above has just been set on foot for the purpose of dealing largely in the supply to the more fashionable quarters of the Metropolis of this highly popular East-End relish, and as a preliminary step the premises of Messrs. SMITH AND SON, the noted dealers of Watling Street, Commercial Road, E., together with the goodwill, plant and general stock-in-trade, have already been secured for a nominal sum. The Directors being confident that it only needs an acquaintance with this delicate dish to make it the rage at every dinner-table in Belgravia, do not hesitate to recommend the investment to shareholders anxious to secure a speedy and handsome dividend for their money.

The Share list will remain open for eighteen months.

OUT OF WATER AT THE ROYAL AQUARIUM.

(Being some Account of the great Potato Tercentenary.)

MY DEAR MR. PUNCH,

It was with feelings of the liveliest satisfaction that I received your commands to "do" the Potato Tercentenary Exhibition at the St. Stephen's Hall, Westminster, as I felt it was an occasion of the greatest national importance. When I got to my destination I found that the Managers, in anticipation of the expected rush of Visitors, had placed on the long tables laid out with samples of Potatoes, placards requesting enthusiasts to keep to one side to prevent overcrowding. Praiseworthy as this precaution undoubtedly was, I am not quite sure that it was necessary, as I do not think there were half-a-dozen persons present actually inspecting the vegetables. I also noticed a little group of people seated on chairs in front of some diagrams.

At first I thought this group was a family party waiting for some light refreshment (there was a very good luncheon-bar in the Hall), but on nearer inspection, to my intense surprise discovered that it was an important public meeting. There was a Chairman with about eight supporters (I made the ninth), and in the background were two or three representatives of the Press. A gentleman was standing in front of some diagrams (which I thought, before I had had the advantage of an explanation, were clever studies of pickled cabbage) talking rapidly in an undertone. At first I imagined that he was explaining confidentially some personal grievance—possibly that his train had been forty minutes late, or perhaps that his dog had been seized by the police because it had no muzzle—until, on receiving his walking-stick and beginning to point with it, I felt convinced that he must be delivering a lecture. I was entirely right. He was kind enough to raise his voice a little, and then I learned that he was saying something or other about the potato disease. The sketches I found had nothing to do with pickled cabbage, but represented magnified fungus. It appeared, from the gentleman's statement, that this noxious growth was fatal to the favourite food of Irishmen, and was in the habit of reaching its full dimensions in two or three hours. He seemed to despair of finding a remedy, and laughed to scorn a suggestion which I understood had been made by a Dublin Professor, that the potato disease should be put down by Act of Parliament.

Just as I was getting deeply interested, the Lecturer suddenly ceased speaking, and sat down abruptly. Upon this, a learned gentleman stood up, and called upon another of our little group to address "the meeting." I fancy that the new speaker was a nobleman who had given up his life to potatoes. That was the impression he left on my mind after he had been talking for a couple of minutes. I also gathered, from his rather vague remarks, that he had nothing much to say because he had not the remotest notion, before entering the hall, that he would be called upon for a speech, and further, that, had he known that an oration would be expected from him, his suggestions would not be of much value, as he was not particularly well up in his subject. This being the case, he contented himself with contradicting, in a gentlemanly and genial way, much of what the Lecturer had advanced, and sat down. Upon this the Chairman again rose, and called for a speech. He looked round, and appealed to one gentleman by name to say something, but without effect.



THE EVENING PIPERS.

"'ERE Y'ARE, MISS! HORFUL REVELATIONS!"

After a pause, a lady rose to her feet, and made an earnest appeal to those present to advertise the next Tercentenary Exhibition in the Welsh papers. This suggestion was very favourably received, possibly because the responsibility of carrying it out (at three hundred years' date) did not appear to be overwhelming. After the fair advocate of the rights of "poor little Wales" had had her say, there was another pause, and a second appeal for speakers. It brought up a foreigner, whose address, I must confess, I did not understand, because it was spoken in rather imperfect English; however, no doubt it was admirable. As the original Lecturer now showed signs of "going in for a second innings," I thought it a convenient moment to tear myself away from the delightful little gathering, to visit the Cookery and Food Exhibition in the adjoining Aquarium. As I left the St. Stephen's Hall, I was grieved to find that not a person was inspecting the tables with their burdens of potatoes, and that consequently the placards regulating the traffic were still superfluous.

On reaching the Aquarium I found the Variety Entertainment "on" and "Cookery and Food," chiefly represented by sweetstuff-stalls, a tobacco-store, and several agencies for condensed meat. Strange as it may appear, I preferred the feats of some talented gentlemen in evening dress who were amusing themselves by jumping upon one another's heads on the stage to the "exhibits." I was on the point of looking carefully at some milk when my attention was attracted by a lady crossing a very high tight-rope on a bicycle. I should certainly have carried my investigation further, had not a bugle-call summoned me to see Professor BECKWITH's Swimming Entertainment in the tank. As one who is passionately devoted to potatoes, and equally fond of food and cooking, I must say that I considered the feats of Mr. WILLIAM BECKWITH, his sister, and a young female member of the family, most marvellous and pleasing. In the same character (I beg to put it on record that the Potato Tercentenary has my warmest sympathy) I must admit that I was delighted with the grace and good-nature of Professor BECKWITH's lady pupil. In fact one of the most gratifying features of the present attempts to glorify the national food of Ireland, and to advance the cause of good cooking at the Royal Aquarium, is to be found (in my humble opinion) in Professor BECKWITH's entertainment. That at any rate went swimmingly.

Yours figuratively, A HOT POTATO.

A VISION OF OLYMPUS.

AS POSTPRANDIALLY PRESENTED TO MR. J-SSE C-LL-NGS. (AIR—"The Groves of Blarney.")

OH, Mount Olympus,
Superbly soaring
Betwixt the Ionian
And Egean Seas,
Decked by the amaranth
That spontaneous grows there,
In sweet disorder,
'Neath unfading trees!
There, grandly gracing
The verdant landscape,
Are the gods and goddesses,
And nymphs so fair;
Jove, Venus, Apollo,
And a lot to follow,
All lounging—lightly
In the open air.

With gentle JOSEPH
We went for scaling,
Like the warring Titans,
Thy tremendous top;
Though it wasn't thunderbolts,
But—well, lack of bellows
That caused us fellows
Half-way to stop.
Thick clouds surround it,
As in HOMER's period,
And of Aphrodite
We caught no gleam.
But after dinner
I got forty-winking,
And beheld the following
In a sort of dream.

Mercury met us,
As we strove to enter
The immortal circle,
With respectful tread;
(His visage somehow
Seemed most familiar)
There was Jupiter lounging
On an amaranth bed.



"Mr. CHAMBERLAIN and his party have been visiting Olympus."—Daily Paper.

There was Lady Venus
Matched with whom, between us,
(Our TERRYS and LANGTRYs,
Are the smallest beer),
There was stately Juno,
And she ogled JOSEPH
In a frisky fashion,
Which I thought queer,

In these classic regions,
As upon the Bosphorus,
Or in British Birmingham,
JOE is quite a lion;
And he's so adventurous
That it struck me, somehow,
Juno might be thinking
Of her friend Ixion.
(You'll have read that story
In the works of DRIZZY)
JOE is most ambitious,
And he's keen and proud.
High stakes he's playing,
And I do hope, bless him!
The goddess he's wooing
Won't prove a cloud.

Well, Mercury led us
Into Jove's high presence,
And JOSEPH nodded
Whilst I "louted low,"
Venus smiled so sweetly
I could not help thinking
It's a good thing really
JOSEPH's name is JOE,
When, on a sudden,
I perceived Jove's visage
To Lord SALISBURY's countenance
Change at a stroke,
Whilst the herald, Mercury,
Was just Lord RANDOLPH,
Which thing so shocked me
I—in fact awoke!

TURNING OVER NEW LEAVES.

(By our own Paper-knifer.)

"WE were flogged at school," wrote THACKERAY in a delightful article in the *Quarterly*, "we were fifty boys in our boarding-house, and had to wash in a leaden trough, under a cistern, with lumps of fat yellow soap floating about in the ice and water. Are our sons ever flogged? Have they not dressing-rooms, hair-oil, hip-baths and Baden-towels? And what picture-books the young villains have! What have these children done that they should be so much happier than we were?" As Christmas-time approaches these words often recur to Mr. *Punch*, and he wonders what the children of the present day have done that the publishers should now bow down and worship them, that the smartest writers should offer them their best work, and that the most accomplished artists should wield the pencil for their delectation. What a wealth, what a variety of children's-books come pouring in at this season of the year! Here we have Mr. GEORGE HENTY—the Boy's Own Author—with his capital story *The Young Carthaginian*, and his stirring tale of Bush life in Australia, called *A Final Reckoning*—the first illustrated by Mr. STANTLAND, the second by Mr. WOLLEN. We have also a good sea-story by Mr. J. C. HUTCHESON, *The White Squall*—nothing to cry about—with pictures by Mr. SCHONBERG, *The Eversley Secrets*, told by Mrs. GREEN (and probably "let out" by the Libraries), and *Our Frank*, by Miss WALTON. These all come from Messrs. BLACKIE AND SON. Messrs. HODDER AND STOUGHTON publish some delightful volumes: it would be odd if they didn't, and it wouldn't be Hodder at all events. Among them may be especially noted *Charlie Lucken at School and College*, by the Rev. H. C. ADAMS; *A Flood that Led on to Fortune*, by OLD BOOMERANG; *Some of Our Fellows*, by the Rev. T. S. MILLINGTON; *Thrilling Tales*, by Dr. MACAULAY; *In the Fort*, by Miss SARAH TYTLER, and *When we were Girls Together*, by Miss SARAH DOUDNEY. Messrs. CASSELL cater charmingly for girls in *A World of Girls*, by Miss MEADE—sunshiny, flowery Meade—illustrated by Miss EDWARDS. They also show the irrepressible boy is by no means forgotten in *Through Trial to Triumph*, by Miss HUNT; *Freedom's Sword* by Miss SWAN, a little Duck, of course, and *The Tales of the Sixty Mandarins*, by RAMASWAMI RAJU.

Among other attractive volumes which will be eagerly perused, are *Bear and Forbear*, by Miss SARAH PITT—a title suggestive of the Zoological Gardens and the Refreshment Stall, but nothing to do with it: *Frank's Life Battle*, by Mr. REDFORD; *Rhoda's Reward*, by Miss EMMA MARSHALL; and *Foremost if I Can*, by Miss ATTERIDGE. Mr. FISHER UNWIN has issued a delightful story, written and illustrated by Miss FLORENCE and Miss EDITH SCANNELL, called *The Time of Roses*, also a fairy-folk story-book called *Prince Peerless*, which cannot fail to be popular among children. It is written by the Hon. MARGARET COLLIER, and illustrated by her brother, the Hon. JOHN COLLIER. The two Colliers ought to bring out a new illustrated edition of *Old King Coal*. Boys will find a world of delight in *Boys' Own Stories*, written by their old favourite Mr. ASCOTT R. HOPE. One of Hope's many "flattering tales."

Leaving the children for awhile, we turn to *Our Temperaments* (CROSBY LOCKWOOD & Co.). Our temperaments are often more various, and far more difficult to manage, than our children. It is a big book, but it is a big subject. The volume is heavy to hold, but light to read. Though Mr. ALEXANDER STEWART has treated his subject exhaustively, he writes, at the same time in a popular and pleasant manner that renders it attractive to the general reader. "Temperament" has long been the apology for all kinds of bad behaviour; it has been the excuse for every species of rudeness, of idleness, and incapacity. Many people have assumed special temperaments, though they have them not. Now, by the aid of this excellent guide it is possible to find out all about them; we shall be able to strip off the mask of false temperament, and put them all in their proper places. What a shuffling of the pack of social cards there will be if people only read this volume carefully, and are able to carry out its precepts! So much is penned concerning Society in the present day, and what constitutes it, that it is somewhat a relief to turn from the twaddle written thereon, to a volume called *Society in the Elizabethan Age* (SWAN, SONNENSCHEIN & Co.). In this Mr. HUBERT HALL gives a very fair picture of all classes of society of that period—how they lived, what they did, and what they spent. The volume contains some very curious illustrations and interesting statistics. Vastly entertaining is the account of "Wild Darrell's Diet" just three hundred years ago—especially if we contrast it with the hotel bills of the present day.

STUDIES FROM MR. PUNCH'S STUDIO.

No. VII.—THE DANCING-MASTER.



THE superficial are too apt to imagine that, to be a Dancing-Master, it is only requisite to dance. This is error; for the Master might dance all day, and superbly, in the presence of a pupil—and though that pupil be as imitative and intelligent as the monkey, he would yet find himself unable to reproduce the performance in his own person with any accuracy of detail.

The man who succeeds best in imparting the weird mysteries of this most difficult Art, must be peculiarly adapted for his humanising mission.

He should possess the dignity, without the *hauteur*, of the gentleman who hands the chairs in a Drapery

Establishment conducted on Cash-Payment principles; in his powers of conversation he must distance the chattiest conceivable dentist; he ought to display at least as much tact in preserving the remains of his client's self-respect as is exhibited by the Suburban Photographer. He must be musician as ORPHEUS, persuasive as NESTOR, lucid as EUCLID; while he should possess, at the same time, an acquaintance with the first principles of elementary etiquette only second to that of the "Member of the Aristocracy" who instructs the middle classes how to behave in polite society.

All these are no trifling qualifications; and each one who dreams of embracing this arduous profession should look first into his own bosom, and ask himself seriously whether he finds them there or not.

The ideal Dancing-Master must have infinite patience, and it is better if he is *not* handy-legged. Even a touch of gout has, ere this, detracted fatally from the effect of many a well-conceived and conscientiously-executed illustration.

But let us now proceed to consider the Dancing-Master from a somewhat less abstract point of view; and we shall best attain this end if we follow the steps of one who has, after much internal searching, decided to sit, so to speak, at the feet of one of these saltatory sages. We will suppose, then, that the intending disciple, with a beating heart and the implements of study (which can be procured at any bootmaker's) carried with him in a small hand-bag, presents himself at the address which may have met his eye in an advertisement column. He will find the interior of a subdued and even ascetic appearance, eminently calculated to counteract the levity of the accomplishment which is imparted therein.

The exercise of Dancing has been denounced as unduly frivolous, but the aspect of any one of its Professors is in itself a sufficient answer to this charge. The veriest bigot must admit that upon their brows is set the seal of solemnity.

A youth, whose veracity *Mr. Punch* has no reason whatever to doubt, assures him that he knows no pastime more innocent, more devoid of all voluptuousness, than a waltz with his Dancing-Master; nor, in the opinion of the same authority, is the polka with the lady of mature years (who attends to instil that self-confidence that comes only with practice) a dissipation the memory of which is likely to disturb, appreciably, the serenity of one's closing years.

But the Dancing-Master has generally an even graver pursuit to which he flies for solace. Sometimes it is Archæology, and then you will see displayed on the table where he writes his receipts, a little monograph on the Roman Remains at a watering-place where he once spent a fortnight.

Or else it is Entomology, in which case you will find on the walls a valuable and complete collection of all the varieties of the Cabbage Butterfly found in Middlesex; or it is General Research, and he presents you with his Essay *On the Ladies' Chain, as known to the Ancients, and handed down in Greek and Assyrian Sculpture, with a Theory upon the Aztec Origin of the Highland Schottische, and a brief Comparison between the Sailor's Hornpipe and the Australian Corroboree, with some Notes on Serpent Dancing.*

He will certainly be so far literary as to own the Authorship of *The Dancing-Man's Vade-Mecum* for the current year, price one

shilling, with diagrams, and all the most recent discoveries. To resume: the Student passes, then, from the reception-parlour to the class-room, where he will await his instructions in as docile a frame of mind as possible.

The Professor begins by initiating him into a series of apparently unconnected motions, which he is given to understand represent the several sections of the *trois temps* waltz—though only the eye of faith can perceive, under these dry and dissected forms, the rhythmic grace which will one day characterise their successful combination.

Still the Dancing-Master exhorts him to persevere, to preserve a due sequence in these mystic evolutions, and even at last to complicate them with a rotary mode of progress. And with this object, the student labours diligently, though, if he be wise, he will avoid consulting his reflection in the large mirror he will probably observe on the wall—lest he lose heart, and shaking off his pumps at the threshold, cross it no more.

After an hour employed in solitary revolution, like a planet, the pupil will emerge—giddy perhaps, but far from gay, and inclined to contradict those who consider dancing fraught with any perilous degree of fascination.

On his next appearance, however, more flowers are strewn in his path; the Dancing-Master even "laps him in soft Lydian airs" upon his violin, as the pupil circles, still in solitude, to the tune of some fossil *Bird Waltz*, and likens himself with some bitterness unto a performing bear.

However, he feels that without this ordeal, he cannot hope to arrive at that proficiency in a ball-room, for want of which even a Narcissus would be but a flower upon the wall. And in process of time, with a pride at which none but cynics would sneer, the neophyte finds himself promoted to dance, for spaces of five minutes together, with a *houwi* who is apparently one of the Dancing-Master's Aunts!

Then follow happier hours, in which he revolves perpetually with alternate and uncomplaining Aunts, until he is pronounced efficient, to the extent of joining his preceptor's next weekly "*soirée*," "*réunion*," or "assembly," as he styles it indifferently.

There he has the actual thing, or at least a very passable imitation of it; real young ladies to practise with, some even pretty, and it is from these last that he will probably in his newborn confidence, select a companion with whom to stagger round the room.

Should the Dancing-Master, who is seen on these occasions in all his majesty, take a genuine interest in his latest pupil, he will dance after him, alone, in the immediate rear, in order to observe and criticise his paces, which he does audibly enough to stamp their author as an unmistakeable beginner, whereupon the pupil, to his infinite confusion, discovers that his feet have lost their cunning, and dance an arbitrary selection of steps which are but feeble phantasms of those he had mastered with so much protracted agony. Then, perhaps, it is that he seeks his guide, confesses his backsliding, asking piteously for explanation and counsel. And the Dancing-Master, rather pained than surprised, recommends assiduous practice before a looking-glass in spare moments, and hints that an even surer safeguard against any future stumbling may be found in prolonging the period of instruction.

"WHAT WAS YOU PLEASED TO HOBSERVE?"

LAST Sunday the placid *Observer*,—oddly enough in this Christian country the only public Observer of Sunday,—in the course of some observations on a recent case, spoke in an unwarrantably familiar manner of *Mr. Punch* as "*Punch*." The *Observer* is bound to observe the rules of etiquette, and should no more venture to speak of *Mr. Punch* as "*Punch*," than of H.R.H. the Prince of WALES as "*WALES*." Of course *Mr. Punch*, like good-natured *Mr. Pickwick*, when *Sam Weller* drew his attention to somebody's having inscribed "*Pickwick*" on the coach-door, and having added insult to injury by putting "*Moses* afore it," can afford to smile at such a breach of good manners, and can reply "Certainly not" to the inquiry of anyone of his faithful followers who might wish to know, with *Sam Weller*, "Ain't nobody to be whopped for takin' this here liberty?" And as *Mr. Weller's* subsequent conjecture as to the effect "of that 'ere trial" on his master's spirit was utterly erroneous, so would be any similar deduction with regard to *Mr. Punch*. He passes over, too, the hackneyed illustration of the "butterfly," and the gratuitous suggestion of the "gnat," merely remarking that *Mr. Punch* knows he is always "natty," and to be likened to a "butterfly" might have been, in days gone by, a compliment from Grub Street, with which typically Bohemian locality, existing now only in name, the respectable *Observer* of Sunday in London would not like, naturally enough, to be associated.

GRAND LODGERS.—At a special meeting of the Grand Lodge of Ireland, held the other day in Dublin, the Earl of ERNE was unanimously elected as Imperial Grand Master of the Orange Institution. This appointment sounds all right, but it can scarcely be denied that association with an Erne is rather suggestive of dragging the Institution (*absit omen!*) into hot water.

ROBERT ON CHEAP COALS.

I WAS a setting at home the other day a smokin' of my pipe and a reedin' of a hapenny paper, witch I allers buys ewery day, fust becoz its cheapest, and second becoz I reads things there as I never finds in no other papers, wen there cum a lowd knock at the door, and I calls out cum in, and he cums in, and seeing him with a lot of papers an a hinkstand at his button-ole, I natrally takes him for a Tacks-gatherer, and as natrally calls out, "Hollo, wrot another one!" Wen he smiles gently, and sez, sez he, "No, Mr. ROBERT, I have called this time to be of sum service to you." Of coarse this most onnatrual speech put me on



A Head Weighter making Head-weight.
(With D. C.'s Apologies to "Robert.")

my gard, so I pulls myself together and I lissens.

Well, he goes on to arsk me, if I should like to have my Coles jest a bit cheaper? To witch I natrally ansers, "Why, suttently." He then sez, "Then jest sine this petition to Parlymint, and the thing's dun." So he dips a pen into his privet hinkstand and holds it out to me backwards. So I sez, sez I, "It ain't werry offen as I'm arsked to sine my name, and afore I does it, I likes to know what it's all about."

"Quite rite, Mr. ROBERT," sez he; "so I'll tell yer. The hold Copperashun," sez he—

"I nose it werry well," sez I.

"Has been putting a tacks on our Coles for ever so long, and wants to keep on doing it, so we are a going to arsk Parlyment to stop it."

"How much is it?" sez I.

"Thirteen-pence a tun," sez he.

"I'm not much of a skollard," sez I, "at figgers, and allus buys my Coles by the Sak. How much will it save me in a Sak?"

"Nearly three-hapence," sez he.

"Well, that's summat," sez I, "in these'ard times, but not werry much. But jest tell me what the old Copperashun does with the money; for if they spends it in splendid Bankwets, and Balls, and setter, you've jest come to the rong shop to get any hobjections to that rite nobel way of spending lots of money."

"Oh, no, Mr. ROBERT," sez he, "nothink of the sort. Why, they acshally spends ewery penny of it in buying up lots of feelds, and forrests, and parks, and places, for growed-up peple to wark in, and for poor boys and gals to play in; did you ewer hear sich rubbish?"

"Well, I'm not so sure about that," sez I.

"Well, you surprize me," sez he; "but have you read the Chanseller of the Xchekker's speech on the subjik?"

"No," sez I, "I have not; for the fact is the littel time I has to dewote to Noosepapers, I have dewoted for the last week or two, to studdying the manners and customs of the werry hiest of our hold Nobillerty, as displayed for our respectfool amazement and amusement in Her Majesty's Courts of Justice."

"Ah," sez he, "that's a pity, or you wood have seen that by having a commoner kind of Coles sent up from the pits, they wood be ever so much cheaper."

"Well," sez I, "it does so appen, that for severial years I was in the Cole Trade, in a small way myself, and I remembers we used sumtimes to have a few of the cheap Coles up just to try em. But they woodent do, not at no price. We used to call em Slack, coz they was so preshus slow at burning, and Smudge, coz they made so much mess, and so much smoke, and our poor customers soon found out, as I have long found out, as the best Coles is the cheepest."

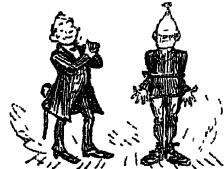
"Well," sez he, rather taken aback, "but how about the three-hapence per sak, you wood like to save that, wouldn't you?"

"Well, I don't know," sez I. "My son WILLIAM has turned out to be quite a grate Crickitter, and he tells me that the jolly old Copperashun has been and bort West Ham Park, down East, and that every Satterday in the summer, he and his club plays Crickets there, and sum ½ dozen other Clubs, without having nothink to pay for it, and all under the charge of a fust rate Committee, whose Cheerman was wunce a fust-rate Crickitter, so he nose all about it, and of Mr. Superintendent LOBBENON, who kindly takes care of 'em all; and twice a week a millingterry Band plays all the summer, and thousands of peple go to ear them, and the Copperashun pays for that, and I sumtimes myself goes down to Epping Forrist to assist wen a hole army of Charity Childern is taken down there for a day's houting, and from what I hears of one place, and from what I sees in another, wen the hole of the Childern is turned loose among the beautiful trees and shrubbes, and seems hafi wild with hexsitement and appyness, I for one says the kindly old Copperashun is quite welcome to my three-apence a sak, even if I didn't most werryly beleave that the Cole Owners will get one penny of it, and the Cole Cellars get the other apenny. And so I wishes you good morning!"

ROBERT.

A DAY'S SHOOTING.

"As a display of fancy shooting, it was extremely varied and curious; as an exhibition of firing with any precise object, it was, upon the whole, perhaps a failure."—*Pickwick Papers*.



Prepared for Execution.

Captain PASTON, EDGAR, HUGH, And were "fit" as any "fiddles" for the work we had to do;

While he sure two noble sportsmen, as slang has it, "took the cake."

The engaging BILLY MOUNTAIN and that deadly shot GEORGE LAKE.

London fogs were soon forgotten, and in sooth 'twas passing strange, To behold the seas of silver and the sunsets at the Grange; And from all those joyous sportemen fast the quip and jest would As we quaffed the dry Ayala or the pleasant G. H. Mumm. [come,



Stunning Form.

Unto any man in shirking being "potted" in a field;

It's unpleasant to be peppered, and the poet humbly begs,

He may never find the shot-corns stick like currants in his legs.

GEORGE began soon, he was always such a rash, impulsive boy,

And he'd brought a new gun with him, a most captivating toy:

While the way he tried to show us how it came up to his shoulder, Brought the gas-lamps and the ceiling on the head of each beholder.



Giving him a Wide Berth.

When we reached the scene of action, though the birds were rather That was hardly a good reason for the slaughter of a child; [wild, At the rising of a covey, when GEORGE blazed into "the brown," Lo! instead of what he aimed at he brought two retrievers down.

So this strange battue proceeded, when a woodcock rose we heard Cries of anguish from a beater who was slain, and not the bird; Though I own myself a sportsman, I could hardly think it pleasant To wing MASON, the old Keeper, when you're firing at a pheasant!

When a snipe got up we saw him, mid a silence most profound; Take good aim, when on a sudden, how he peppered us all round; And I sided with the Captain, who, when shots begun to rattle, Said that shooting with our GEORDIE was more fearsome than a battle.

When we counted up the game-bag, GEORGE had surely shot his share; With the child, and with the Keeper, and the man and dogs—a pair; While, to finish like a sportsman, as we wandered home at night, He blew both the Rector's legs off with a cheerful left and right.

I returned to Town, a feeling of relief upon my mind,

That I reached home sound in body, leaving ne'er a limb behind;

I always liked my arms and legs, and shouldn't care to part 'em, Though spread out upon the turnips by a gun secundum artem!



A Cheer-ful Party.



So unpleasant to be Peppered!



Soundin' Body.



THE LORD MAYOR CONDUCTS THE OVERTURE OF THAT GREAT WORK, THE GUILDHALL SCHOOL OF MUSIC.

"PHILOLOGICAL."

"C. K." having left it to his revered Chief to decide both as to the best solution of the puzzle-picture and the nature of the prize to be awarded, we beg to announce, on behalf of *Mr. Punch*, that the nearest approach to a complete solution has been reached by a "CONSTANT SUBSCRIBER" near Oxford, to whom the Artist's prize and a copy of *Mr. Punch's* Royal Jubilee Almanack have been posted. And for ourselves, we add this, that never till within these last ten days had we fully appreciated the nature and extent of the labour which must be undergone daily and weekly by a thoroughly conscientious "Puzzle-Editor" on any one of our "Society Papers." No remuneration short of five thousand a year and a handsome annuity to his wife and children, can possibly make up to him for the wear and tear—a tremendous lot of tearing—of such an occupa-

tion. Surely "that way madness lies." And the taste for this sort of thing is on the increase. All sorts and conditions of men and women are for ever consulting about "lights," and words, and syllables, and the poor Puzzle-Editors must be inundated by thousands of letters, that is, if we judge by the flow of correspondence that has been let loose upon us up to the date when we closed the flood-gates and dammed the stream. Henceforth, no more puzzles, or, at all events, not on the same conditions. This has been quite enough for once. By the way, as the publication of the solution would in our opinion only lead to further discussion, which would be quite unprofitable, we keep it to ourselves, and only throw out these hints that the dialogue was actually overheard, that the Conductor only meant to chaff the old gentleman by posing him with an utterly absurd and pointless question, just as CHARLES THE SECOND posed the Royal Society, and that what sounds a wonderfully good joke



'OPPRESSION.'

Landlord. "TUT-T-T! 'O'BLESS MY SOUL! THIS MUST BE SEEN TO, FLANNIGAN! THE CABIN POSITIVELY ISN'T FIT TO LIVE IN! WHY, YOU'RE ANKLE-DEEP IN—"

Pat. "OCH SURE, SOR, IT'S A MIGHTY CONVENIENT HOUSE, AN' THAT'S AN ILIGANT SPRING IN THE FLURE, SOR. NO THROUBLE TO GO OUTSIDE FOR WATTER WHATEVER!!"

when overheard at the moment, does not always improve by being kept. With this side-light thrown on the picture, there are already many quick-witted persons on whom the humour is dawning, and who are beginning to roar over C. K.'s joke, and, on second thoughts, to consider it as a regular side-splitter.

HOW WE BEHAVE NOW;

OR, "MANNERS AND TONE OF GOOD SOCIETY."

SIR,—I can confirm from personal experience every word of the statement of a Correspondent of a provincial paper as to the bad manners now prevalent in London Society. It is a painful fact that the rage for "introducing" nobody, has now reached a scandalous height, and that young gentlemen-callers are not even introduced to the daughters of the house at which they visit! Well, Sir, I happened the other day to be calling at Lady VERE DE BEAUVOIR's in Park Lane, although I must admit that I had not been asked to do so, and that I had no acquaintance whatever with her Ladyship. But having met one of the daughters at a ball, and having brought myself under her notice by tripping over her dress in a waltz with another partner, and apologising afterwards, I thought I had a right to go and pay my respects at the Town mansion of the family. Would you believe it? Not only was I *not introduced to any one of the visitors present*, but Lady VERE DE BEAUVOIR herself received me with a haughty stare, and her daughter *pretended not to know who I was!* After sitting in a corner looking over an album for one hour and a half, and not even being introduced to the afternoon tea-pot of which the other visitors were partaking, I left, slamming the drawing-room door behind me to show my opinion of this specimen of so-called *aristocratic manners*.—Yours indignantly, S. NOBKINS.

SIR,—In a provincial journal I read that some idiotic æsthetic people in London have taken to a new way of shaking hands—giving a side-shake, in fact, instead of up and down. Where, I ask, are we drifting to? If this sort of thing is permitted, Society will be

dissolved in ruins. Manners now are *odious* compared with what they were when I was a boy. There is no warmth—no cordiality—people don't seem *glad* to see one as they used to do; at least they don't seem glad to see *me*. Yet I offer them my snuff-box freely, and use it myself copiously, and I try to drink wine—as much as I can carry—with all the young ladies present at a dinner-table, in the jolly old fashion. What more *can* I do?

Yours wheezily, OCTOGENARIAN.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,

WE'VE just brought out such a lovely æsthetic idea! TOM, my brother from Eton, says we ought to *patent* it, and I really think I shall try to. Several times we have been *so disgusted* with finding that people we invited did not harmonise properly with our furniture, that last time we had a party we took the trouble to send specimens of the hues which *would* match to each of our guests. What is the use of having a house like ours (TOM calls it "Liberty Hall") if we allow people with hideous colours to come and jar on our artistic sensibilities? The only objection to the plan we found to be, that all the people we invited sent some excuse for not coming! Otherwise it's a *splendid* plan. TOM calls it the "High Art Invitation Wrinkle," and says it's "highly artful." We've also invented a *new mode of bowing*—not the old *hideous* bob forwards; TOM calls *this* the "High Art Break-back"; I can't explain it now, but I will some other day.

Yours, gushingly, HARMONICA. . .

Taurus and Pisces.

SPITE of speeches of CLEVELAND's, one cannot believe lands Like BULL's and friend JONATHAN's longer will squabble Concerning their wishes about deep-sea fishes, And land us at last in a horrible hobble. A fine pretty kettle of fish that would be, JOHN! The rich finny spoils we as comrades may slaughter. Soft, JONATHAN soft! Gently does it, you see, JOHN! Let's not, through the fishes, plunge into hot water.

MEMOIRS OF A SECRET MISSION.

(Extracted from the Diary of BYRO, M.P.)



Nice, Tuesday.—Had intended to proceed from here to Genoa, hence to Spezzia, and so on to Leghorn; but last night rumours about of cholera at the two former ports with attendant quarantine regulations. Natural tendency of Britisher to jeer at Continental regulations, exceptionally justified in the matter of quarantine. The Sailing-master puts the whole question in a nut-shell.

"If," he says, "we go to Genoa, drop anchor in the port to-night and leave in the morning, we shall have to spend four days in quarantine in the next port at which we touch. But if we take railway tickets for Genoa, stay there a week, explore all the slums, and mingle with the crowds in the market-place, we can go to the Station, take tickets for Leghorn and enter that city, or any other, without let or hindrance."

If there's anything in the world more foolish than this, the Italian Government should have an account of it printed in polyglot language and distributed gratuitously among baffled and irate voyagers. Hard lines too on Genoa and Spezzia, which must lose considerable sums of money by being marked as plague-spots to be avoided at any cost.

Got up steam at 3 A.M., and made straight for Leghorn. A

beautiful day and the sea still lively. Reached Leghorn at three in the afternoon; immediately challenged with having been to Genoa; about a dozen vessels convicted of this high misdemeanour lying in outer harbour with the yellow flag flying. One, a big steamer, crowded with emigrants who thronged the deck forward, and gazed forlornly across the water towards the town. Our withers unwrung, we entered the inner harbour; a scene of busy life, though not nearly so picturesque as Nice. The main street, which comes down to the harbour, crowded; not a stylish throng; sailors form a fair proportion. There are also many soldiers, much finer-looking men than the representatives of the French Army at Nice.

The roadways are flagged all over; the population, made independent of the pathways, stream across, to the great enjoyment of the cabmen, who drive at full speed scattering the people right and left. There is a tramway to which the cars are happily indifferent, running on the flagged roadway about as often as on the rail. One or two fine squares, and here and there a monument.

Wednesday.—To Pisa by an entire new route. There is a railway, also a canal. Had out the Steam-launch and went by canal. General notion of a canal, a straight watercourse, by which it is impossible to lose your way. Not the idea in Italy. As soon as we had quitted the harbour and taken to the canal were involved in a labyrinth of water-ways. This part of the town like a back street in Venice; all the houses give out on to the canal, front doors opening sheer on the water. The postman bringing the morning letters must arrive by boat, and so must the afternoon-callers. The water-ways are bisected by innumerable bridges, some so low that there were moments of breathless excitement whilst it was decided whether the smoke-stack of the launch could pass under, or whether we should stick in the middle.

Proceedings watched with growing excitement by the population of Leghorn. We were the first that (in a steam-launch) ever burst into this silent sea. That it somehow led to Pisa we were convinced; but by which of the interminable lines we could only guess. Constantly turning up a passage to be brought up by a citizen's front-door, or by a discovery that we had floated into a kind of dock. The Sailing-master had provided himself with a book of English and Italian conversation suitable for emergencies. It was "A New System, on the most simple principles, for Universal Self-tuition." After we had backed out of the third cul-de-sac and come within speaking distance of the crowd on one of the bridges, the Sailing-master resolutely clutched the yellow-paper-backed System, and undertook to control circumstances. "I say," he shouted, with the yellow book open, "look here! *Pare dovay andraymo al Pisa?*"

A voice from the bridge; "*Parla ella Italiano?*"

"What do they say?" we eagerly asked the Sailing-master. "I can't make out," he said, "I think it's turn to the right. But I'll try them again. I say, *Signori, pare dovay andraymo al Pisa?*"

He recited this slowly and, with great distinctness, but to make it clearer still, he repeated it in English. "Which way shall we go to Pisa?" The crowd on the bridge looked at each other, and sadly shook their heads.

"*Parhamo solamente Italiano*," said the spokesman.

"What do they say?" we asked the Sailing-master, who was profusely perspiring and abstractedly mopped his forehead with the New System. "I can't make out. I can speak the Italian well enough, but I can't understand what they say in reply."

A onesided arrangement this, fatally lacking in completeness. We moved on, and having explored nearly every silent street in this quarter, unexpectedly emerged upon a broad straight stream that had no visible end. This was evidently our route. Steamed along through miles of dreary marsh, in some places flooded; prospect a little monotonous after first hour. Then it began to rain; presently it came down in torrents; distance by this winding canal far beyond our estimation. Three hours and a half outward passage and same home, would leave us about half an hour to see Pisa and get back before nightfall. Should we turn back? Two minutes of damp and depressed hesitation. Decided to go on.

Popular reception at Pisa. Canal-side population crowded the banks to see this strange spectacle. No sign from the Canal of the Leaning Tower or the Cathedral. All faith in the Sailing-master as an interpreter, swamped in the canal at Leghorn. He insisted with pathetic iteration, that he could ask a question well enough. If, when he addressed the natives in Italian, they replied in English, all would be well. Pointed out that that could scarcely be expected in Pisa. Nothing for it but to go ashore and feel our way towards the Tower, or as the Sailing-master in his pedantic manner called it, "the Campanilly." This word acted as a talisman, when uttered by itself. Planting his back against the wall and opening the yellow-book, the Sailing-master, addressing the crowd generally, began:—

"*Pare dovay andraymo Campanilly*—which is the way to the Campanilly?"

A look of blank despair fell over the throng of eager faces. But when the Sailing-master, dispensing with the preface, simply said "Campanilly?" there was a quick responsive shout of "*Si Signor!*" and a dozen men and boys pressed forward to show the way.

No faeces in sight; had to walk through the still falling rain and the muddy streets. Pisa seemed to be at siesta: the crowd on the banks of the canal remained there, awaiting our return; not a soul was met in the broad thoroughfares leading to the Cathedral. We found the Tower leaning quite as much as could be expected, but the day was too dark to see the pictures in the Cathedral. Hurried back to the launch, and amid a murmur of excitement echoing from bank to bank, passed out through the canal and back through the gloomy marshes.

Friday.—A magnificent day, of itself worth the journey to see. Not a cloud in the sky, the dazzling blue of which is tempered by a fleecy mist. The Mediterranean sparkling in the sunlight. Steam up after breakfast and made for Elba. Arrived at three o'clock; anchored at Porto Ferrajo. Seventy-two years ago, NAPOLEON fresh from Fontainebleau, did the same. Fancy there is nothing altered in the appearance of the town during the interval. Very little building has gone on since the time of the Grand Duke COSIMO of Florence, who created the place. It is built up the side of a hill, a series of terraces of houses. It is the most locked-up town I ever saw, which makes it *ensuite* with the Bagno standing at the entrance of the port. Passing by any of the two or three streets that run up the hill you come to the walls of the powder magazine; skirting these you reach a gate which is locked. Trying back you come to more dead walls, more locked gates, and finally are beaten back to the Pier. I suppose there is some way of getting out on the land side, but it is not easy to find. A curious sense of being shut in. What a place for NAPOLEON to come to!

"Yes," says the Sailing-master, "he must have sorely ached for lack of Elba room." At this remark I scarcely knew whether to smile pityingly, or to resent it. But the Sailing-master has made his little joke so innocently, that I feel convinced he has never heard it before; or if he has, he thinks I haven't.

The house in which NAPOLEON dwelt from the 5th May, 1814, to the 26th February, 1815, still stands, unchanged like everything else in Elba. Is now the residence of one of the Italian officials. It stands well at the back of the town with a beautiful view of the Mediterranean. From the window the dethroned Emperor could see his birthplace, Corsica, faintly shadowed on the distant horizon. The interior not on view, there being indeed few strangers who find their way here. The natives look upon us as if we were inhabitants of the moon, following us about gaping as we pace the streets. A little extra excitement in the harbour in connection with big steamer that lately sank, only her smoke-stack and topmasts on view. The divers are at work all day, and her cargo, bags of currants, is rapidly coming up. But there are thousands below yet, acquiring a subtle flavour

in the depths. "Well," says the Sailing-master, "it may be true that there's no tide in the Mediterranean, but there are plenty of currents in the Bay of Ferrajo." I believe the Sailing-master means this also for a joke. It is, probably, a play on the word "currents." I smile, sadly, and, were it worth while, I would remonstrate.

A beautiful bay it is, set in an amphitheatre of mountains. Every evening at five o'clock, just as the sun goes down, the silence is broken by the tramp of men, and the clank of chains. Then appear detachments of ten men each, fettered to a common chain and guarded by two soldiers with loaded rifles. These are the galley-slaves. They have been at work somewhere on the fortifications, and this is their home-coming in the golden sunset.

Sunday.—Paid a visit this morning to the Bagno. Shown over the place, which save in two aspects is not so bad as fancy painted it. To begin with, there is more light and air than in an English prison. This is one of the beautiful days that vindicate the climatic character of Italy, of late grievously undermined. Consequently all the windows in the prison were open, a soft warm air blowing in, here and there the prospect of the blue sea, and the distant hills. Great body of the convicts at work, some making baskets, others shoes, many weaving, and a few proudly engaged in cabinet-making. All the prisoners day and night wear a chain fastened from the waist to the leg. When they go out in gangs, a connecting chain keeps them in hand, like so many cattle; at night each man is locked to a ring at the foot of his bed. In the infirmary was one old man with infinitely weary look, lying on a bed; looked as if he would be finally released before the new week is over. In the meantime he wore his chain. This was one of the sadder aspects. The other was the prisoners condemned to solitary confinement. These have no bench to sit on by day, nor bed to lie on at night. Regarding them through the peephole at the door, they are seen standing forlornly against the wall chained to a ring in the floor.

This afternoon a native, who once spent a few weeks on a British ship, and is locally credited with ability to speak English, came breathlessly on board with news that "the Government" was coming to see the yacht. "The Government" arrived a quarter of an hour later. Spoke excellent English, in which he gave graphic account of his desolation. No one to see, no one to speak to, from January to December. Lives in a house adjoining that occupied by NAPOLEON. Invited us to visit it. Here NAPOLEON's mother lived during her son's captivity, and every day NAPOLEON used to visit her, remaining with her an hour. He had a postern door made in the wall dividing the two gardens. It remains to this day, but the key is lost, and no one uses it. It is a dingy room in which the mother and son sat and talked over things past and to come. There is a view over the red-tiled roofs of Porto Ferrajo, on to the bay and the mountains that encircle it. Only from NAPOLEON's own house and garden spread out the expanse of sea that led back to France.

P.S.—Important. Saturday. Received following telegram from Our Great Chief, dated this morning:—"Read with interest your report of interview with Prince of MONACO. Feel should strike whilst the iron is hot. Accordingly start to-day for Monte Carlo. Shall open communications with Prince on other side of Bay. Markiss goes with me."

Ha! ha! The Markiss goes with Our Chief on a secret mission. Plot thickens. Let RANDOLPH tremble.

TURNING OVER NEW LEAVES.

(By Our Own Paper-Knifer.)

WARNE's volumes are varied, no int'rest they lack,
A rare lot of Warne-nuts, for youngsters to crack!

Poems of the Waste-paper Basket, by "M.S." [Unpublished edition.

No doubt of it! Look at Miss SELBY LOWNDES' *Ethel Fortescue and Linford Green*, both illustrated by Miss EDITH SCANNELL. Just cast your eye over Commander CAMERON'S *Harry Raymond*, and THOMAS KEYWORTH'S *Granny's Boy*. Or if you are fond of adventures, travels, and hair-breadth 'scapes, try *The King's Thane*, or 'ave a launch, *Under the Avalanche* in company with W. J. GORDON, or let HENRY FRITH tell you all about *The Wrecking of the Samphire*, or listen to A. L. KNIGHT'S chronicle of *The Gun-Room Heroes*; or if you have a fancy for the sea, listen to his tale of midshipmanhood called *Ronald Halifax*. Expelled, by PAUL BLAKE, will have a charm for boys of all ages, and, if they like a tale of the backwoods, they will enjoy *The Outpost*, by R. ANDRÉ. Dear Captain MARRYAT, good old friend of our youth, still holds his own among the writers of the present day. *The Settlers in Canada*, a new edition, with all



A First-rate Cutter.

they will enjoy *The Outpost*, by R. ANDRÉ. Dear Captain MARRYAT, good old friend of our youth, still holds his own among the writers of the present day. *The Settlers in Canada*, a new edition, with all

the original illustrations, will delight our sons as much as it charmed our fathers. Very young children will be vastly pleased with Miss MARSHALL'S story, *Nancy's Nephew*, and children from seven to seventy, will find a constant fund of amusement in the last two volumes of *St. Nicholas*. Full of delightful pictures and good stories, and merry rhymes, one cannot help thinking how fortunate the young Americans are in possessing such a Magazine, and how lucky the English children are in being allowed to share it with them. *Little Lord Fauntleroy*, by FRANCES HODGSON BURNETT, originally appeared in this Magazine, and will be heartily welcomed in its complete form. *Real Grüt* is a capital little story, by SILAS HOCKING, well illustrated.

If gift-books you want, at once you should go,
And try to select from MACMILLAN & Co.

Nursery Rhymes for Pretty Little Publishers. [Not yet out.

The Moon Maiden, by Miss JESSIE GREENWOOD, is a collection of clever fairy stories. We have also *The Works of Alfred Lord Tennyson, Poet Laureate*, charmingly illustrated with photographs, and exquisitely bound by W. G. STONEHAM. One of the daintiest gift-books for the festive, or any other, season. *The Tale of Troy*, done into English by AUBREY STEWART, will doubtless have an attentive audience, and very little girls will thoroughly enjoy the funny cats' tales by KARI, called *Madame Tabby's Establishment*, with capital illustrations by L. WAIN. *Days with Sir Roger de Coverley*, comprise extracts from the *Spectator*, with a number of admirable pictures by HUGH THOMSON.

'Mid critical children, there's no one who shuns,

The books that are published by ROUTLEDGE AND SONS!

Ditto's Ditties. [Ready soon.

Among the most delightful of children's books, may be named *Holiday Romps and Romps all the Year Round*. These contain the charming pictures by HARRY FURNISS, and excellent verses by E. J. MILLIKEN. *A, Apple Pie*, is the old story of the Alphabet, most quaintly told by Miss KATE GREENAWAY. Amid books that should by no means be overlooked, are *The White Chief of the Caffres*, by Major-General DRAYSON; *The Big Otter*, a capital story of sport in America, by R. M. BANNATYNE; *Travels of Mungo Park, Denham and Clapperton*, by W. K. KINGSTON; *Elf*, by Mrs. ADAMS ACTON, illustrated by A. W. COOPER; and a new sop for infants in the shape of *Baby's Own Aesop*, a delightful volume with portable morals pictorially pointed by WALTER CRANE, and *The Coloured Language of Flowers*, compiled and edited by Mrs. L. BURKE. *More Graphic Pictures*, by RANDOLPH DECORRETT, is an excellent table-book, full of amusement for all times and seasons.

No one will go to sleep over *Little Wideawake*. Mrs. SALE BARKER who edits it with her usual skill, will take good care of that. So will Miss EDWARDS, and Messrs. ELWES, LUDLOW, FRASER, HARRISON WEBB, and E. J. WHEELER, who contribute the pictures. A charming gift-book this for small children. *Every Boy's Annual*, under the able editorship of EDMUND ROUTLEDGE, still retains its popularity with boys. They will not say "pooh" to a "tip" at Christmas, any more than they will object to *Tippoo*, a tale of a tiger, by W. RALSTON and C. W. COLE, with its numerous and humorous illustrations. *England, Scotland, and Ireland*, a picturesque survey of the United Kingdom, by P. VILLARS, translated by HENRY FRITH, and containing six hundred pictures, makes a capital present for past good conduct.

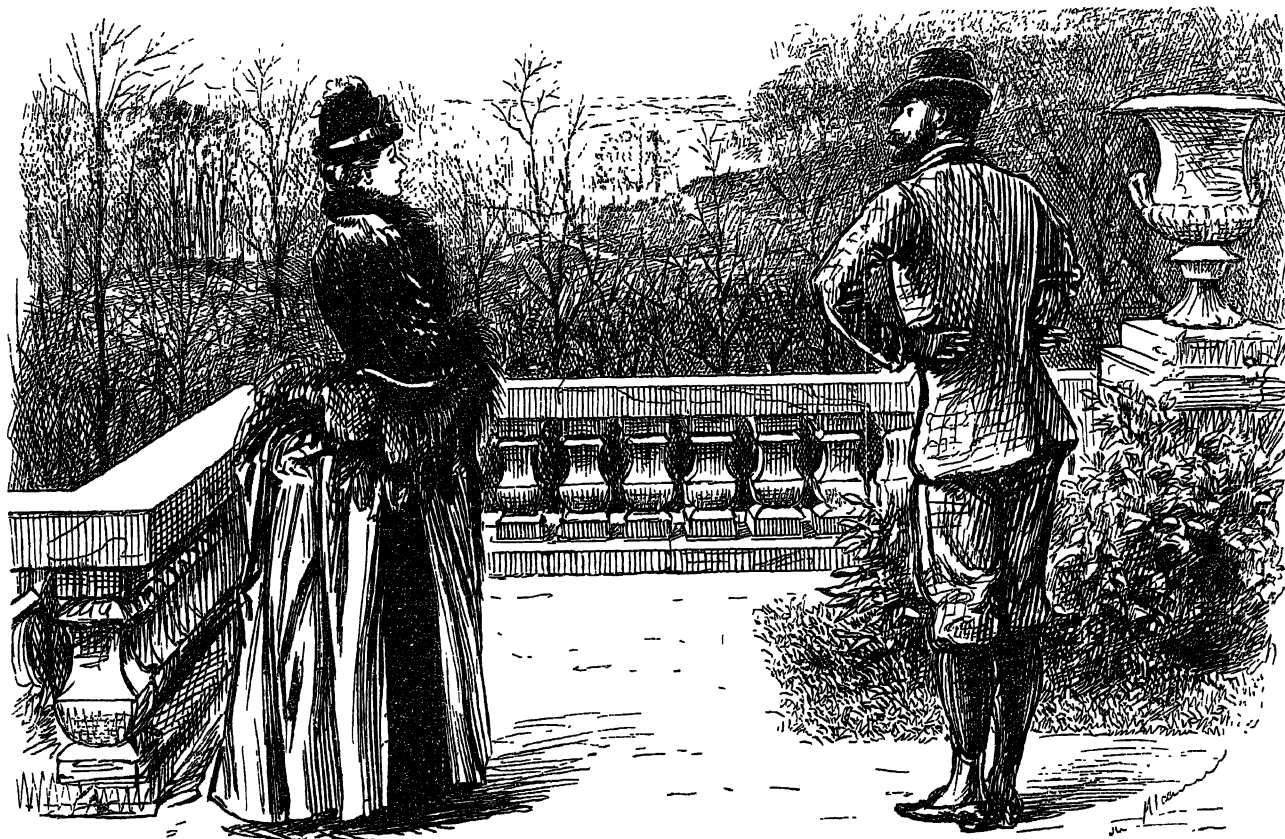
Books, brimming with pictures, and stories and fun,
Are published, as usual, by BLACKIE and SON.

Minstrels' Magazine. *Christy's.* [In a few days.

Among them may be expressly noted—*Devo Boys and Yusuf the Guide*, by MANVILLE FENN, the first illustrated by JOHN SCHÖNBERG, the second by GORDON BROWNE. Also *Tales of Captivity and Exile*, and *The Late Miss Hollingford*, by Miss ROSA MULHOLLAND. A capital story this for grown-up girls. Two stirring graphic books by G. A. HENTY, are *The Bravest of the Brave* and *With Wolfe in Canada*. The former illustrated by H. M. PAGET, the latter by GORDON BROWNE. *Dorothy's Dilemma* is not a tale of "Behind the Scenes," showing how Miss DOROTHY DENE did not know which theatre's offer to accept, but it is a pretty story of the period of CHARLES THE FIRST, by Miss CAROLINE AUSTIN.

We must not omit to make favourable mention of *The Hawthorns*, by Miss AMY WALTON, *Ten Boys*, by Miss ANDREWS, and *Teddy*, a capital story of a little pickle, by JOHN C. HUTCHINSON, illustrated. Diligent investigators among these literary treasures will be delighted with *The Log of the Flying Fish*, by HARRY COLLINGWOOD, illustrated by GORDON BROWNE. The last named contributes a number of excellent pictures to *Rip Van Winkle*. The artist seems to have thoroughly caught the spirit of WASHINGTON IRVING'S story—a most dainty gift-book is the result. In addition to these may be noted two new editions of stories by GEORGE MACDONALD, both charmingly illustrated by ARTHUR HUGHES, "HUGHES" being evidently the very man for strong cuts on wood.

"BUTLER'S ANALOGY" (Latest Edition).—Mr. J. L. TOOLE.



A DELICATE QUESTION.

Monsieur le Comte. "AND NOW, MADAM, ZAT YOU 'AVE SO KINDLY INSTRUCT ME ON ZE INTERESTING 'ISTORY OF ZE 'OUSE, DARE I PERMIT MYSELF TO ASK HOW FAR DOES YOUR PROPRIETY EXTEND?"

THE MODERN BARBAROSSA;

Or, Like to Sink.

"At the present moment the whole of Europe is bristling in armour. If we turn our eyes to the right or the left we find our neighbours fully armed, and in a manner which must in time become insupportable, even to a rich country."—*Field Marshal Von Moltke, in the Reichstag.*

ARMS and the man! What strange new song is sung
By him, the hero of the unhasting tongue?
A tale of gloom and menace gathering long,
Breaking the weak and burdening the strong.
The mighty HOHENSTAUFEN, Suabia's lord,
Arm-weighted, died at a small river's ford;
Heroic BARBAROSSA, he who swayed
Europe from Alp to Danube, and arrayed
The Teuton with the Italian, he who stood
A second CHARLEMAGNE when red with blood
The Lombard plains beneath his war-horse shook,
He the red-bearded chief of iron look,
Star of the Teuton's legendary dream,
Mail-cumbered sank in the Cilician stream!
So the new BARBAROSSA faints and fails
Beneath the iron plates, the brazen scales
Of War's cold pomp, and crushing panoply;
Whilst o'er the rising flood a darkening sky
Broods blackly, and the swart-winged bird of war
Hovers above his crest, and, fleeting far
From the impending clash of forces blind,
The silver-pinioned dove flies down the wind.

Arms and the man! And what seems manhood worth
By the dull weight of arms so crushed to earth?
From field and factory its thews must fail
To waste their strength beneath the load of mail.

* FREDERIC advanced in a career of triumph till he was "unfortunately drowned in a petty torrent in Cilicia" (the Calycadnus).—GIBBON.

Accursed incubus that year by year
Burdens the world with an increasing fear!
The Peoples pine beneath its loathly load,
Driven to ruin as by an iron goad,
Meshed in a hideous rivalry of wrong
Which whelms the weak and overbears the strong.
What help, what hope?

Germany's iron chief,
And her great silent Captain seek relief
From the long strain; the strong man armed, at length
Hath found his arms too ponderous for his strength.
As BARBAROSSA, by his mail dragged down,
Sank in the flood, the Teuton, like to drown
Beneath the weight that burdens brain and breath,
In the new Calycadnus sinks to death,
And from the deepening flood, the darkening sky,
For rest and rescue lifts an urgent cry.

A NEW TITLE.

At the City Conservative Club Banquet, on Wednesday last, the two Graces—[only two of them, one before, and one after dinner, the third Grace being, perhaps, a Liberal, and therefore omitted]—were "sung by the Lay Vicars of Salisbury Cathedral," who also treated the company to "several part-songs during the evening."

Excellent name for them, "the Lay Vicars!" Each Vicar coming with his own lay, and then joining in the general harmony. But why not improve the title? We can suggest a great improvement. Listen. The *Daily Telegraph*, in an apt and friendly article last week, spoke of *Mr. Punch* as the Doyen, or "Dean of the Chapter"—Dean of several chapters, satirical, humorous, and pathetic. Well, if Dean PUNCH should ever have at his disposal a "quire," not in twenty-four white sheets, but members of the surplisee population, he would certainly style them his "Ri-Tooral-li-Lay-Vicars." And how proud they would be!

MAXIM FOR WALL STREET.—All is not (JAY) GOULD that glitters.



THE MODERN BARBAROSSA.

"AS BARBAROSSA, BY HIS MAIL DRAGGED DOWN,
SANK IN THE FLOOD, THE TEUTON, LIKE TO DROWN
BENEATH THE WEIGHT THAT BURDENS BRAIN AND BREATH,
IN THE NEW CALYCADNUS SINKS TO DEATH."

IN THE COURT OF COMMON SENSE.

(Before Mr. Justice O'Pinion, sitting without a Jury.)

THE time of his Lordship was taken up in trying four actions, which it had been arranged should be heard together. The Plaintiffs were four Statesmen,



"Bother the Flies! and at this time of year too!"

of the collars not been exaggerated, he believed that the Right Hon. Gentleman would still have worn them. He believed that Mr. GLADSTONE was forced to give the collars up, as ridicule and contempt had been cast upon them.

Cross-examined: He would not swear that the size of the Main-sheet Collars had been exaggerated. It was only his impression. Main-sheet Collars of a larger size than those depicted by the Defendant as having been worn by Mr. GLADSTONE, had been supplied to other political personages. He declined to give the names of the political personages to whom the extra large-sized Main-sheet Collars had been supplied.

The Judge. You must answer the question unless you can give a sufficient reason for your silence.

Witness. I refuse to give the name of the political personages to whom extra large-sized Main-sheet Collars have been supplied, as I am not bound to incriminate myself. (*Sensation.*)

Cross-examination continued: He would not swear that extra sized Main-sheet Collars had not been supplied to Lord RANDOLPH CHURCHILL and Mr. HERBERT GLADSTONE. (*Renewed sensation.*) He believed that Collars had been supplied to Mr. GLADSTONE by other firms. He himself had suffered loss by the non-wearing of the collars, and Mr. GLADSTONE's washerwoman had told him—

The Judge (interrupting). You must not tell us what Mr. GLADSTONE's washerwoman, or any other washerwoman, told you.

Re-examination: He believed that Mr. GLADSTONE, by giving up Main-sheet Collars, had suffered a loss of personal dignity.

To the Judge: His belief was merely an impression, and did not rest upon any substantial fact.

The Right Hon. JOHN BRIGHT, M.P., said that he had been depicted by the Defendant wearing an eye-glass. He had never worn an eye-glass in his life.

Cross-examined: He had never tried to wear an eye-glass. He did not know that he could make an eye-glass adhere to his eyelid without pain. Were he certain that he could have accomplished the feat, he believed he might possibly have adopted an eye-glass when he was a member of Mr. GLADSTONE's Cabinet. He would not deny that an eye-glass might be a useful adjunct to any one who had to give official answers in the House of Commons. An eye-glass was certainly very becoming to Mr. CHAMBERLAIN.

The CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER (the Right Hon. Lord RANDOLPH CHURCHILL, M.P.) said that he had often been depicted by the Defendant in the pages of the *London Charivari*. He had been represented as shorter than he really was. He was rather above the average height.

Cross-examined: He certainly would wish to resemble *Mr. Punch*. He had been represented as taller than *Mr. Punch*. There was nothing ridiculous in the size of *Mr. Punch*. He did not mind appearing in the pages of the *London Charivari*, when he was represented with his complement of inches. He would like to be depicted as taller than Mr. CHAPLIN. As a matter of fact, he was taller than that Right Hon. Gentleman when he wore one particular pair of boots. Some of his boots had higher heels than others. He would be sorry if he were ignored, and he was quite sure that all other politicians would equally regret to be overlooked. Tall men could not be overlooked, except by

taller men. He was of opinion that the portraits of Messrs. GLADSTONE and BRIGHT were excellent, although he considered the caricatures of himself of less merit. He had reasons for believing that Messrs. GLADSTONE and BRIGHT considered the caricatures of himself entirely admirable, and of far greater merit than their own portraits.

The Right Hon. JOSEPH CHAMBERLAIN, M.P., said that he had been depicted by the Defendant as a "daring duckling." As he was a man, of course he could not be a bird.

Cross-examined: He was bound to admit that he owed his reputation for shrewdness and ability to the Defendant. He did not mind being sketched by *Mr. Punch*, although he objected to being drawn by any one else. (*Laughter.*) He liked *Mr. Punch's* pictures of Mr. GLADSTONE, and considered the collars quite the best part of that Right Hon. Gentleman. He was an expert in eye-glasses. He considered that Mr. BRIGHT acquired increased dignity by being represented as wearing one. He was sorry to see that recently Mr. TENNIEL had dropped Mr. BRIGHT's eye-glass. He could not say whether Lord RANDOLPH CHURCHILL was tall or short in person. He had brought this action because he wished to do what little he could to reunite the great Liberal Party. He could not say exactly how it would reunite the Party, but he dare say it would be as successful as any of his attempts in the same direction.

The Defendant was not called upon to reply.

Mr. Justice O'PINION said that, in all his legal experience, never had such frivolous complaints been brought before him. *Mr. Punch* had, as was his wont, laughed good-humouredly at the personal peculiarities of public men,—if those personal peculiarities shadowed forth a deeper meaning, if huge collars suggested stubbornness, a small body a frivolous mind, or an eye-glass a relinquishment of old principles, so much the worse—for the public men. The Defendant had a long record of most honourable service to the State, and he (his Lordship) had great pleasure in announcing (although, perhaps, the announcement, as self-evident, was superfluous) that *Mr. Punch* left that Court without a stain upon his character.

Loud and long-prolonged cheering, in which the Ushers, the Judge, and *Mr. Punch* himself joined. Subsequently Plaintiffs and Defendant dined together, and, before separating, arranged to form a new Cabinet, of which they should be the first original members.

"What is a Spook?"

THE *Saturday Review* finds some difficulty in satisfactorily answering this question. Much it finds to say in explanation, and the rest it leaves to Spookial Research. "A Spook" may be a sound, a spirit, a sensation, an apparition. On this information *Mr. Punch* decides that the one answer to "What is a Spook?" is "That it is quite immaterial."



[The QUEEN has commanded the Royal Box at Drury Lane for Mr. CARL ROSA's Opera Season.]

"OH, WHAT A SURPRISE!"

"THE FRIENDLIES."

MR. PUNCH thanks "the Friendlies" generally, in town and country, headed by the *Daily Telegraph*, for their genial and sympathetic articles on the recent case. He also thoroughly appreciates his young friend *Modern Truth's* way of putting it. As JEFFERSON, in *Rip van Winkle*, used to say, "May you live long and prosper." Mr. Punch's attention was specially drawn to a kindly leaderette in the *Globe*, and he hopes to take an early opportunity of proving the truth of his old friend and excellent Counsel Mr. MONTAGU WILLIAMS's assertion, that "Punch has no politics," in the sense, that is, of being a partisan. He is of Everybody's politics and of Nobody's party. He is not a Democrat, but a DEMOCRITUS. In one respect he resembles the "great *Globe* itself," inasmuch as he tries his best to take "an all-round view" of every question, social and political.

JOBS WITHOUT JOBBERY.—The unpopularity of the late Mr. ARTON has been ascribed to a "marked characteristic," namely, "his detestation of anything which had the attributes of a job." Times have changed. How popular the Government would now become if it could only manage to find a job for every one of the Unemployed!



POOR LETTER "A."

"DO YOU SELL TYPE?"—"TYPE, SIR? NO, SIR. THIS IS AN IRONMONGER'S. YOU'LL FIND TYPE AT THE LINENDRYPER'S OVER THE WY!" "I DON'T MEAN TAPE, MAN! TYPE, FOR PRINTING!"—"OH, TOYPE YER MEAN! I BEG YER PARDON, SIR!"

"ON, STANLEY, ON!"

SO STANLEY is going to the rescue of Dr. EMIN BEX! Well, what one brave man can do to aid another, will doubtless be done by the dauntless H. M. S., who, this time at least, will be indeed and doubly H. M. S.—on "Her Majesty's Service." The best wishes of Mr. Punch, and of all admirers of pluck, constancy, and devotion will go with him. May he have the pleasure of reporting a second and modified version of his famous laconism, and, doffing his hat, as he may do to so brave a man, address the rescued hero as he did the discovered missionary—"Dr. EMIN, I presume!" And to that wish everyone will say "Emin!"

"TAKE the Life of Sir PHILIP SIDNEY!" This is not an incitement to unjustifiable homicide, but a recommendation to take his life, as an example to imitate, which has recently appeared, written by J. A. SYMONDS in the excellent MACMILLAN series of *English Men of Letters*.

LITERALLY TRUE.—The Alpha and Omega of English policy in Egypt is not to let France Beta there, or to yield one iota of her claim to dominating influence in the Delta.

BAD FORM OF BOOK-BINDING.—The opposition to Free Libraries. Lambeth, please copy.

AFTER THE PLAY.

Mr. Punch. When a piece has been running for over a hundred and fifty nights, and is still as fresh as it was at the start, and even in better condition, a favourable opinion, on these grounds alone, may be fairly formed of its staying powers.



Mr. NIBBS. Quite so, Sir. And as I heard you had lately visited the Vaudeville, "may I take it," as a Counsel says, that you are alluding to Mr. BUCHANAN's play of *Sophia*?

Mr. P. It was of *Sophia* I was speaking.

Mr. N. It was almost a pity that the dramatist didn't leave FIELDING's immortal *Tom Jones* alone.

Mr. P. "Almost a pity," Mr. NIBBS! Your qualification has in it a certain humorous subtlety which I appreciate. Sir, you know as well as I do that the immortality of

FIELDING's *Tom Jones* will be untouched were a thousand dramas founded on the story of his career.

Mr. N. Yes, Sir—but to those who know the book—

Mr. P. And how many who talk so learnedly about FIELDING, and "sacilege," and all that sort of cant, have really, I won't say studied, but even read *Tom Jones* through from beginning to end? Now, Mr. NIBBS, did you ever read it right through in the same way that you have read *Vanity Fair*, *Barry Lyndon*, *Pickwick*, *David Copperfield*, or *Oliver Twist*?

Mr. N. I confess I should pass but a poor examination in it.

Mr. P. There are not very many who could take honours in such an examination; and, of the younger folk, I do not suppose that an acquaintance with *Tom Jones's* history would be peculiarly desirable. Now Mr. BUCHANAN, the Author of *Sophia*, has given the leading points of the story, has cleansed and preserved the characters, has worked up the dramatic situations, and, in my humble opinion, has given us one of the best plays I have seen for

a considerable time. Its moral is excellent—virtue is rewarded, if to unite sweet *Sophia Western* to reckless *Tom Jones* be a reward, and vice is punished, but not too severely, as maundering old Mr. Allworthy is just the man to forgive *Bliffl*, and would probably go so far as to ask Mr. and Mrs. *Bliffl* (née *Seagrim*), and her charming brother, *George*, to stay with him.

Mr. N. *George Seagrim's* make-up is wonderful. Something between a brigand and a red Indian.

Mr. P. Yes, Rough and Reddy. It was evident that if *George* had been caught by the keepers, he would have been taken red-handed.

Mr. N. Mr. THORNE's *Partridge* is good, Sir?

Mr. P. I have seldom seen Mr. THORNE better. It was full of hearty force. A quaint, eccentric, yet homely character, exactly suited to Mr. THORNE's peculiarities. I wish, however, that this gentleman had not contracted the habit of shutting his eyes when he advances to the footlights to address the audience. This mannerism always seems to recall the fact that he once played a blind man in *The Two Roses*. However, there is no sort of reason that *Partridge*, who ordinarily kept his eyes pretty wide open, should not have shut them occasionally (as indeed he did) to his beloved master's defects. I have seldom enjoyed a *Partridge* more than the one served up by Mr. THORNE at the Vaudeville.

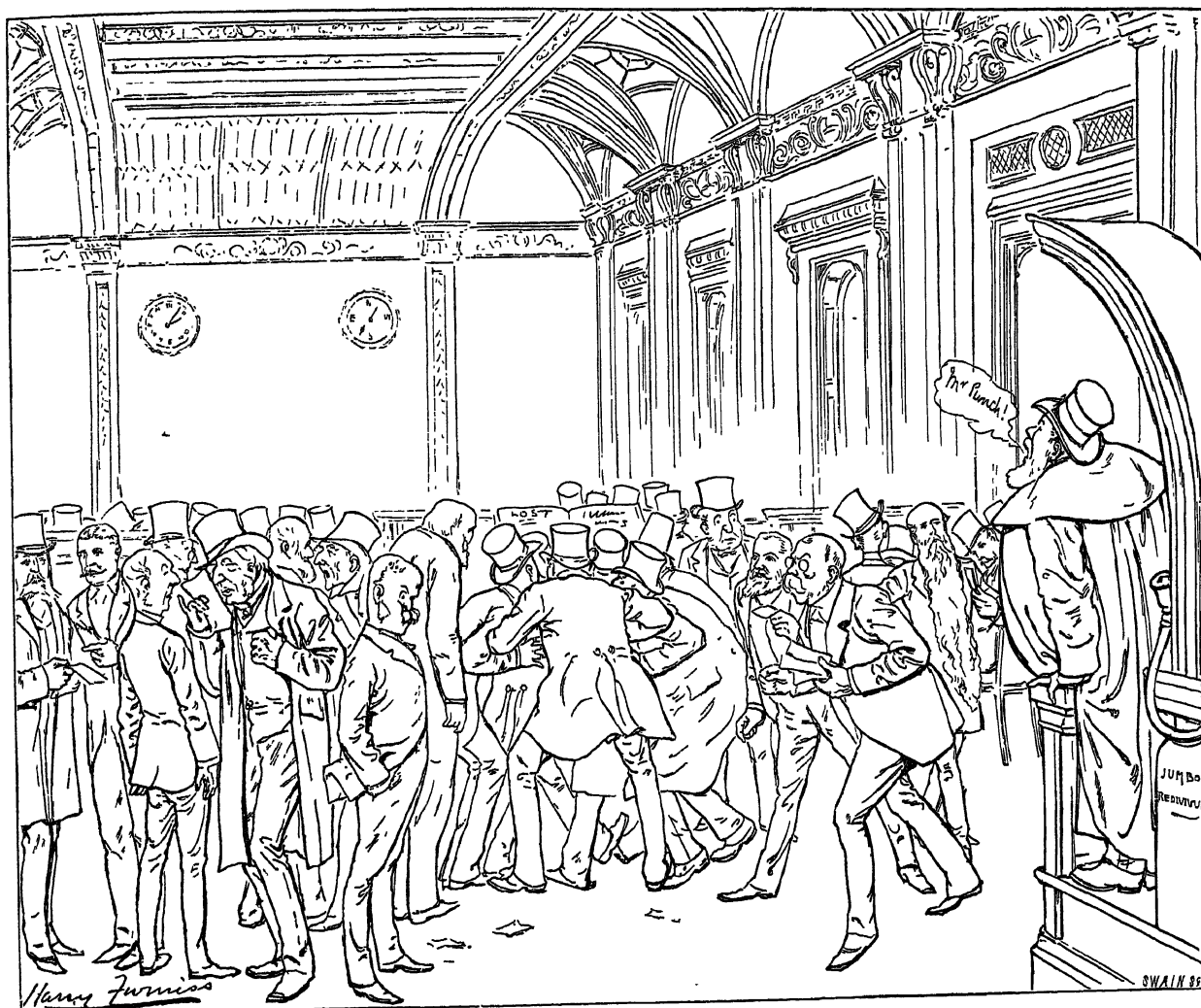
Mr. N. The Ladies, Sir?

Mr. P. The ladies by all means. Their health and bless 'em! There are not two prettier faces on the stage than those of Miss KATE ROBEK, the *Sophia*, and Miss HELEN FORSYTH, the *Molly Seagrim*. And in no theatre could the parts have found more fitting representatives.

Mr. N. I am entirely of your opinion, Sir, and I think that as far as the ladies are concerned, your remark applies all round at the Vaudeville. Miss ROSE LECLEERCQ couldn't be improved upon as *Lady Bellaston*—a repulsive part as delicately played as may be, and the same may be said of the simpering spinster *Miss Western*, played by Miss SOPHIE LARKIN.

Mr. P. You are right, Mr. NIBBS. Mr. CHARLES WARNER'S

INTERIORS AND EXTERIORS. No. 43.



AT LLOYD'S.—WHERE "AN ILL WIND BLOWS NOBODY GOOD."

physique and style, as it seemed to me, are rather too heavy for the rakish touch-and-go *Tom Jones*, and the artificiality of his assumption was brought out no less by the stolid realism of *Partridge*, than by the freshness and the unconventional earnestness of *Sophia's* acting.

Mr. N. Yes, Sir, and yet there is something pleasant in his impersonation of the hero.

Mr. P. There is always a heartiness in Mr. WARNER's manner which takes the fancy of an English audience. He would do well not to rely on this too much. As for the other characters—well—

Mr. N. Wasn't *Squire Western* too loutish?

Mr. P. Very difficult to pronounce on such a character as represented. FIELDING's *Squire Western* is a coarse violent pig-headed old brute and bully, and to represent him as a *Mr. Hardcastle*, or "a fine old English gentleman, one of the olden time," would have been a great mistake on the part of either author or actor. The fault in Mr. FRED THORNE's impersonation seemed to me, that he represented the *Squire* as in a chronic state of stupid intoxication. I congratulate him on his art, wishing for him some worthier character on which to exercise it.

Mr. N. Mr. *Allworthy* is a melancholy person as played by Mr. GILBERT FARQUHAR.

Mr. P. Somewhat; but remember Mr. *Allworthy* is a quiet, benevolent gentleman intended to be contrasted with the *Squire*, and if Mr. THORNE is right in his impersonation in being so drunk, then Mr. FARQUHAR is equally correct in being so preternaturally sober. When the *Squire* roars with laughter, Mr. *Allworthy* turns up his eyes to the sky-borders, and seems to breathe a prayer; when the *Squire* flourishes a whip, Mr. *Allworthy* deprecatingly raises his hands and remains in the somewhat angular attitude of a saintly personage in a

painted window. Throughout the piece Mr. *Allworthy*, as a rule, is either being shocked and pained or cruelly deceived; he never knows whom to believe, and glides dolefully about the stage mutely appealing to the audience for the sympathy which is rarely refused by a generous public to anyone so deeply suffering—and for over one hundred and fifty nights too—as this poor dear Mr. *Allworthy*, who is indeed a sight pleasing to the gods and pit—a good man struggling with adversity.

Mr. N. You have forgotten Miss LOTTIE VENNE as *Mistress Honour*!

Mr. P. "All gone, save Honour!" Indeed I had, but only for a moment. Mr. NIBBS, she is the sparkle of the piece, diminutive, quaint, pretty, irresistibly comical LOTTIE VENNE! clever little actress for fun or pathos! and as for mischief, there's not another *soubrette* on the stage within measurable distance of her.

Mr. N. I'm always glad when there's a part a-lottie'd to her. She is the chief Miss Mis-chief.

Mr. P. Thank you, Mr. NIBBS. I must take care of my pockets. Good day.

The Whole Duty of Tenants.

"The Conservative Party is fighting the battle of Society."—Lord Salisbury.

If Property's rights you'd support with propriety,
This is your duty, with which be content:
Pay the rent to the Land for the good of Society,
Or Land and Society soon will be rent.

REAL "ARIA" BELLES.—Mesdames PATTI and ALBANI.

STUDIES FROM MR. PUNCH'S STUDIO.

No. VIII.—MR. JEREMIAH JOBSON, STOCK BROKER.



MR. JEREMIAH JOBSON was one of the most highly respected members of that wondrous institution, the London Stock Exchange. His character was as spotless as his linen, and his habits as regular as his chronometer. He had never been absent from his office one whole day for twenty years past, except during the month of August, which month he invariably dedicated to rest and relaxation in the pure and bracing air of Margate.

He always went to town by the same omnibus, abhorring Underground Railways, and, of course, always inside. He had on one memorable occasion, when the omnibus was filled with young ladies from a neighbouring Academy, been persuaded by a friend to ride outside, and, it being a fine warm morning, had confessed that he found it very pleasant; but, he added, the awful thought that he might be seen by some of his most important clients, seated on that "bad eminence," or even

climbing up, or struggling down, its narrow stairs, filled him with such alarm, that nothing could ever induce him to repeat the experiment.

Mr. Jobson resided in the romantic Suburb of Peckham, was married, but childless, and was very popular with his own particular set, and thoroughly trusted by his numerous connection. He used to tell very amusing anecdotes, and was known on several occasions, when certain of his clients were, as he thought, going somewhat beyond the bounds of prudence, to warn them against the possible consequences, and with such delicacy and good humour, as made them readily excuse his interference, and even at times take his kindly warning.

Mr. Jobson was naturally of a very hospitable disposition, and his cosy little dinner-parties were highly appreciated by his own particular set. There was one pleasant form but seldom absent from those enjoyable evenings, whose genial nature and fund of anecdote and knowledge of men and things made him a welcome guest everywhere, but who was always received with especial cordiality by the somewhat precise Stock Broker and his prim little wife, and by all their City friends.

There was something so fresh, so hearty, so unconventional, and so intensely amusing about TOM ROBINSON'S conversation, when seated at a well-appointed table, with an appreciative audience, so different altogether from the ordinary talk concerning Stocks and Shares of the City Brokers, that they all with one accord voted him the prince of good fellows, and went their way laughing at his last good joke; and sometimes, it must be confessed, wondering how it came to pass that old Jobson could have made the acquaintance of so brilliant and handsome a swell, but of course their natural good-breeding,—for Stock Brokers are, as a rule, very well-bred men, or they would not inspire the confidence they do,—forbad them ever making any allusion to so delicate a subject.

The remark has often been made, but remains as true as when first uttered, that we all have a touch of romance somewhere in our various natures. Even Stock Brokers are no exceptions to the rule. What are thought to be exceptions are those cases where the feeling has had no opportunity of developing itself, but it is there though it lies dormant, and is easily awakened. To look at JEREMIAH JOBSON, Stock Broker, of Drapers' Court, when taking instructions from some respected client for the sale or investment of certain Stocks or Shares, the whole of his little soul absorbed apparently in the profitable occupation in which he was engaged, who would have thought that there had been a time when "to his eye there was but one beloved face on earth, and that was shining on him"! But it was true, nevertheless, and terribly he paid, poor fellow! for mistaking for love what was really only very affectionate respect. She was ten years his junior, exceedingly beautiful, graceful as KATE VAUGHAN, and the idol of her father. She declined his honest offer with true womanly delicacy, and shortly afterwards married a brilliant adventurer. Poor Jobson bore his disappointment like the gentleman he was. He was not a French scholar, but he acted in full accord with the fine old French maxim:—

"Le bruit est pour le fat,
La plainte est pour le sot;

L'honnête homme trompé
S'éloigne et ne dit mot."

So he kept watch, as it were, over her future, and when she died, less than two years after her marriage, he hovered round her grave till her friends had left, and then dropped a few flowers therein somewhat moistened with his manly tears.

She left a son, who, on his father's death, inherited but little except his mother's winning, fascinating ways, and his father's handsome person. It was therefore not at all surprising that young ROBINSON, when he grew to man's estate, should be a welcome guest at the Stock Broker's little villa, or that when he was occasionally "pretty well stumped," as he termed it, he knew exactly where to go for a little temporary assistance, which said assistance was always readily forthcoming, and seldom of the temporary character he possibly anticipated. In fact, the influence of the handsome, dashing West-End, whose presence always brought back to his host the memory of those blissful days when he revelled in the thought that his love was returned, was gradually becoming greater and greater, and even threatened to become dangerous.

Business matters, too, did not prosper so well as formerly with the good-natured Mr. JOBSON. But there was always seen the old glow of delight when TOM ROBINSON'S bright presence lighted up the little room, and banished, at any rate for a time, all thoughts of business cares or troubles. TOM was one of those jovial and genial natures that was sure to ingratiate itself into the very soul of a man like JOBSON. He was always radiant with present enjoyment and future expectation, and all gloomy or doubtful thoughts faded away before his gay laugh and his teeming fancy, like fog before the autumn sun. He had lately, he told them one night, got into quite a new set—regular swells, who knew how to enjoy life as life was intended to be enjoyed, and who had welcomed him among them for his dear father's sake. One of them was considered to be about the keenest man of business about Town, and he had got an idea into his fertile brain that was some day to astonish the financial world with its novelty and success. Of course his hearers shook their grave heads at his glowing picture, and warned him against all such baseless bubbles; but TOM laughingly replied that, as he had nothing to lose, he did not think there was very much fear of his losing it.

Matters went on much as usual for a few months longer, until one fine morning, for the first time in his life, TOM ROBINSON found himself in Mr. JOBSON'S office in Drapers' Court, accompanied by the keen man of business of whom he had spoken in such glowing colours a short time previously. He was a remarkably mild gentlemanly man, with a truly noble forehead, and a bright keen eye, faultlessly dressed, and with the whitest and most delicately shaped hands ever possessed by one of his sex. The usual introductions having taken place, it was suggested by the visitor that TOM should amuse himself out of doors for the next half hour, and then return and hear the result of their deliberations. This he accordingly did, and was informed on his return, that the discussion between his two friends had been of the most satisfactory character, and that all the necessary arrangements had been made for commencing at once.

In about a week's time a prospectus appeared in all the principal London journals, that literally took the public by storm. Such a list of Directors had seldom been seen attached to a similar document, TOM ROBINSON and his friend were of course among them, and the name of MR. JEREMIAH JOBSON appeared as the Broker to the Company. The rush for shares was tremendous, and they were quoted at a considerable premium long before allotment. TOM ROBINSON was radiant with delight at his brilliant prospects, and indulged in his new-born love for speculation to his heart's content.

It is perhaps scarcely necessary to add that all these bright anticipations were doomed to fade away, as is the case in so many similar cases, and that the shares that had been sought so eagerly, were found to be worthless.

The anxieties and humiliations endured by poor Mr. JOBSON during this trying period may be easily imagined, and they reached their climax when he received a letter to the following effect:—

"MY DEAR KIND FRIEND,—I am so heartily sick of London since our last misfortune, that I have readily accepted the offer of a post in India, and shall have started ere this reaches you. I cannot sufficiently express my gratitude for all your kindness. I fear that I have availed myself of your kind permission to draw upon you for a moderate sum, to a larger extent than you had intended, but I assure you it was quite unavoidable. I enclose particulars, and am yours most affectionately, T. ROBINSON."

There was a terrible struggle betwixt contending feelings in poor JOBSON'S curious nature, but the old sentiment conquered, and he paid all, leaving himself almost a beggar.

He may still be seen occasionally wending his way through Throgmorton Street, more from habit than for any business purpose, and room is made for him with much kindly respect.

The moral drawn from his sad case by one of his old Peckham cronies is, that Stock Brokers have nothing to do with Romance, or Horse Dealers with Truth; and if they ever do indulge in those luxuries, they are pretty certain to come to grief.

A STATEMENT AND A DUTY.

MR. PUNCH has to make a statement and perform a duty. The statement is this:—A set of verses, not written, it is fair to say, by any member of *Mr. Punch's* regular staff, headed with an illustration by one of his own clever Artists, who signed it with his usual initials, showing a musician seated at a piano, playing in a grotesque and exaggerated style, appeared in the Number for November 27, entitled, "A Made Musician." This picture, as *Mr. Punch* was informed subsequent to its publication, was a caricature of Mr. ISIDORE DE LARA, the well-known Composer and Singer, of which this gentleman would no more have complained than would have other public characters of their caricatures appearing from time to time in *Mr. Punch's* collection, had it not been that the picture at once stamped the verses beneath as referring to him and his career in a way that *Mr. Punch*, on unquestionable evidence, has now no hesitation in declaring to be libellous and untrue. So much for the statement; the evident duty is that, under these circumstances, *Mr. Punch*, who, previous to this, was unacquainted, privately and personally, with Mr. DE LARA (though there was a complimentary allusion to him, as a Composer, in the Number for February 20th of this year), hastens to express his unfeigned regret for the appearance of these lines in his pages. Mr. DE LARA, whose friends and family have been deeply pained—as has been also *Mr. Punch*—professes himself satisfied with the same publicity, as was obtained by the poem and picture, being given by *Mr. Punch*, to this expression of unqualified retraction and regret.

NOVELTIES AT NOVELLO'S.

THE Concert of the NOVELLO Oratorio series last week opened cheerfully with a funeral march. It suggested that we had come to bury *Cæsar*, not to praise him, *Cæsar* being either Mr. STANFORD or Mr. MACKENZIE for this occasion only. It was perfectly played, but Mr. MACKENZIE was quite right in not accepting an encore, as a second performance of a Funeral March must always suggest a Re-hearse-al. After this came the two great undertakings of the evening, and the violinists had their "mutes" ready when wanted. We expected to see Mr. HAYDEN COFFIN, but he didn't arrive. "*Revenge, Timotheus (Tennyson) cries,*" and Mr. VILLIERS STANFORD has set it to music. It was enthusiastically received, and the Composer was thrice called, like *Macbeth*. Let us suggest an idea to the Composer, in the same metre:—

"Then swear our VILLIERS STANFORD, 'Bring Merton and bring Sanford, (I omit the letter "d" from the *Sanford*, as you see) Bring me *Mister Barlow*, too, and I'll see what I can do To write something in this line, a *Cantata* Christmassee.'"

After everyone had been satisfied with "*Revenge*," they were refreshed with a love-story,—libretto by Mr. BENNETT, on EDWIN ARNOLD's poem, music by Dr. MACKENZIE,—entitled *Sayid*, which, as Mr. WAGSTAFF would naturally observe, is "*Sayid and Sung*." The *Cantata* is an excellent piece of work, but, like "linked sweetness," it is a little too "long drawn out." Madame ALBANI was in superb voice, and, with Messrs. MCGUCKIN and WATKIN MILLS, did full justice to the Composer. Madame ALBANI scored—after the Composer, of course—in the solo, "*Aye, sweet indeed is Love*"—and sweet indeed it was. Mr. MCGUCKIN's solo, "*Where sets the Sun*" (to which there ought to be the reply, "*Not on the British Empire*") was rapturously applauded, and the solemn march was impressively rendered; but the performance, as a whole, was unequal.

After all, *Cantatas* are only Operas produced on the most economical principles. How much more telling would *Sayid* be on the stage. To intelligently enjoy a *Cantata* at a first hearing, an intimate acquaintance with the book is essential. Without the book, how possibly could the sharpest-witted person arrive at the fact that Mr. BARTON MCGUCKIN, in ordinary evening dress, and looking as amiable as possible, was representing an Arab Sheikh; and that pleasant Mr. WATKIN MILLS was supposed to be the personification of a fierce Hindoo Chieftain, who has taken Sheikh MCGUCKIN prisoner, and condemned him to death? Also, where is the individual so gifted as to recognise at a glance a gentleman in the Chorus, who uplifts his voice in a solo, as a "Horseman," who "rides into the midst of the throng?"

Sayid is full of dramatic action, and is as spectacular as *The Mikado*. Why should it not be brought out as an Opera? That an Oratorio dealing with Scriptural characters, should not be produced on the Stage, is intelligible. A singer in evening dress as *Elijah*, for example, no matter how commanding his presence, how perfect his voice, how white his neck-tie, or how respectable and excellent

his reputation, cannot be a realisation of the Prophet of the Old Testament; nor would he be a whit more so were he to appear behind the footlights with a scalp and venerable beard from CLARKSON's and a flowing robe from MAY's, or, more appropriately, from NATHAN's. No; it is better that Oratorios and Cantatas on Scriptural subjects should be treated as they are now; but, where the characters are legendary, and the work depends greatly upon scenes, costumes, and dramatic action, let it be boldly brought out as an Opera wherever there is a theatre (and here perhaps is a difficulty) open to receive it. We have Sayid our say.

"UNION STORAGE BATTERY."—The new machine belongs to the Union Electoral Power and Diffused Light Company, and is worked on "CHAMBERLAIN's Patent." In the course of the next two months Mr. CHAMBERLAIN will exhibit its qualities at Hawick, Ayr, and Edinburgh, previous to a grand display at Birmingham. In this battery there is said to be no waste of power by local action, and no danger is incurred by the useless consumption of expensive material.

"THIS BY HIS VOICE SHOULD BE A MONTAGU!"

MR. MATTHEWS was never more at Home as the HOME SECRETARY than in appointing Mr. MONTAGU WILLIAMS to be Police-Magistrate at Woolwich. His voice will be sufficiently audible for all practical purposes in any Court, and being a "sound" lawyer, he is just the man to make himself heard, and understood, in spite of all difficulties. If familiarity with the practice he is about to direct, if astuteness, patience, cool common sense, and a keen perception of the ridiculous—which serves as a great safeguard against committing oneself, like *Mr. Nupkins*, instead of committing a prisoner—if all these be the qualifications for a good Police-Magistrate, then Mr. MONTAGU WILLIAMS is the man for the place; and *Punch*, inspired by the Spook of the other WILLIAMS—not the Barrister, but "the Divine WILLIAMS"—exclaims,

"O Brother Montagu! Give me thy hand!"

and therewith wishes the new Magistrate many a Merry Christmas and any number of the Happiest New Years!

CLASSICAL CORRESPONDENCE.

[This letter, from a Templar, refers to the previous Ciceronian epistles which have appeared in these pages. In this unclassical age *Mr. Punch* will ever do his best to encourage true scholarship.]

CARE DOMINE PUNCH,

LEGI cum multâ voluptate epistolam Quindecim Harvardensium in vestro numero hujus hebdomadis. Sunt autem in eâ quædam expressiones quæ erant attonitus videre; quia videntur mihi non satis classicæ. Pro exemplo, "Multi Bully" debet esse (existimo) "Sortes Bullyorum," quia est multa differentia inter "Multi" et "Sortes," ut omne corpus scit. Exceptionem quoque caperem ad expressionem "ludum vilis globi," quæ non in ullo bono scriptore possis invenire, et quæ in mea opinione debet esse "humilis pilæ." Non scire hoc crassam ignorantiam arguit.

Protestar quoque contra vanitatem horum Yankeeorum in comparando suam Universitatem cum nostrâ, sed non valet tempus, et tuum spatium est preciosum. Ergo dicam nullum plus, sed subscribo meipsum, Tuum obedientem Servum,

UTUM GRADUATUM CANTABRIGIENSEM,

Magistrum Artium, Bene Vestitum, et Maxime Doctum.

Adderem, ut expressio "Hubbo Mundi" non est omnino secundum Cockerum, qui, haud dubio, scripsisset "Ex Hubbo Universi," ut ego.

Ex Medio Templo, Idibus Decembris, 1886.

ANOTHER OF "HIS LITTLE (OLYMPIAN) GAMES."—*Truth* told us last week that "Mr. GLADSTONE is engaged upon a work connected with the Olympian religion." Is the Ex-Premier arranging the programme for "*Olympia*?"



SHOPPING!

Lady (at Sea-side "Emporium"). "HOW MUCH ARE THOSE—AH—IMPROVERS?"
Shopman. "IMPROV—HEM!—THEY'RE NOT, MA'AM"—(confused)—"NOT—NOT THE ARTICLE YOU REQUIRE, MA'AM. THEY'RE FENCING-MASKS, MA'AM!" [Tableau!]

OUR CARD-BASKET.

"My Cards and Crackers!"—sounds like a good old mediæval oath doesn't it? It is, however, nothing of the kind, but simply *Mr. Punch's* exclamation on inspecting the contents of his Card-Basket. Here are wondrous artistic marvels from RAPHAEL TUCK & Co., over which the artists have evidently tuk great pains. There are specialities from CASTELL BROTHERS, impressed with coins, which look natural enough to spend, there are dainty designs from WIRTHS BROTHERS, worth anything you please. SOCKE AND NATHAN, send sweet, soft-scented satin souvenirs properly painted with pretty pictures. PRANG & Co., provide clever designs, some large enough for framing. PHILIPP BROTHERS contribute tasteful trifles, and DAVIDSON BROTHERS offer cards of endless variety. J. F. BENNET has a speciality in the "Visette" card, and some of a humorous nature are published by M. H. NATHAN & Co. MARCUS WARD—who might be called the Cardinal of Cards—still holds his own. Every year brings some novelty, and this season the satin-bound books will undoubtedly prove popular. The etchings and hunting scenes from HARDING will probably be in brisk

demand, so will the novelties from MISCH AND STOCK—the coloured views of the Colonial Exhibition of ALBERT MARX, and the "ivory" delights of WALTER C. COOKE. Especial commendation should be given to the Canadian cards of MARLBOROUGH, GOULD & Co., and to the perfect gallery of works of Art of every variety contributed by HILDESHEIMER & FAULKNER. For artistic merit all the cards of the Season are astonishing, it seems a pity that the tone of their literary excellence could not be raised. SPARAGNAPANE & Co. contribute to Christmas cheerfulness by costly cosaque crackers, clever and curious; and DE LA RUE checks frivolity by bringing out his Diaries of every size and shape, every form and fancy. Make a present of one of the neatest and best to the neatest and best of her sex, and say, Shakspearially, "Here's De la Rue for you!"

OUR IMPERIAL COMPOSER.

(To be sung by everybody, freely, to the air of "Our Empress Queen"—a stirring Song, written by Clement Scott, and composed by Mr. Punch's old friend, Henry—we were just going to write Sir Henry—Russell.)

WHAT! HE-NE-RY RUSSELL! My gracious!
 Who sang "Cheer boys, cheer," years ago!

I thought the announcement mendacious,
 But he is immortal! Just so!
 Ah! "Hush, 'tis the night watch!" I see you

"Far, far upon the sea" of memoree;
 "To the West, to the West!" Can it be you?
 Fresh as ever in this year of Jubilee?
 Fresh as ever, for "The Woodman's spared the tree."

Chorus, Everybody.

What! HE-NE-RY RUSSELL? No story.
 "The Light of the days that have been,"
 Aye! "Cheer, boys!" He's still in his glory,
 Composing SCOTT's song of "Our Queen."

(Symphony Music—"I see HIM dancing in the hall"—and all join in grand, exuberant finale.)

Going to the Wall.

IN consequence of the Royal Academy having decided to do extra honour to the fortunate winner of the prize for "Designs for Mural Decoration," the little boys out of school-time will go in for violent competition on all the walls of the Metropolis, beginning with London Wall. Who doesn't remember those immortal designs of "Old Briges," "Old Briges a 'anging," which were lightly sketched in on that popular gentleman's house-walls? The Academy has taken a bold step, but it is right to encourage Art. Let the Juvenile Etchers beware of the Police.

Kelly's Directory for 1887 is excellent reading for a spare half-hour. Some capital numbers bound up together, and there's scarcely a house mentioned without at least one good storey to it. When is KELLY's Jubilee? He deserves a statue, which might be substituted for the one of Achilles in Hyde Park, and called "A Kelly's statue." We are Imperialists to the backbone, but we support the Directory.

THOUGHT by an unhappy Passenger from Folkestone to Boulogne, one night during the recent tempestuous weather:—"The King of Crossing-Sweepers—The Gale."

STUDIES FROM MR. PUNCH'S STUDIO.

NO. IX.—THE GIRTON GIRL.

THE Girton Girl, according to popular superstition, is a being of doubtful age, few personal attractions, vague and startling opinions, with habits and garments to match.



To her belong the cropped head, the spectacles, the absence of collar, cuffs, and figure, which are supposed by the charitable to imply compensating, though less obvious, graces of mind. Her environment, as she would probably designate her College rooms, is strictly in keeping with her appearance. The furniture is scanty and uncomfortable, the only effort at decoration being a natural science specimen, in a glass jar, balanced by some uncouth model, or the last semi-scientific toy. She may or may not be of a sociable disposition, but her visitors will find the tea weak, and will see in her mixed biscuit tin a practical refutation of the principle of "survival of the fittest." She is a great and ardent supporter of numerous societies, mostly of a metaphysical and speculative character, and she is terribly in earnest with all

comers. A just sense of the dignity and superiority of her position inspires her with a slightly aggressive contempt for all that is frivolous and unintellectual. For her own thoughts run upon great and stupendous social reforms which are to result in her admission to St. Stephens, and in a complete recognition of the incontrovertible fact that woman is, in all respects, equal to man, only more so.

This is the Girton girl, who scares the British matron as she glances timidly over her blinkers, the creature which will be reconstructed by the Professor OWEN of the future from the fossilised fragments of a cotton glove, and a heel-less shoe.

But she is fast becoming as extinct as her prototype, the Dodo. The modern school-girl is taking her place, no longer the giggling, flirting maiden of fiction, but an ascetic and hard-working young woman. Work has been her lot since the day when she stepped out of her cradle to combine education and amusement in the arrangement of alphabet bricks; and she looks back with a wistful incredulity to the time when the mystic letters, B.A., were to her nothing worse than the voice of the black sheep in the nursery rhyme. She inclines by instinct towards æstheticism in dress, affecting the limpest materials and the strangest hues, and making a compromise in the matter of collar and cuffs by wearing at neck and wrists a piece of very *écru* lace, turned down the wrong way. Her boots are the terror of stray black-beetles, for a course of lectures on Hygienic clothing early taught her to view with horror and distrust a slim ancle, and a pointed toe. She has a scholarly touch of short-sightedness, which she corrects by free use of the tortoiseshell "pince-nez" that dangles from her neck.

Her sense of duty is remarkable, and appalling. She virtuously accepts the onerous office of secretary to innumerable societies. Countless notices, in her bold and clear handwriting, may be seen day after day upon the College notice-boards, some of them of a sufficiently pathetic character. "Will the following members be so very good as to pay their subscriptions due the term before last to the 'Society for promoting Masculine Intelligence?'" She does not even resent her appointment as sub-officer of the Fire Brigade, the duties of which position involve a constant personal supervision of two or three repulsively oily little hand-engines, which she tends and lubricates with loving care, till she has reduced her hands and face to the colour of the brown holland apron which enshrouds the rest of her person. Not even the horrors of an alarm-practice can daunt her, though she may just have settled herself to revel for an hour in the pleasant byeways of Professor SEDGWICK'S *Ethics*, when screams of "Fire!" rushing footsteps, and an alarm-rattle, such as heralds a bump in the May races, compel her to leave her books, and fly to the Hall. Then the canvas buckets must be produced, her corps arranged in alphabetical order, and marched off to the supposed scene of action. All this she does in an incredibly short time; and when, at the discretion of the head captain, the pumping of engines and passing of buckets is allowed to stop, she returns to her work with fortitude and resignation past belief.

The Debating Society enjoys her hearty support, and her carefully composed Addresses are smoothly delivered, in a slightly nervous voice. Various as her subjects may be, they all meet with the same exhaustive treatment. No half measures are admitted. The foundations of her moral creed would totter if she could not find a metaphysical basis for taking sugar in her tea. She may be seen opening debates upon epoch-making subjects, such as, "Is the consumption of green peas injurious to the eyesight, and should vegetarianism, on the whole, be encouraged?" For weeks previously the volume of the *Encyclopædia* containing "V" has been absent from the College library; but no one volume can supply the varied information reproduced in her speech. After an opening allusion to Esau's mess of pottage, and a hazardous conjecture that HOMER'S blindness may be attributed to the plentiful pea-crop at Chios in 849 B.C., she will glance lightly at the practice of PYTHAGORAS, and pass on to consider the probability that mistletoe formed an important item in the diet of the ancient Britons. Then, having traced the history of vegetarianism up to the present reign, she warms to her subject as she progresses, and after venturing far away from the carefully prepared track in a burst of extempore eloquence, she finds herself rather abruptly at the end, and remarking, in a slightly constrained voice, "Therefore I think the consumption of green peas is injurious to the eyesight," she resumes her seat and her customary reserve.

Her reputation gains her an attentive audience; but when the opposer, who is a humble imitator, has spent twenty minutes upon an inquiry into the spiritual condition of the Lotophagi, and its bearing upon the subject under debate, the silence, which has so far been exemplary, is gradually broken by the scraping and fidgeting of chairs. Then comes a whisper or two, and, finally, a remark from a much-bored and bolder member, to the effect that the lamps smell detestably. This creates a slight disturbance, while an unoffending lamp is removed; but the speaker proceeds inexorably with her remarks. As soon as she has finished, a merry-eyed girl jumps up with the question, "Whether the Lotophagi (whoever they may have been) were stupid enough to eat their salad without eggs, and if not, whether they can properly be described as vegetarians?" This is flippant, and both the opener of the debate and the last speaker look their disapproval. But the obstructive seems impatient, and the general feeling of the house now inclining towards frivolity, the discussion becomes a lively one, until, at ten o'clock, the votes are taken, and all is over.

The members disperse, and our obstructive—who, among other misdemeanors, has been sending round small notes of invitation to tea during the debate—carries her friends off to her room. There she disposes them upon a number of the lowest and easiest possible chairs, and gives to each her own little tray, provided with tea-pot, milk-jug, roll, and butter. From her provision-cupboard she produces jams, biscuits, and sardines, which are supplemented, as she has an enterprising mind, by oranges and a cocoa-nut, for second course. Her rooms are pretty, and indicate that their owner is a young woman of no severe type. The candle-light is softened by pink shades; there are flowers in profusion, and knickknacks everywhere. Upon the desk is a strange jumble. *Kant's Pure Practical Reason* reposes stolidly upon a piece of fancy needlework, while *Calverley's Fly Leaves* manages to preserve a jaunty air in spite of the superincumbent weight of a volume of the *Cambridge Review*.

Her friends are chosen upon the same catholic principles, for she is the most hospitable of hostesses, and indefatigable of tea-makers, and her Sunday afternoon teas, with the additional attractions of music and possible strangers, are deservedly popular. This evening her soul has warmed towards the jaded opener and opposer of the debate, who may be seen deep in the recesses of a cushioned corner seat, helping each other to cake and jam in most friendly fashion. By them is seated a tall, dark-haired girl, the athlete of the College, winner of many lawn-tennis ties, and honoured in many College songs, while opposite her, crouched upon a footstool, and balancing her teatray with extraordinary dexterity, is the pillar and pride of the Amateur Dramatic Club. "Who'll come to Madingley to-morrow?" she is asking the company. "Examiners are poor creatures, and I'm not going to spoil them by working too hard." The suggestion is universally approved, except by the debating talent in the corner, where it is agreed that life is too short for such frivolities. "Non-sense," she says. "I'll take your books, and you too, in a wheelbarrow." But, inviting as the proposition may appear, it is unable to overcome the objectors' sense of duty, till some one happily remembers that a rare sort of beetle may be found in Madingley woods. Entomology has formed part of the comprehensive education of both the recusants, and at the thought of the beetle their scruples vanish. So they agree to make a party, and to finish the day's proceedings by a fancy ball. "Masks and dominoes till ten, and then each to unmask as soon as her name is guessed." Much time is spent in settling and unsettling details, till at last the party breaks up with many laughing "good-nights," and the sound of footsteps recedes along the dark corridors, varied with an occasional clatter as some one stumbles over the hot-water can and boots which stand sentinel outside the rooms of already slumbering fellow-students.

MEMOIRS OF A SECRET MISSION.

(Extracted from the Diary of BYTO, M.P.)



said. Spent some days in Rome, severely doing our duty. Saw St. Peter's. Don't think the interior view a patch upon Cologne Cathedral. Striking for vastness, of course; but prefer the stately simplicity of Cologne. Too much mixing up of colours in variegated marble and gilt. Just now things made much worse by hanging strips of scarlet cloth at intervals over the walls. Regarded from the outside, would rather look upon St. Paul's in the early morning from a point on the Embankment somewhere about Waterloo Bridge. But then Rome cannot boast the marvellous mist that in some aspects lends beauty to common objects in London.

The various departments of the Vatican let out in lots to seedy gentlemen with sharp eyes. Each one is armed with authority to demand half-a-franc from the visitor. One of these men in every room, prowling about with stealthy footsteps, hovering ever by the door of exit, lest, peradventure, absent-minded visitor escape without leaving a wrack behind in the shape of half-a-franc. It is the same in all the public galleries in Italy, as far as I have seen them. For example, at the Capitol there is an admission-fee of half-a-franc if you visit the Museum, and bang goes another fivepence if, regardless of expense, the visitor crosses over to the Palace of the Conservatori. At Naples there is a charge of a franc for admission to the National Museum. This payment at the doors is better than the prowling men in the rooms; but surely Italy is rich enough to throw open its National Collections without these paltry charges. Suppose we charged sixpence a-head to the British Museum, or had men prowling for sixpences in every room in the National Gallery. How the enemy would blaspheme! It is different at the excavations at Pompeii (two francs) or at the Catacombs in Rome (two francs), though it is a little odd to stumble into the resting-place of the ancient dead through a turnstile of modern construction. Still, work is going on in these places, and the gate-money goes to extend the operations. It is otherwise in the National Picture Galleries.

A very leisurely people the Romans of to-day. Driving through the older parts of the town leading to the Appian Way, came upon narrow street where two carriages might pass each other but no room for a third. The concatenation of rope and string that comprised the harness of a two-horsed cart had broken down. The driver stopped to mend it, thereby blocking up half the roadway, and stopping the flow of traffic going westward. It was a much frequented thoroughfare and a busy hour of the day. Gradually some twenty cabs, omnibuses and carts, were blocked, but the youth in charge of the two-horsed cart in nowise distressed; proceeded with provoking leisure to mend the harness. More remarkable still the acquiescence of the intercepted throng. With a single exception not a protest was made, everybody save one quietly waiting till the knots were re-tied and the cart moved on.

The exception was the Sailing-master; but his temper had been ruffled by an incident which had taken place just before we left the hotel. The Sailing-master, sitting down to the breakfast-table, threw back his Inverness cape. Official waiter eager to help the English Milord, coming up behind caught hold of the sleeve of the Sailing-master's frock-coat under the impression that it belonged to the cape; violently tugged at it. Sailing-master loudly protested; waiter thought

AEA, Monday.—When "the Government" who came aboard at Elba lamented the fate which brought personally home to him the miseries of NAPOLEON's exile, he spoke fondly of Civita Vecchia. Had formerly been "Government" there. "Ah, Civita Vecchia!" he sighed. Didn't say anything more, but that enough to conjure up ideas of earthly paradise. Rather anxious to see Civita Vecchia; still more anxious to leave it. A curiously dirty place, cold withal, for now we have the "Tramontana," a wind from the North. But Civita Vecchia is only the stopping-place for Rome, and thither we went on the morning after arrival.

Train forty minutes late; a little incident that made all feel homesick. "So like the South-Western!" the Sailing-master

Milord, with the irritability of the English was urging him to greater exertions. Tugged at the coat-sleeve with maddened energy, and nearly pulled the frock-coat off before he was himself forcibly removed. Hence the Sailing-master growled threateningly, when we halted ten minutes in a thoroughfare whilst a youth re-tied his horse's harness.

Driving home later, met the Queen of ITALY taking the air in an open carriage with servants in the livery of England's cruel red. A pleasant-faced lady; greeted me with a beaming smile and a gracious bow. Evidently recognised me, in spite of my attempts at disguise. Several old friends in Rome, Members of the Parliament disestablished at the last Election. They are Liberals, but emphatically not Gladstonians. Interesting to hear the unanimity of their condemnation of his tactics at last Election. Only for him they would all have been re-elected. Try to win them over to our side. Paint in glowing colours the advantage of belonging to the Disunited Unionists under our Great Leader. No actual converts yet; but fancy I've sown some seed that will bear fruit.

SUB PUNCH-AND-JUDICE.

H-wk-n-s, J.

I snorted and sniffed a week ago,
As I gave the Jury my charge;
For the winds blew high, and the winds blew low—
They were "all very fine and large."

D-m-n, J.

And now you sit and you take your ease—
It's all very well for you—
But I'm outside, and I shiver and sneeze.
Now, isn't there room for two?

H-wk-n-s, J.

If you want to eject, you must title show;
My title's without a flaw,
And I'm in possession, and that you know
Has been held nine points at law.



H-wk-n-s, J. "Room for two? O dear, no! Got the tip from Newmarket. I call it 'The Judge's Box!'"

Then take an example at once from me,
For you've only yourself to thank
If you catch a big cold in your head, Brother D.,
When we're sitting together in Banc.

THE CHRISTMAS CARD-TRICK.—"Oh, yes, WALKER!" Exactly so—"WALKER & Co." The hand-painted on leather, pearl inlaid, are bee-autiful! Among the comic ones the paper "dickies" and cuffs are so good that no one to whom a dicky is offered can possibly be half-fronted.

"New Brooms sweep clean" in most departments. This may be true of Brooms, but why doesn't it apply to RAKES at the Post-Office?

POSTPONED BY ORDER OF THE POLICE (with their Compliments to the would-be Champions of England).—Boxing Day.

CHRISTMAS GAMES. By D. Crambo, Junior.



Dumb-Cram-Beau.



Hunt the Slipper.



For Fits.



THINGS ONE WOULD RATHER HAVE LEFT UNSAID.

'AND NOW, MY DEAR GENERAL, COME AND SIT BY ME, AND TELL ME ALL THE SCANDAL THAT'S HAPPENED WHILE I'VE BEEN AWAY?'
 "WELL, REALLY, MRS. MALLECHO, ER—YOU SEE—ER—THE FACT IS, THAT WHILE YOU'VE BEEN AWAY, THERE HAS BEEN NO SCANDAL!"

"CHRISTMAS COMES BUT ONCE A YEAR."

"GOODWILL to Men! Goodwill to Men!"
 What happier burden *can* they bear,
 The Christmas bells which once again
 Ring music through the frosty air?
 Ring music! Let the cynic sneer,
 The callous mock, the selfish fret,
 The time of gladness and good cheer
 Softens the human-hearted yet.
 The Spirit of the Season rules
 The saddest of our English Yules.
 That Spirit at our portals stands,
 As pictured in our children's dreams,
 Compassionate, with helpful hands,
 And eyes in which affection gleams.
 The kindly fancy who shall flout
 As figment of a maudlin mood?
 The groaning board, the gleeful rout
 Are not the Season's chiefest good.
 Hush! Hear you through the revel's roar
 The piteous murmur of the poor?
 It rises like an understrain
 Through all the clamour of the year,
 The moan of want, the groan of pain,
 But in the crush who halts to hear?
 'Tis as the murmur of the tide,
 Which seaboard-dwellers scarcely mark:
 Yet listen! Up on every side
 It surges sadly through the dark,
 The immemorial anguished cry
 Of suffering humanity!
 Who bids us close our ears, and check
 Untutored impulse swift to aid?

In that wide world of woe and wreck
 Sin and unthrift their parts have played.
 Ah, yes! But who will dare assume
 Divinely to discriminate?
 A myriad blameless thralls of doom
 There huddle helpless, desolate;
 Women that faint, pale babes in bands,
 And strong men wringing idle hands.

When law is more the rule of love,
 Then love may act alone through law,
 But Justice still abides above,
 Below gapes Mammon's cruel jaw.
 Back, BUMBLE! Systems lack defence
 That fail to fit our human needs;
 Mercy will not be driven hence;
 The Spirit that for suffering pleads
 Marks not the nicely more or less
 In the deep current of Distress.

Exceptional? Alas! we know
 That suffering is the bitter rule.
 And shall *that* cheek Compassion's flow
 Whilst merry bells ring in the Yule?
 Yes, "Christmas comes but once a year,"
 And sorrow reigns the whole year round.
 Let us, at least, spread mirth and cheer,
 Whilst Christmas chimings gladly sound.
 Largess, good friends! Law leaves us still
 That gentle Gospel of Goodwill!

CAVE CANEM!—The Police have their eyes
 on the dogs who are only out on ticket-of-
 leave for the holidays. The names of those
 who misbehave themselves will be put down
 in the Dogs' Year Book.

THE BLOCK SYSTEM.

THE School Board has decided on not spoiling the child by sparing the rod. Quite right. "The Board are desirous of keeping corporal punishment within the narrowest limits possible." This sounds like administering the rod to only the smallest boy. Any Etonian Head Master—and to the Head Master alone was given the power of swishing—would have suggested that the punishment should be placed on a broader basis. The block is a good old-fashioned English punishment, and whether as the Mediæval Executioner's or Modern Tutor's Assistant, the history of its use in England may be summed up in the cry, "Heads, or Tails?"

"Bid my Cousin Ferdinand Come!"

FOR Bulgaria "FERDINANDO"
 Says he'll "do all that he can do."
 Bulgaria thinks, if put to the push,
 A Ferd'in'-and's worth two in the bush.

CAN the terms of the proposition for a Church House, to celebrate the Jubilee Year, be so extended as to include a Church House Boat? Yea, wherryly.

MRS. RAMSBOTHAM is delighted to hear that the Poet Lorritt has written a new edition of *Locksmith Hall*.

"THE STAR CHAMBER."—Mr. J. L. TOOLE'S dressing-room in his own Theatre.



THE "SPIRIT" OF CHRISTMAS.

BURKE. "I DO ASSURE YOU, MISS, THE DISTRESS HAIN'T NOWAYS EXCEPTIONAL!"

SPIRIT. "NO!—THEN WE MUST MAKE IT SO!"

TURNING OVER NEW LEAVES.

(By Our Own Paper-Knifer.)

Days with Sir Roger de Coverley. (MACMILLAN.) "Old friend De Coverley Does look lovely," as Our Lazy Minstrel would sing if he weren't so uncommonly lazy. It is capitally got up, and most of the illustrations—by a hand unknown to us and name not mentioned—are remarkably spirited and good. The only exception is the frontispiece, which contains a most striking example of a Reversible Woman, or carelessly-joined lady, who seems to be advancing and receding at the same time while engaged in the mazy dance. It might have been called in allusion to the dance and the lady "A Complicated Figure."

Now if you want some volumes nice,
You'll start at once I'm su-er,
And go and fetch them in a trice,
From MESSRS. FIELD AND TUEB. *The Literary Cure.*



"Quite so! The Leadenhall Press turns out a lot of light literature, which is surprising, seeing you have to take lead and all. But as SHAKESPEARE says, 'Take it for Leadenhall, we ne'er shall look upon its like again.' Here we have *A Thousand Quaint Cuts*, from books of other days. 'The books of other days have faded,' but their cuts are as incisive as ever.

Also Sir Charles Grandison, and Solomon Gissner, both illustrated with the original copper-plates—the latter after STOTHARD'S drawings. *Drat the Boys*, is the most delightful and humorous recollections of a French Master in England by MAX O'RELL. "Oh! reddy, MAX, 'tis most diverting," say the boys,—and they ought to know.

Haste thee, Nymph, undo the "passell,"
Of the books that come from CASSELL!

Rhymes before Reason. [Ready with the next Fog.

Yes, yes! Bustle ye, my Nymph—and be in the fashion! *Improve! Character Sketches from Thackeray*, capitally reproduced in photo-gravure from FREDERICK BARNARD'S most excellent drawings. These are all worth framing, if you happen to be in that frame of mind. They will be popular among all lovers of THACKERAY. *Nil Desperandum* by the Rev. FREDERICK LAMBRIDGE. Boys need never despair when this lang bridge carries them safely over the stream of idleness. "It is a lang bridge that has no turning." And this lang bridge seems to have a turn for amusing young folks.

But if you would improve your mind,
And not omit some fun,
You all of you are bound to go
To JOHN HOGG or none! *Haroun Alrasheed's d.*

Why, cert'nly. Here's the *Vicar of Wakefield*—that delightful bit of GOLDSMITH'S art of which we are never weary. Then the indefatigable DAVENPORT ADAMS gives us *Master Minds in Art, Science, and Letters*. What's the sequel? *Pupil minds, &c.*, or is punished. *A Few Good Women*, and what they Teach Us, is a good girls' book, for good or naughty girls. Alas! says Our Special Cynic, that there are so few good women; and, according to TOM MOORE, whose only books were women's looks, folly is all they teach us. A careful perusal of Miss MARY MAC SORLEY'S book will show Our Special Cynic that he is altogether mistaken.

Yes, we will! We will refresh our memories by the aid of the books published by CHARLES & Co. We will re-read all that Mrs. ELLIS has said about *The Women of England*, *The Daughters of England*, *The Wives of England*, and *The Mothers of England*, and then we will go and get married, or not, as the case may be.

No children want to go abroad

Who get their books from MARCUS WARD.

Ward and Reward, a Tintacular Romance. [Ready and Willing.

Certainly not! No child will ever want to go abroad if it can be *At Home Again* with the pretty pictures by J. G. SOWERBY and THOMAS CRANE, and the pleasant verses of Miss ELIZA KEARY. Miss KEARY has likewise sung a pleasant accompaniment to Miss EDITH SCANNELL'S clever pictures in *Pets and Playmates*. Pick where you like they're good throughout. *A Romance of The Three R's*. A rare, right-rollickful, refreshing, radiant romance, in which the rough road of students of The Three R's is rendered rosy by the clever fancy and the skilful pencil of WALTER CRANE. And then there's one more R, which stands for ROUTLEDGE, whose Christmas publications are so far beyond all praise, that we can't find words to express our delight, and so we stop short, that is as short as possible.

IN THE COURT OF COMMON SENSE.

London Theatres v. Parisian Theatres.—Mr. Justice PUNCH said, that this was a case strictly within the jurisdiction of this Court, whose mandates, though they often are a considerable time in taking effect, must be ultimately obeyed. There was no doubt in his mind that, with the exception of the Eden Theatre, there was not a comfortable Theatre in Paris, at least not in the sense in which we consider our principal Theatres comfortable, though as a matter of fact, he might say that while the term comfortable could be applied to most Theatres in London, the principal ones were, he should distinctly say, with reference to their stall and circle accommodation, positively luxurious.

Surely in the dead season of next year the Parisian Theatres might be gutted, cleaned, refurnished, refitted, and properly ventilated, and when this had been done the *entr'actes* need only be ten minutes instead of about half an hour, and everybody would gain by the improvement.

JOLLY DOGS AT CHRISTMAS.

Chorus.

LET dogs
delight,
To bark
and bite,
For now we've
got a chance!
Each dog,
Hooray!
Will have
his day!
So join our
Christmas
dance.

Solo.

MR. COLLIE.

Bravo! Sir
CHARLES
WARREN,
Called back
from
foreign

Parts to solve difficult puzzles,
Tells the police,
That now they must cease
To bother poor dogs about muzzles.

Chorus.—Let dogs, &c.

Solo—BRITISH BULL-DOG.

When Sir CHARLES,
Mid growls and snarls,
Was back from abroad fast
hurryin',
Muzzles were foreign
To us, so Sir WARREN,
We styled at once Sir CHARLES
WORRYIN'?

Chorus.—Let dogs, &c.

Solo.

LITTLE CUR DOG.

Do nothing by halves,
Up! jump at the calves,
Between us removed are all
barriers,
With children what larks,
With nags in the parks,
We'll harry our recent har-
riers.

Chorus (doggedly).

Let dogs, &c.,
(As before.)

"Dignity and Impudence."

(In the Court of Common Council, Dec. 16.)

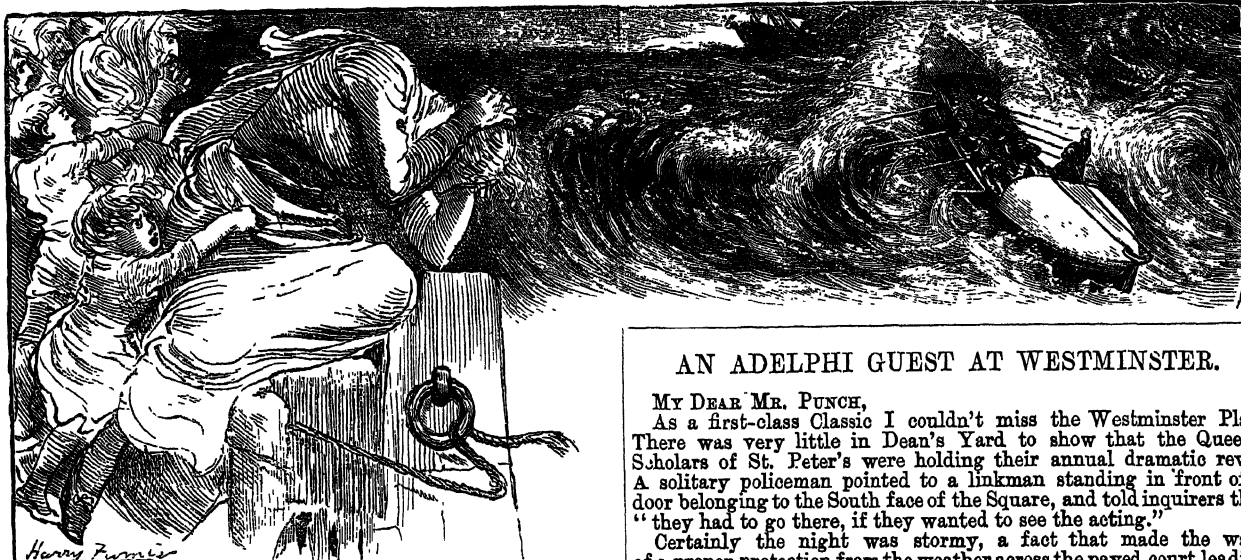
SAYS Alderman DE KEYSER, "Ye Committee-men don't spare More than half a golden sovereign on a badge for each to wear!" "Make it ninepence!" cries a Councilman, "buy tin 'uns round and flat!"

"A cabman," cries bold STANLEY, "wears a better badge than that!" So they voted 'gainst DE KEYSER, for they didn't think it nice To be worried thus for nothing, to be badgered at the price.

"WHO KEEPS DIARIES?"—The other day the public was informed, on excellent feminine authority, that a diary like a "little knowledge" is "a dangerous thing." This does not apply to the two celebrated firms Messrs. LETTS and Messrs. J. J. & J. SMITH, who keep diaries regularly, but get rid of them as fast as possible,—not because they're dangerous, but because they are so uncommonly useful. No. 21, in the Messrs. SMITH'S list is "The Daily Block Calendar," excellent as memoranda for School-masters and obstructionists. No. 23, is "The Family Washing Book—covered cloth,"—the last item sounds nice and comfortable after the family-washing.

THE RULE OF THE HUNTING-FIELD.—Lex Tally-ho-nis.

THE WARRIORS OF THE SEA. A LIFE-BOAT STORY.



Up goes the Lytham signal! St. Anne's has summoned hands!
Knee-deep in surf the Life-Boat's launched abreast of Southport sands!

Half deafened by the screaming wind: half blinded by the rain,
Three crews await their Coxswains, and face the hurricane!
The stakes are death or duty! No man has answered "No!"
Lives must be saved out yonder on the doomed ship *Mexico*!
Did ever night look blacker? did sea so hiss before?
Did ever women's voices wail more piteous on the shore?
Out from three ports of Lancashire that night went Life-boats three,
To fight a splendid battle, manned by Warriors of the Sea!

Along the sands of Southport, brave women held their breath,
For they knew that those who loved them, were fighting hard with
A cheer went out from Lytham! the tempest t'ist it back, [death,
As the gallant lads of Lancashire bent to the waves' attack;
And girls who dwell about St. Anne's, with faces white with fright,
Pray'd God would still the tempest, that dark December night.
Sons, husbands, lovers, brothers, they'd given up their all,
These noble English women heart-sick at duty's call;
But not a cheer, or tear, or prayer, from those who bent the knee,
Came out across the waves to nerve those Warriors of the Sea!

Three boats went out from Lancashire, but one came back to tell,
The story of that hurricane, the tale of ocean's hell!
All safely reached the *Mexico*, their trysting-place to keep,
For one there was the rescue, the others in the deep
Fell in the arms of victory! dropped to their lonely grave,
Their passing bell the tempest, their requiem the wave!
They clung to life like sailors, they fell to death like men,
Where, in our roll of heroes? When in our story? When?
Have Englishmen been braver, or fought more loyally,
With death that comes by duty to the Warriors of the Sea!

One boat came back to Lytham! its noble duty done,
But at St. Anne's and Southport, the prize of Death was won!
Won by those gallant fellows, who went men's lives to save,
And died there crown'd with glory! enthroned upon the wave!
Within a rope's throw of the wreck, the English sailors fell,
A blessing on their faithful lips, when ocean rang their knell;
Weep not for them, dear women! cease wringing of your hands!
Go out to meet your heroes across the Southport sands!
Grim Death for them is stingless! The Grave has victory!
Cross oars and bear them nobly home! Brave Warriors of the Sea!

When in dark nights of winter, fierce storms of wind and rain,
Howl round the cosy homestead, and lash the window-pane,
When over hill and tree-top, we hear the tempests roar,
And hurricanes go sweeping on, from valley to the shore,
When nature seems to stand at bay, and silent terror comes,
And those we love on earth the best are gathered in our homes!
Think of the sailors round the coast, who braving sleet or snow,
Leave sweethearts, wives, and little ones, when duty bids them go!
Think of our sea-girt island! a harbour, where alone,
No Englishman to save a life has failed to risk his own!
Then when the storm howls loudest, pray of your charity,
That God will bless the Life-Boat! and the Warriors of the Sea!

AN ADELPHI GUEST AT WESTMINSTER.

MY DEAR MR. PUNCH,

As a first-class Classic I couldn't miss the Westminster Play. There was very little in Dean's Yard to show that the Queen's Scholars of St. Peter's were holding their annual dramatic revel. A solitary policeman pointed to a linkman standing in front of a door belonging to the South face of the Square, and told inquirers that "they had to go there, if they wanted to see the acting."

Certainly the night was stormy, a fact that made the want of a proper protection from the weather across the paved court leading to College the more apparent. Delicate ladies in evening dress had to walk in the pelting rain to the dormitory in which the play was performed, running the risk of catching their deaths of cold in the journey. Once inside the building, however, they were well looked after. Polite young Queen's Scholars, in irreproachable evening dress and caps and gowns, were in waiting to escort them to their places, after presenting them with programmes containing not only the *Dramatis Personæ*, but also "the plot of the Adelphi." Later on these honoured guests (who were seated in a side-gallery apart from the masculine members of the audience) were regaled with ices and wafers. The pink and white tickets had given "*hor. 7.*" as the hour for the commencement of the performances, but it was quite five-and-twenty minutes to eight before we heard the strains of "*See the Conquering Hero Comes*," the very appropriate processional march hypothecated by ancient custom to the Head Master of Westminster and his party. The small boys at the back of the gallery (conducted by a cane-carrying Senior) clapped violently, much to the delight of the Dean who stood bowing and smiling with his back turned to the proscenium and taking "the reception," entirely to himself.

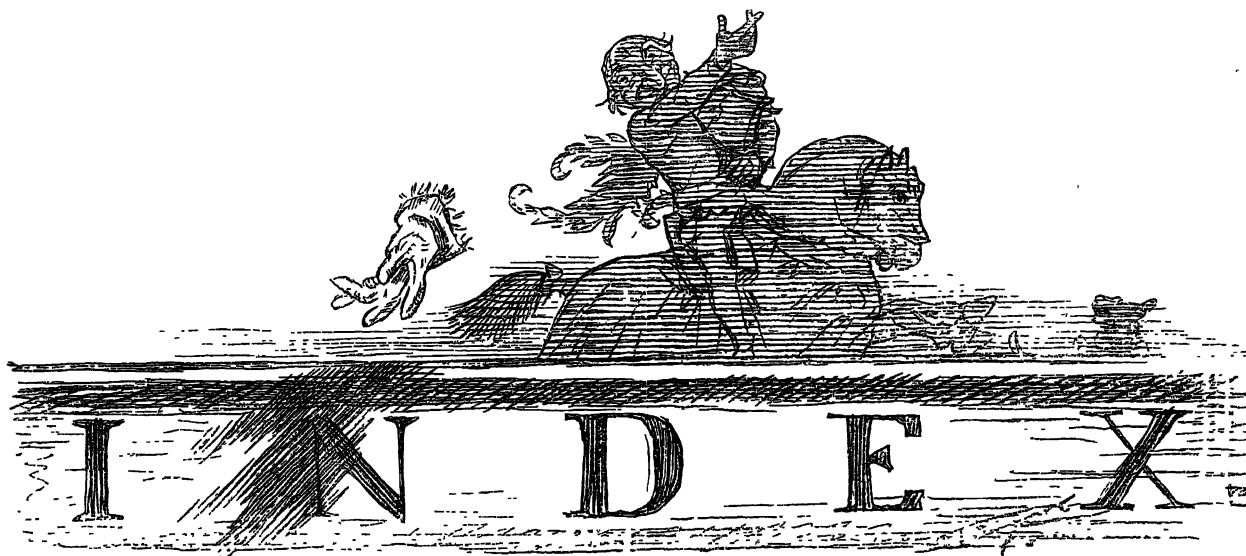
Then came the Captain of the Queen's Scholars, wearing knee-breeches and black-silk stockings, before the curtain, to speak the Prologue. He had not much to say. Once or twice he faltered, when the sweet voice of the prompter was heard to complain, and now and again, when he made a longer pause than usual, the lads in the gallery thundered down their applause. After the Captain had disappeared, conversation was resumed in the auditorium, and the audience had time to look around them, to greet old acquaintances, or to nod to new friends. The ladies took particular interest in the names painted on the walls. Here were generations of old Westminsterers recorded in inks, in shades varying with the dates of the inscriptions.

After a pause the green curtains parted, to show the beautiful scene painted by a Royal Academician for Old Westminsters many, many years ago. There was a burst of applause, repeated four or five times during the evening whenever the picture was disclosed. This *claque*-management of the Senior in charge was a mistake, as it took from the cheering all semblance to spontaneity. The appearance of *Micio* (an aged gentleman, apparently, to judge from his statue of tender years) was a signal for renewed plaudits. It would be tedious to record the points of the performance in detail. It was tedious enough to see—of course I mean for those who did not understand it, not to an intelligent scholar like yours, truly, who keeps up his "*Verbum personale concordat*," as the old Romans had it. Perhaps, after all, the *claque* was useful, or some of us might either have gone to sleep, or have laughed in the wrong places.

Act after Act passed away, and then, after a longer pause, came the Epilogue. It was rather a serious joke. At the finish there was a cry of "*Plaudite*," from the actors and a demand for "*Cap!*" from the audience. The "*mortar-board*," according to ancient custom, was passed round among the Old Westminsterers and their friends, who contributed the regulation sovereign with their usual good will,—but at this point I took my departure, greatly pleased with my evening's entertainment.

Yours economically,

A PERAMBULATING PLEASURE-SEEKER.



ACADEMY Soirée (The), 2
 Adelphi Guest at Westminster (An), 310
 Advice Gratis, 282, 242, 254, &c
 Affair of Art (An), 71
 After the Play, 220, 254, 298, &c
 Alarming Rumour, 2
 All Abroad, 192
 "All Over!" 162
 All Round the Pond, 80
 All's Well that Ends Well, 277
 Alphabet of Chess (The), 72
 Anatomy of Shooting (The), 190
 Anticipations of Immortality, 82
 Appeal to the Chair (An), 126
 Appropriate, 180
 Arry at a Smoking Concert, 229
 Arry at Stonehenge, 98
 Arry on Commercial Education, 145
 Arry on 'Ome Rule, 25
 At Church, 185
 At It Again! 262
 At the International Sculling-Match, 124
 At the Sea, 73
 Augmented Titles, 42
 Australian Farewell (The), 189
 BABYDOM, 281
 Back to Town, 173
 Bad for Burmah, 27
 Ballad of Burdens, 70
 Ball at Guildhall (The), 1
 Beers and "Skittles," 193
 Bellerophon Junior, 150
 Bismarck in Bonds, 159
 Black as a Collier, 190
 Blue Stocking Club (The), 230
 Board-School Journal (A), 72
 Board-School Nursery Rhyme, 183
 Boom in Foreign Tongues (A), 287
 Britannia Rediviva, 78
 British Association Subjects, 156
 Broken-hearted Ballade (A), 96
 Buckingham Palace v. Albert Palace, 29
 Bulgarious Russians, 122
 Bulgarian Question (The), 246
 Burton, Hail! 196
 Buying Goods Abroad, 118
 By Private Inquiry, 179
 "CAMPBELLS are coming" (The), 57
 Care for the Carthusians, 46
 Cash and Credit, 82
 Cause and Effect, 182
 Celebrations of the 5th of November, 283
 Chicago Conventionalities, 106
 "Christmas comes but once a Year," 306
 Citizen as "Chucker-Out" (The), 24
 Classical Correspondence, 301
 "Clubs! Clubs!" 142
 Coleman of Leicester, 179
 Cold Water, 254
 "Colinderies" in Ex-Chelsea-is (The), 157
 Colourable, 81
 Coming Winter (The), 261
 Commerce versus Cremorne, 219
 Common Squal (The), 18
 Comparing Notes, 12, 169
 Confidential, 159
 Consolation, 182
 Consulting the Stars—and their Comfort, 60
 Contemporaries Corrected, 202
 Cookery at the Colindenes, 41
 Country Cousins—Personally Conducted, 189
 Cremorne! 275

Cromer Clover, 139
 Cross-Roads, 54
 Crown without a Head (A), 13
 "Cruel Hoax" (A), 230
 Cum Grano, 118
 Cure for Gaiety (A), 193
 Cuts and Cuts, 46
 DARING Doctor (A), 105
 Day's Amusements (The), 105
 Day's Shooting (A), 289
 Deglutition, 142
 Difficult Task (A), 26
 Dignity and Impudence, 9
 Disgusted C.C. (A), 13
 "Divine Williams," 171
 Divorce Made Easy, 205
 Doctors and Dog-days, 41
 Doing the Impossible, 106
 Dolores, 59
 Drain-Pipe Ditty (A), 111
 Dressing the Window, 90
 Druids at Home, 251
 EAST-COAST Carol (An), 49
 Eastward Ho! 188
 Electioneering in the Grand Old Manner, 1
 Electioneering Made Easy, 10
 Election (The), 35
 Eligible Royal Opportunity, 174
 Empire with a Lasting Piece (The), 23
 Entertaining Odds and Ends, 118
 Epithalamium (An), 4
 Essence of Parliament, 4, 83, 119, &c.
 Extracts from the Catalogue of the Proposed Colonial Museum, 85
 Extraordinary Verdict, 180
 FANATICS Floored, 207
 Farewell to the Season, 3
 Fashionable Intelligence, 129
 Faster and Faster, 241
 Field-day among the City Guardians, 61
 "Fine" Look-Out for Art (A), 86
 Finish (The), 30
 Fit for the Force, 181
 Five o'clock Frivol, 258
 Follow! Follow! 74
 Foreign "Devil" Fish in British Waters (A), 278
 For the Sake of the Little Ones, 237
 "Friendlies" (The), 298
 From the Groves of Blarney, 145
 "Fruges Consumere Nati," 244
 GAME of Whistler (A), 274
 "Getting on Swimmingly," 108
 Ghost-ridden, 86
 Giving the City its Dues, 239
 Godwin's Guile, 93
 Going North, 97
 Gone! 158
 Good Boy's Diary (A), 185
 Good Omen, 10
 Grand Young Man (The), 66
 Great Scott! 42
 HALF-A-DOZEN of the Other, 85
 Hall Over! 273
 Hamlet in the Bath-room, 171
 Hazard of the Di-on, 69
 Health at Hammersmith, 229
 Hibernia at Harwarden, 182
 Hints to Householders, 86
 Hints to New Members, 144
 Holiday Tasks for the Recess, 162
 Home Rule all Round, 23
 Honeyed Words, 208
 Hoodlum, 97

Horse-play at Drury Lane, 121
 How do they do it? 178
 How it was Settled, 150
 How to Enjoy a Home-Made Trip Abroad, 184
 How we Behave now, 291
 Hymn to the Modern Mercury, 62
 IMMUTABILITY, 146
 Important to Theatrical Managers, 213
 In Celebration, 257
 Ingoldsby Improved, 190
 In Preparation, 153
 International Episode (An), 251
 In the Court of Common Sense, 261, 269, 281, &c.
 In the Language of Diplomacy, 214
 "It's Nice to be a (City) Father," 178
 JAN Van Beers, 221
 Jelly-Fish and the Philanthropist, 255
 Jolly Dogs at Christmas, 309
 John Liphot Hatton, 166
 KIND Inquiries, 203
 King Bon-bon and Christmas Cracker Chorus, 303
 King of the Castle, 64
 LAST Idea about "Hamlet" (A), 209
 Last New French Revolution (The), 183
 Last Shopkeeper (The), 45
 Latest of the "Noctes Ambrosianae" (The), 225
 Latest Trick (The), 174
 Lay of Lemon-Squash (A), 39
 Lay of the Liberal-Unionist, 22
 Lay of the Lost Critic (The), 181
 "Leading Tragedian" (The), 234
 Legal Difficulty (A), 243
 Letter-Bag of Toby, M.P. (The), 192, 217
 Liberal Party (A), 274
 Licence of the Press (The), 65
 Light for the League, 262
 Limited Prospects, 282
 Lines on the Hand, 122
 Linton v. Robinson, 12
 Little Holiday for Both of 'em (A), 110
 Little Mephistopheles, 222
 Look Out! He is Coming! 111
 Lor' Mare's Day, 233
 Lost Accord (The), 30
 Lost Letter-Bag (The), 21, 28, 48, &c.
 Lyrics in a Library, 84
 Mad Bamboo (The), 24
 Made Musician (A), 258
 "Making a Domesday Book!" 202
 Making the Best of it, 61
 Man of Greece (The), 69
 "Marie Roze, that's for Remembrance," 216
 Mary Anner on Orders and Decorations, 161
 Mary Anner on the Skareserty of Missuses, 22
 "Matthews at Home"-Rule, 94
 Mayor of London Town (The), 195
 Member's Lament (The), 180
 Members we have Missed, 213
 Members we Shall Miss, 65, 95
 Memoirs of a Secret Mission, 256, 268, 280, &c.
 Mems. at Commemoration, 11
 Menu à la Russe (A), 117
 Midday Marauders, 147
 Misunderstood, 84
 Mixed Music, 242
 Modern Barbarossa (The), 294
 More "Chicken and Champagne!" 99

Mr. Pickwick's Jubilee, 27
 Mr. Punch at Leeds, 204
 Mr. Punch's Christmas Number, 269
 Mr. Punch's New Order, 216
 Mr. Punch's Review, 267
 Mr. Punch's Sketch of a Home-Rule Bill, 18
 Mrs. Ramsbotham Abroad, 180
 "Milton" in Parvo in Wych Street, 208
 Musical Peripatetics, 108
 New Naseby (The), 40
 New Rules for Medical Students, 94
 New Title (A), 294
 New Trade Directory, 288
 New Version of an Old Story (A), 191
 Next War—on Paper (The), 101
 Not Generally Known, 258
 Not Under Proper Control, 165
 Novelties at Novello's, 301
 Novelties in Song-Words, 18
 Now and Then, 22
 Nursery Rhymes for Present Times, 266
 Oas to an Expiring Fog, 274
 OFF! 6
 "Off with his Head!" 108
 Old and New at Deptford, 58
 Old Friend with a New Name (An), 166
 Old Staples Inn, 283
 "Old Times Revived," 249
 "Old Umbrella" (The), 42
 On a late Naval Engagement, 134
 "On, Stanley, on!" 298
 On the Horizon, 274
 On the Frowl, 102
 Oracle Explained (The), 173
 Oracle of Argyll (The), 102
 "O si sic Omnes!" 17
 Our Advertisers, &c., 220, 281
 Our Card-Basket, 302
 Our Exchange and Mart, 77
 Our Imperial Composer, 302
 Our Morning Mentors, 14
 "Our Poor Little Army," 210
 Out-of-Date Old Bailey (The), 221
 Out of Site, 215
 Out of the Lost Letter-Bag, 266
 Out of Water at the Royal Aquarium, 285
 PAPER-KNIFE Poems, 10, 28, 37, &c.
 Paradoxical, but True, 173
 Paris caught Tripping, 231
 Party Leader (The), 46
 Patch-cake, Patch-cake, 102
 Pennorth of Confederation (A), 185
 "Philological," 290
 Pills and Pupils, 27
 Pious Historian (A), 93
 Pity a poor Penny-a-liner, 122
 Pity of it (The), 252
 Play out of Place, 109
 Please to Forget the Ninth of November, 214
 Poet Gosse and the "Quarterly," 209
 Poetry of Motion (The), 78
 Policy of Inquiry (A), 97
 Polite Policeman (The), 12
 Political Asides, 275
 Political Homoeopathy, 162
 Popular Pornography, 287
 Poser for the Petitioners (A), 130
 Preglacial Man, 184
 Pretty Dance (A), 268
 Pretty Policy, 159
 Pro or Con? 15
 Propositions and Riders, 113

Ptomaine and Tyrotoxicon, 150
 Puck's Regenerations, 184
 "Put it down a 'Wa'!" 150
 "QUALITY OF MERCY" (The), 185
 "Queen of the Poor," 204
 "Qui s'excuse," 216
 "Quite a Little Holiday," 166
 "RAMPEES," 54
 Randolph the Radical, 192
 Ready for the Rod, 265
 Real Grievance (A), 255
 Real Sea-Serpent (The), 206
 Regatta Rhyme (A), 14
 Regular Plant (A), 13
 Rejoinder and Rebuttal, 24
 Rent in the Clouds (A), 216
 Rescued! 170
 Rescue for Richmond, 106
 Retort by a Tory, 70
 Revelation (A), 149
 Rhyme by a Radical, 185
 Rift in the Consanguinity Closed (A), 95
 Robert at Cook's Little Swartry, 205
 Robert at Egham, 17
 Robert at Guildhall, 279
 Robert at Marlow, 85
 Robert at the Academy, 9
 Robert at the Lord Mayor's Election, 177
 Robert on Cheap Coals, 239
 Robert on Hereditary Legislation, 73
 Robert on Royalty, 158
 Robert's Confessions, 266
 Robert's Disappointment, 87
 Robert's Little Adventure, 130
 Robert's Recklesskings, 53, 40, 244
 Rondel of the Fog (A), 273
 Royal Revenge (A), 183
 Rule and Scale, 214
 Rumours in the Air, 66
 Russ in Urbe, 40
 "SAINT LUDMILA," 237, 234
 Salvage Small Talk, 233, 245
 Sauce! 47
 Sauce Béarnaise, 201
 Scottish "Theatre" (The), 129
 Screw v. Screw, 137
 See the C.C.C., 81
 Self-Protection, 238
 Shakespeare at the A.D.C., 266
 Signs of the Season, 146
 "Sir Hamlet Esquire," at the Théâtre Français, 130
 Slave of the Wheel (The), 173
 "Small by Degrees and Beautifully Loss," 195
 Smoke on the Raver, 40
 Splendid Shilling (The), 60
 Spy Fever, 142
 Squaring all Round, 191
 Socialism in Three Volumes, 245
 "Somebody's Luggage," 202
 Something after Hall, 188
 Something like a Government, 58
 Something like a Government Organ, 154
 Something like a Mother-in-Law, 70
 Something like a Tyrant! 145
 Song of the Seedy Common Councillor, 5
 Song of the Shooting Member, 95
 Sorrows of a Centenarian, 130
 Statement and a Duty (A), 301
 Story for a Summer Number (A), 141
 Story of the Guns (The), 50
 Strange! 106
 Studies from Mr. Punch's Studio, 223, 240, 252, &c.
 Subject to Arbitration, 117
 Sub Punch-and-Judice, 305
 Such a Comic Opera! 16
 Suggestion (A), 165
 Suggestion for a "New Departure," 210
 Surrey Side of the Question (The), 110
 "Swag!" 186
 TALES OF HOPE, 58
 Taurus and Pices, 291
 Tell it to the Submarines, 277
 Tempter (The), 258
 That's All! 65
 That there Penny! 202
 Theatrical Sport in September, 146
 "The Cry is still, They come!" 269
 "This by his voice should be Montagu!" 301
 "This villainous Saltpetre!" 226
 Time and Tide, 158
 "Time, Gentlemen!" 187
 Tips for Tourists, 39
 Tip to the English Team for Australia 156
 To an Uneasy Head, 250
 Tobacco Query, 17
 To Bee or Not to Bee, 114
 To Everybody, 263
 To the Exiled Princess, 10
 To the Great Smasher, 47
 To the Twenty Thousand, 86
 Tourist's Book of Fate (The), 25
 Tour of the Theatres (The), 57
 To Whom it may Concern, 51
 Tribute to the Three (A), 57
 Trill for the Tourist (A), 62
 True Liberty in France, 149

True Muzzlem Power (The), 177
 True Philanthropy, 232
 Trying it on in Tire, 77
 Turning over New Leaves, 286, 293, 809
 UNDER Water and Above Board, 243
 "Union;" or, Which Way? 123
 VACATION Vade-Mecum (A), 84
 Very Bad Scotch Joke (A), 105
 Very Dark Saying (A), 250
 Vespera Ambrosiana, 5
 Victims of Fête, 69
 Vision of Olympus (A), 236
 Voice from the Shades (A), 270
 Voila "Touts," 171
 "Volta" (The), 154
 WALL by a Wallflower, 132
 Wall of the Weary (The), 86
 Waiting Game (A), 138
 Warriors of the Sea (The), 310
 War's Alarms, 238
 Washing Out, 26
 Water Course (A), 76, 88, 100
 Welshman's War-Song (A), 196
 Westminster at Silvertown, 277
 "What did you please to observe?" 238
 "What is a Spook?" 237
 "What of the Night?" 196, 210
 What of the ("Saturday") Night? 226
 "What's Sport to him," 173
 "When the Stormy Winds do blow," 153
 Whisper from Westgate (A), 130
 Whole Duty of Tenants (The), 299
 Will of Jupiter (The), 45
 Wind and the Sun (The), 13
 Winter Garden in Pall Mall (A), 275
 With (and without) the Gaiety, 169
 Woeful Ballad of the British Juryman (The), 53
 Word "Politics" (The), 114
 "Worth its Weight in (German) Silver," 182
 Wrong Instrument, 239
 Young King Coal, 370
 "Youth on the Prow and Pleasure at the Helm," 78

LARGE ENGRAVINGS.

"ALL Over!" 163
 Appeal to the Chair (An), 127
 Bellerophon Junior, 151
 Burglarian Question (The), 247
 Cross-Roads, 55
 Dressing the Window, 91
 Finish (The), 31
 Following the Fashion, 283
 Grand Young Man! (The), 67
 "High Jinks!" 115
 Latest Trick (The), 175
 "Leading Tragedian" (The), 235
 Little Mephistopheles, 223
 Modern Barbarossa (The), 295
 "Old Umbrella!" (The), 43
 On the Prowl, 103
 "Spirit of Christmas" (The), 307
 "Start" (The), 7
 Suggestion for a "New Departure," 211
 "Swag!" 187
 Tempter (The), 259
 Waiting Game (A), 139
 "What of the Night?" 196, 199
 Wind and the Sun (The), 13
 Young King Coal! 271
 "Youth on the Prow and Pleasure at the Helm," 79

SMALL ENGRAVINGS.

ADMIRAL and Superannuated Majors, 182
 Admiring the Jelly-Fish, 255
 Advertising Horse (The), 185
 All Churchills, 107
 All the Nice People left Town, 14
 Angling, 277
 Archbishop Punch's Jubilee Suggestion, 215
 Aristocrats riding on Omnibuses, 54
 'Arry and the Druid, 98
 'Arry on 'Orseback, 275
 Artists' Procession (The), 71
 Beggar giving Change (A), 94
 Billiards, 217
 Bismarck and Churchill, 192
 Bogie Inquisitor (The), 179
 Break-up of the London Season, 3
 Britannia's Farewell to the Colonials, 231
 Browns depart for the Sea-side (The), 78
 Building-up Glasses and Decanters, 258
 Cabinet Council (A), 131
 Cabman's Own Bank (A), 39
 Captain no Singer—a Listener, 6
 Chamberlain in Olympus, 286
 Chamberlain Pasha, 243
 Chinese Difficulty in Burmah (The), 63
 Chips from Goodwood, 52
 Churchill as Puck, 194
 Churchill Unmuzzled Pup (The), 22
 Cigarette and Umbrella Drill, 26
 Clerk's Domestic Affliction (A), 230
 Conductor's Pronunciation of "Westminster," 254
 Coursing Sketches, 229
 Cremorne and Commerce, 213
 Cricket—Unequal Matches, 5
 Crescus on Fixed Incomes, 129
 Dining al Fresco at Fontainebleau, 162
 Dismounted to Look at the View, 249
 Doctor and Street Arab Patient, 270
 Dogs under Control, 30
 Dream of Marlborough House (A), 85
 Dr. Times and Master Randolph, 105
 Druids in the Temple Gardens, 251
 Dumpkin's Evening from Home, 263
 English Interviewer and Welsh Boy, 279
 Eton Football, 193, 208
 Exhibitions in the Fog, 274
 First Breakfasts at Fontainebleau, 186
 First-Class Underground Study, 148
 Foreign "Devil" Fish (A), 278
 Fox-Hunting, 257
 French "Affair of Honour" (A), 61
 French Count's Love-Letter (A), 208
 French Delegates (The), 111
 Frenchman and a Lady's Propriety, 204
 Frenchman's Inquiry after Madam's Daughter, 58
 Full Dinner-table (A), 282
 "Gapes" and "Long Tales," 189
 Gift of Chantilly to France, 183
 Gladstone's Holiday in Bavaria, 110
 Going in to Dinner with a Stick, 210
 Going to Paris at Last! 191
 Golf, 241
 Grosvenor Gems, 47
 Hair-dresser's Thin-haired Customer, 45
 Hiding the Lawn-Tennis Rackets, 86
 Highlander Eating Asparagus, 154
 Highlander's Preference for Snuff, 144
 Hits at Wimbledon, 29
 Home-Rule for Wales, 119
 Hooked Fish and Fisherman, 158
 Housemaid's Fringe (The), 202
 House undergoing Repairs (The), 287
 H.R.H. declines the Testimonial, 180
 H.R.H. rejecting False Staff, 257
 Husband insuring his Life, 118
 Ideal and Real War Secretary, 204
 In the Forest of Fontainebleau, 174
 King Bon-bon and Christmas Crackers, 3
 Kirk Elder's Rummation (A), 82
 Knackers' Procession (A), 246
 Ladies driving Four-in-hand, 150
 Ladies riding Outside Omnibuses, 114
 Lady and Fencing-Masks, 302
 Lady Clara Robinson and Mrs. Jones, 242
 Lady complimenting Vocalist, 46
 Lady Shodding in the Banjoist, 70
 Law v. Music, 75
 Life-Boat (The), 810
 "Little Boys should be seen," &c., 126
 "Little Boy's Wicked Thought" (A), 203
 Little Tinkins and a Vicious Horse, 153
 Little Wife's Bonnet and Hair (A), 219
 Looking-Glasses in Hansoms, 61
 Lord Mayor conducts Guildhall Orchestra, 290
 Lord Mayor's Banquet (The), 239
 Lord R. Churchill and the Premiership, 45
 Made a Different Man, 134
 Medical Students, 106
 Member for Boredom empties the House (The), 167
 Members of the New Parliament, 83
 Mistress and Maid, 146
 Mr. Mould tries Latin, 99
 "M. R." on the Railway Carriages, 250
 Mr. Punch drinks to Sir Reginald Hanson, 177
 Mr. Punch's Outrigger Mirror, 24
 Mrs. Boreham's Amateur Theatricals, 90
 Newsboy and Lady, 285
 Not an Ornamental M.P., 62
 Notes of the Chess Tournament, 72
 Not Much for Dinner, 196
 Old Gent in Hot Weather, 133
 Old Gent Questions Scholars, 178
 Old Gentleman's Telegram (An), 195
 Omnibus "Full Inside," 34
 Omnibus Puzzle (The), 23
 On Board an Ocean Steamer, 142
 Only One Pheasant Reared, 165
 Othello and Desdemona—a Park Scene, 10
 Our Artist and Oxford Commemoration, 11
 Our Artist and the Fox-hounds, 138
 "Owners" in the Lake District, 117
 Pater's Cheap Enjoyment on the Twelfth, 84
 People Mistaken for Lord R. Churchill, 190
 Permitting his Widow to Re-Marry, 27
 Photographer's Hopeless Love (A), 147
 Photographing a Deary Subject, 102
 Pick of the Pictures (The), 2
 Pleasing Effect of the "Anti-Snorer," 28
 Policeman and Begging Terrier, 74
 Police Protected against the Dogs, 225
 Political Fish Out of Water, 38
 Polo at Hurlingham! 42
 President and Treasurer of the R.A., 87
 Professor's German Lecture (The), 166
 Punch and the Prince of Wales, 287
 Punch Rescues the Lass of Richmond Hill, 170
 Queen at Drury Lane (The), 297
 Railway Guard and the Peer, 15
 Reports from the Guns, 93
 Robert Dancing with Cook, 205
 Robert in Greenwich Park, 244
 Rustic and Horse-Collar, 48
 Scotchman's Admiration of Shakespeare 159
 Scotch Minister and Sunday Fishers, 159
 Scotch Snufftaker and Friend, 59
 Seal and the Lady (The), 33
 Shots in the Partridge, 234
 Sea-Serpent and the Admirals, 206
 Siren Sings and Plays (The), 150
 Sketch at Lloyds (A), 299
 Sketch of Regent's Park (A), 109
 "Small and Early" (A), 50
 Street Arab on Police Vaccination (A), 20
 Swell who never eats Supper (A), 21
 "Tape" or "Type"? 295
 Three Foxes (The), 123
 Two Lovers of Radishes, 226
 Two Views of the Socialists, 227
 Underground Studies, 265
 Undertaker and the Squire's Horse, 21
 Unfortunate Shot (An), 122
 Walking Encyclopedias in the Lobby, 15
 Warning against a Fascinating Lady, 18
 Water in Irish Peasant's Cottage, 19
 What Ladies Hats are coming to, 66
 Whiffs of the Briny, 41
 Whole Strawberry Jam, 262
 Why did Mamma marry Papa? 222
 Why the Professor did not come to Dinner, 171
 Widow's late Husband's Bust (A), 238
 Wishing to Talk Scandal, 306



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